The Belles-Lettres Series

SECTION III

THE ENGLISH DRAMA

FROM ITS BEGINNING TO THE PRESENT DAY

GENERAL EDITOR

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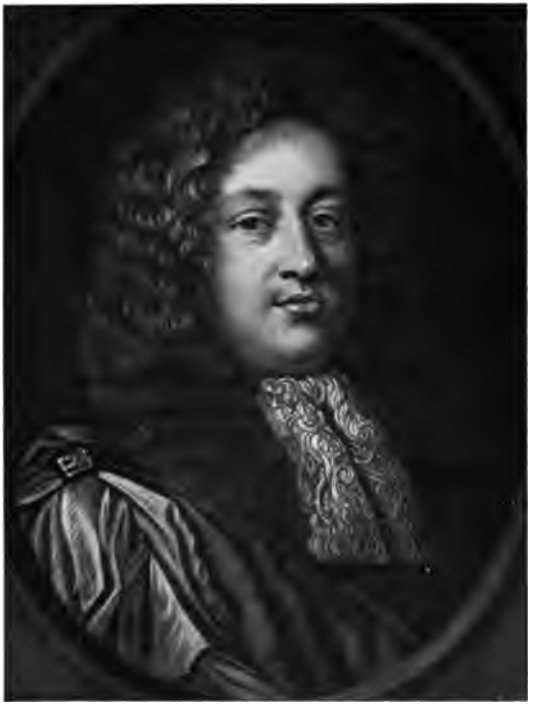

THOMAS OTWAY.

THE ORPHAN

AND

VENICE PRESERVED

BY THOMAS OTWAY

EDITED BY

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Life

THOMAS OTWAY was born at Trotton, near Midhurst, Sussex, on the 3d of March, 1651–52. He was the only son of Humphrey Otway, at the time curate of Trotton and later rector of Woolbeding, three miles from Trotton. The father died in 1670, it is believed, and Thomas was left with no inheritance beyond his loyalty, so he tells us. He was, however, educated at Winchester College, being enrolled as a commoner in 1668, and returned to Woolbeding to spend his vacations. Though said to be poor he entered Christ Church, Oxford, 1669, as a gentleman commoner, and was there educated, as Mr. Gosse puts it, in the company of men above his own station in life. At an early age Otway was attracted by the theatre and in the autumn of 1672 he left the University to enter upon the life of the London stage. His first appearance as an actor on the boards of the Duke's Theatre in Dorset Gardens became also his last, for his single performance was a failure. He had attempted the part of the king in Mrs. Aphra Behn's *Forc'd Marriage, or the Jealous Bridegroom*. He did not appear on the stage again, but returning to college he busied himself with the writing of plays.

It was not long before Otway began to win a place for himself as a playwright. In 1675 he contrived to get his heroic tragedy of *Alcibiades* accepted by Betterton. The success of this first play was almost assured with the title-rôle in the hands of the great tragedian and with Mrs. Betterton and Mrs. Barry interpreting the parts of Timandra and Draxilla respectively. With this play Mrs. Barry, unsuccessful in her debut in 1674, may be said to date her beginning as a celebrated tragic actress. From this time also may be dated the connection between the beautiful actress and the young dramatist that brought considerable suffering into the life of the latter, for the famous Earl of Rochester, who was at one time his patron and friend, became later his rival for the love of the beautiful Mrs. Barry.

In 1676 a still greater success was attained by Otway from the performance of *Don Carlos* at the Dorset Gardens Theatre. Betterton again helped to win laurels for the author, by playing the part of Philip II. This play placed the young dramatist among the first of his time. Financially it paid him large sums: it had a long run; one writer says as many as thirty nights together, though this may be an exaggerated statement; and it aroused the jealousy of the doyen of dramatists, Dryden, as well as established Betterton's faith in Otway. The plot of *Don Carlos* was adopted from the Abbé de Saint-Réal's French historical romance, and the next two plays by Otway had likewise a French origin. The first of these was *Titus and Berenice*, a tragedy, in three acts of riming verse, adapted from Racine's *Bérénice*. This was followed by a rendering of Molière's brilliant farce *The Cheats of Scapin*. Both these performances were again made successful through the efforts of Betterton and Mrs. Barry. The farce continued to be played till some time in the nineteenth century. Perhaps this success with *The Cheats of Scapin* encouraged him to try his hand at comedy. At any rate, it may be recorded that his first original composition was a comedy entitled *Friendship in Fashion*, in prose, and licensed for production at Dorset Gardens on 31 May, 1678. When published it was dedicated to the Earl of Dorset and Middlesex, to whom the *Alcibiades* also had been dedicated. The parts of Goodville and Mrs. Goodville were played by Betterton and Mrs. Barry respectively.

A pause is now to be recorded in the career of Otway. Violent and disappointed love for Mrs. Barry is said to have caused him to sever his connection with the stage for a time and to have driven him from England. On 10 February, 1678, Otway obtained a commission as ensign in the Duke of Monmouth's regiment of foot. Later, in November, he received a commission as lieutenant to Captain Baggot, in the same regiment. He served in the army in Holland throughout the rest of the year and his return to London is recorded towards the close of 1679. While this military campaign may not have improved his fortune or health, it certainly furnished the dramatist with a fresh fund of experiences from which he proceeded to draw from time to time. It is true that his pictures of military life indicate rather unpleasant memories. At this same

time, moreover, there is evinced a maturer quality of thought and consequent workmanship in Otway's development which cannot be dissociated with his recent military engagements. So marked is the change that this may be designated as the second stage or period in his development. It is the period of greater originality and of higher tragic thought. Thus the first part of Otway's career as a dramatist may be said to close with his adaptations from the "French and rubbishy comedies."

His return from Holland was soon followed by the presentation of the greatest tragedy yet written by the young playwright. *The Orphan* was performed at Dorset Gardens, February, 1680: Betterton played the part of Castalio, — it became one of his favorite parts, — and Mrs. Barry created the famous Monimia. It is also worth recording that Mrs. Bracegirdle, then a girl of six, took the part of the page Cordelio. The use of blank verse and the domestic scenes enacted are indicative of the change which Otway underwent at this period of his life. They indicate strength, fresh and sane views of things. It has been suggested that the death of his rival and defamer Lord Rochester had much to do with the change in tone. The play was dedicated to the Duchess of York. In the prologue reference was made also to the Duke of York's return from Scotland. *The Orphan* was followed by a less successful attempt on Otway's part to transfer the story of Romeo and Juliet to the days of ancient Rome. *The History and Fall of Caius Marius* presents the plot of Shakspere's play combined with Plutarch's *Life of Marius*. The play was dedicated to Lord Falkland, who had been his old fellow student and one of his earliest friends and patrons.

The next year saw the production of a comedy in which he attempted to portray scenes of the military life experienced by himself in Holland. This piece, *The Soldier's Fortune*, he dedicated to the publisher Bentley, commending the same for duly paying for the copy. One might easily infer from this that some of the stories of Otway's destitution, though perhaps greatly exaggerated, have an element of truth in them. Whatever loss of dramatic power Otway may have seemed to suffer in this last realistic comedy he soon retrieved himself in his next production, his greatest tragedy, often pronounced the "best tragedy out of Shakspere," *Venice Preserved.*

This was produced at Dorset Gardens in February, 1681–82. It was dedicated to the Duchess of Portsmouth. Later, at the time of the performance on 21 April, 1682, Dryden contributed a prologue welcoming the Duke of York on his return to London, and a special epilogue was also written by Otway. The part of Jaffier was played by Betterton, and Mrs. Barry created the part of Belvidera. The story is current that for the acting rights of *The Orphan* and *Venice Preserved* he was paid £100 apiece; and Tonson is said to have paid £15 for the copyright of the latter.

This greatest tragedy of the Restoration was followed by a sort of sequel to the comedy entitled *The Soldier's Fortune*, namely, *The Atheist*. This play was produced at Dorset Gardens in 1684, with Betterton as Beaugard and Mrs. Barry as Porcia. But even these celebrated players could not prevent the failure of the comedy. It was dedicated to Lord Elande, son of the Marquis of Halifax. This was the last of his contributions to the drama of the Restoration. Like his great predecessor Marlowe he had a short and brilliant career. In less than a decade of years he had furnished the English stage with ten plays. Little more than thirty-three years old he died in April, 1685. Various reports have been made of the circumstances of his death. The oldest story, that given by Anthony à Wood, relates that "he made his last exit in an house in Tower Hill, called the Bull, as I have heard."[1] The Bull was said to be a sponging-house. Dennis's story is that Otway had a friend "one Blackstone, who was shot. The murderer fled towards Dover, and Otway pursued him. In his return he drank water when violently heated, and so got a fever which was the death of him."[2] The so-called Cibber story reports that he choked himself after semi-starvation.[3] These were first told many years after his death and all seem rather fabulous.

Otway was buried on 16 April, 1685, in the churchyard of St. Clement Danes. In the church at Trotton, his birthplace, is a mural tablet with a long Latin inscription. And about 1739–40 a "marble" with his name and the date 1670 was placed in the sixth chamber in Winchester College. After Otway's death two works were printed: *Windsor Castle: a Monument to our late*

1 Anthony à Wood, *Athenæ Oxonienses*.
2 Spence, *Anecdotes*. 3 Cibber, *Lives of the Poets*.

Sovereign K. Charles II of ever Blessed Memory, a laudatory poem of no value; and a prose translation from the French entitled, *The History of the Triumvirates: the first that of Julius Cæsar, Pompey, and Crassus; the second that of Augustus, Anthony, and Lepidus; being a faithful collection from the best historians and other authors concerning that revolution of the Roman government which happened under their authority. Written originally in French, and made English by Tho. Otway, lately deceased.* It is also recorded by Langbaine that he composed just before his death "an excellent song" on punch and that he left an unfinished tragedy. In 1719 a tragedy entitled *Heroick Friendship* was published as a work of Otway; but that is hardly probable. The love-letters from Otway to Mrs. Barry appeared first in a volume entitled, *Familiar Letters written by the Right Honourable John, late Earl of Rochester, etc.*, 1697; and these have been often printed with Otway's works. The earliest collected edition of his works appeared in 1713, in two volumes. This has been frequently followed by other editions, as may be seen in the bibliographical list.

Introduction

THE possession of a full and continuous outline of Otway's career, particularly during the period that might be termed the *Wanderjahre*, after his departure from the University of Oxford and including the first years of his debut upon the stage of life in London, would furnish an interesting document upon the history of the drama just at the time when the seventeenth century was about to enter upon its last quarter. The drama of the Restoration, by which is generally meant the production of the dramatists from the time of the re-institution of the theatre under Charles II in 1660 to the year of Dryden's death in 1700, was not a mere revival of the later Elizabethan, or Jacobean, drama after the enforced closing of the theatres from 1642 to 1660. The period during which the theatres were dark might rather be regarded as a time of rest, for the Jacobean drama had shown signs of extreme exhaustion. New vigor came in with the renewal of the right to present plays. Sir William Davenant was the first dramatist in the field. Under the direct patronage of the King, the King's Theatre managed by Sir Thomas Killigrew and the Duke's Theatre, under the patronage of the Duke of York and directed by Sir William Davenant, were the only licensed theatres where plays could be produced. It was for the playgoers of these theatres that Dryden, the leader of the Restoration dramatists, as well as Etheredge, Wilson, and Shadwell, was adapting old plots — and reconstructing comedies and tragedies after the new style. These young writers were not slow in putting

to rout the old set, such playwrights as "Porter, a sort of third-rate Brome, Killigrew, an imitator of Shirley, Stapylton, an apparently lunatic person, and Sir William Lower, to whom is due the praise of having studied French contemporary literature with great zeal, and of having translated Corneille and Quinault." [1] These pioneers had been engaged during the very first years of the Restoration in furbishing up old worn-out material and in displaying their crude attempts to write verse, blank verse, or dialogue.

The doors of the theatres closed by the Commonwealth were re-opened in 1660. Great changes had come over the English people since the going-down of the curtain in 1642. The days of Puritanism had passed and with them that austerity and fanaticism produced by severe abstinence and repression of natural desires. The public had wearied of sin and condemnation, of conventicles and sermons, in a word, of the joylessness of living, and it now swung to the opposite extreme. In like manner the King and the Court, rejoicing in their return from exile, hastened to seize upon the pleasures from which they had long been separated. They had witnessed the pomp and splendor of French life, the refinements, the manners and tastes of its court life, the power of its ruler, and among other things the superior qualities of the French drama. The King himself was half-French by birth, and his education and the circumstances of his life naturally influenced him in favor of things French. The same was true of many of the English aristocracy seeking refuge in France or Flanders during these troublous times. Their children were trained in French schools and were adopting French ideas. And the one dramatist in all the history of France that would be suited to the conventional English

[1] Gosse: *Seventeenth Century Studies*, p. 264.

mind was Corneille. His force and spirit, his noble and heroic qualities were calculated to inspire the visitors from across the Channel with admiration for the superior taste and the high culture of the French stage. At no other time in her history could France have been a better school to the foreigner. It was the golden age of French dramatic literature.

It is not a difficult thing, then, to understand why the French influence became the dominating power in determining the direction of the English drama. The long residence in France, the familiarity with French masterpieces, the superior culture and higher taste felt in the life and the art of the French people, in a word, all that is called the civilization of France, attracted the exiled Englishman. His tastes became French, genuinely French, so far as not to destroy the difference of nationality. Therefore his attempts to implant French ways of thought, French models of excellence, and French masterpieces of literature upon his own literature were wholly sincere and not merely an aping of French ways because they were fashionable and foreign. The theatre felt the immediate effect of the new ideas imported from France. This is noticeable in the more elaborate and artistic stage-arrangements; in the rich and moveable scenes; in the attention given to so-called stage-machinery; in the social importance and popularity of the people connected with the stage.

Of all men Dryden was the man to lead in this movement. He was familiar with the newest forms of French literature, with Corneille, Racine, Boileau, Rapin, and Bossu; and he was a scholar in the literature of his own country. From the time he wrote his first play, his comedy of *The Wild Gallant*, in 1663, to the last, *Love Triumphant*, in 1694, his was the most powerful and permanent

influence in the English dramatic world. He saw the new writers come and disappear before him; he continued his work when their days had passed. He imitated the French tragedians, yet he never seems to have understood the real comedy of Molière. He suggested the use of rime in heroic plays and later he led in the movement to restore blank verse. He aided in bringing the drama under the law of the unities. Milton, in 1671, had censured the modern stage for transgressing this law of the ancients, and Dryden, in *Secret Love, or the Maiden Queen*, published in 1668, boasted that this play was according to the rule. Though the English playwright, with his romantic independence, never took kindly to the law of the unities, yet Dryden threw his weight upon the side of observance of the same. In his tragedies and comedies, whether following the influence of Shakspere and the English writers, or borrowing from the French writers of his own time, Dryden showed a fondness for the dignity and grace of the Corneilian drama and thereby influenced the Restoration drama. It is probably true that in his attempts to harmonize the two great schools of drama he squandered his own original powers and allowed his beliefs in art and in life itself to be influenced, if not regulated, by outside forces.

The other two young dramatists that are closely brought in touch with the beginnings of new movements in England along with Dryden are Etheredge and Shadwell. Sir George Etheredge was one of Dryden's earliest competitors, and to him is ascribed the honor of having introduced modern comedy into England. Etheredge did not pass over to England from the Continent with the great rush of the Royalists who went just at a time when Molière and his troop were entering Paris. It was this visit of Molière that led to his triumph and established the greatest modern school of comedy. Fortunately

Etheredge, having lingered longer than the others, was fully awake to the significance of the work of Molière. He crossed the Channel and produced in London his play entitled *The Comical Revenge*. The success of the play was unprecedented, yet the real nature of its value as a contribution to realistic comedy was probably unknown to the writers of his time. They did not understand what it was to come under the influence of the great master comedian. This first comedy was followed four years later by a still better one, entitled *She Would if She Could*, a picture of fashionable life with a reminiscence of *Tartuffe* in it. And this second success did not exhaust all the wit of the "Gentle George," as he was called, for in 1676 was produced his next and last piece, the most successful and best-known, *The Man of Mode, or Sir Fopling Flutter*. These three plays show what great advance comedy had made in England under the influence of the French masters. Yet Etheredge's successor Shadwell, who had enjoyed the same advantages of foreign travel, did not choose to follow so closely in the paths of French comedy. In his first play, *The Sullen Lovers*, in 1668, he took special pains to advocate his adhesion to the school of Jonson, "who never wrote comedy without seven or eight considerable Humours." [1] In the seventeen plays ascribed to him, borrowed at times from his English predecessors, at times from his French contemporaries, there are numerous life-like pictures of the follies and amusements and vulgarities of the days of Charles the Second. In this comedian, Mr. Saintsbury thinks, we have lost a great novelist: "With all his skill in some points of the playwright's art, one is constrained to regret that Shadwell did not live to practice the less difficult art of the novelist, where his

[1] T. Shadwell, *Preface to Sullen Lovers*. Mermaid Series, p. 7.

faculty of accurate observation and transcript would have stood him in excellent stead, and might have enabled him to produce work which could not have been coarser than Smollett's, or more destitute of terseness and wit than Richardson's." [1]

During the next decade, or, more exactly fixing the date, between 1670 and 1675, among a second group of dramatists the advent of Otway is to be recorded. This group consisted of Crowne, Aphra Behn, Wycherley, George Duke of Buckingham, Lacy, Settle, and Lee. "After this efflorescence," writes Mr. Gosse, "this aloe-blossoming of bustling talent, twenty years passed quietly on without a single new writer, except Southerne, who belonged in age to the earlier and by genius to the later school." These were the years of reaction against Puritan manners and morals, a time when licentiousness, corruption, social and political, followed in the wake of the restoration of the exiled and Gallicized court. Troublous years they were too for the common people. Religious persecutions, trafficking of English rights and honor with foreign potentates, loss of patriotism, disregard of parliamentary laws, the disgraceful sight of a Dutch fleet sailing victoriously up the Thames, the dread that Papal Rome, the Scarlet Woman, was again plotting to wrest from Protestant England the hard-won liberties and moral decencies of the century past, these were some of the events that disturbed the life of the people of England and made their history turbulent. The monarchical forces, in the frenzy of self-destruction, seemed determined to pull down upon themselves the whole structure of English national life. The Restoration had its political results and these found expression in the works of the tragic writers of the time. While the Court clung to its belief in absolute government

[1] Saintsbury, *Introd. T. Shadwell.* Mermaid Series, p. xxiv.

and denounced all opponents to the sovereign's policies either at home or abroad, the nation was preparing itself for the great Revolution of 1688. The great majority of dramatists sided with the governing power, the tragedies of Dryden and others proclaiming against limited monarchy and exalting the idea of divine right. In addition to this political partisanship was the religious agitation, which was likewise encouraged by the utterances of the dramatists. It was the spirit of these vexatious times, united with a vast deal of personal agitation, that passed into the tragedies penned by Otway and by his fellow playwrights.

Before Otway's plays had been written, his career had been almost a continual round of failures. He had failed as a collegian, as an actor, as a lover, and as a soldier. Such a shower of disappointments meant a career of more or less agitation. Probably because of the loss of his father and fortune he was forced to leave Oxford. Perhaps driven by adversity he placed himself under the tutelage of that most brilliant dramatist and novelist Mrs. Aphra Behn. The story of his failure to become an actor is unimportant except in so far as it aided the disappointed actor to become a writer of plays. Be it true or not, his appearance on the stage introduced him to the profession and to Betterton, the actor-manager of the Duke's Theatre, one who had been trained at the *Théâtre Français*. Gossip does not say whether Otway came to London with a play hidden in his pocket, nor whether he wrote and burned his first production during his student days at Oxford, as did his illustrious successor, poor Dick Steele, while he too was studying at the University. It is very certain, however, that during those first four years of gay, rapid life in the metropolis, while he was at work upon his first tragedy, *Alcibiades*, he was also preparing to play another rôle in life's drama

that was fraught with many scenes of love, folly, and jealousy. In *Alcibiades* Mrs. Barry, fresh from her conquest of the brilliant though profligate John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, in the minor part of Draxilla won her first applause. It was Otway's fate to fall desperately in love with this young actress, how desperately may be half-guessed from the batch of love-letters addressed to her, and written in 1682 as it has been supposed. She may have been a "cold and calculating woman," but she certainly inspired this young poet with an intense passion, the very rôles he created for her seeming to be the portrayal of the relations that might have existed between them. The letters reveal the intensity, the power of love with which Mrs. Barry controlled this ardent suitor: "Since the first day I saw you, I have hardly enjoyed one hour of perfect quiet. I loved you early; and no sooner had I beheld that soft bewitching face of yours, but I felt in my heart the very foundation of all my peace give way: but when you became another's I must confess that I did then rebel, had foolish pride enough to promise myself I would in time recover my liberty: in spite of my enslaved nature, I swore, against myself, I would not love you: I affected a resentment, stifled my spirit, and would not let it bend so much as once to upbraid you, each day it was my chance to see or be near you: with stubborn sufferance I resolved to bear, and brave your power: nay, did it often too successfully." How much of the sonnetteer, of the earlier Elizabethan type, lies hidden behind the words of another letter will never be disclosed, but there is an unmistakable pose of the distracted lover and the Troubadour, something of their conceits and machinery, in these lines: "Can your age, your face, your eyes, and your spirit bid defiance to that sweet power? No, you know better

to what end Heaven made you; know better how to manage youth and pleasure, than to let them die and pall upon your hands. 'T is me, 't is only me you have barred your heart against. My sufferings, my diligence, my sighs, complaints, and tears, are of no power with your haughty nature: yet sure you might at least vouchsafe to pity them, not shift me off with gross, thick, homespun friendship, the common coin that passes betwixt worldly interests — must that be my lot?" From another letter it would seem that Mrs. Barry was about to leave the stage, and Otway makes an attempt to dissuade her: "Since you are going to quit the world I think myself obliged, as a member of that world, to use the best of my endeavours to divert you from so ill-natured an inclination: therefore, by reason your visits will take up so much of this day, I have debarred myself the opportunity of waiting on you this afternoon, that I may take a time you are more mistress of, and when you shall have more leisure to hear, if it be possible for any arguments of mine to take place in a heart I am afraid too much hardened against me." And finally he declares that he has waited "seven long tedious years" for some mark of favor on her part: "Everything you do is a new charm to me; and, though I have languished for seven long tedious years of desire, jealously and despairing, yet every minute I see you I still discover something new and more bewitching. Consider how I love you; what would I not renounce or enterprize for you! . . . This minute my heart aches for you; and, if I cannot have a right in yours, I wish it would ache till I could complain to you no longer."

From such effusions, even if uncertain as to date and their real bearing upon the relations of these two people, it may easily be imagined that Otway had his ideal mis-

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to what end Heaven made you; know better how to manage youth and pleasure, than to let them die and pall upon your hands. 'T is me, 't is only me you have barred your heart against. My sufferings, my diligence, my sighs, complaints, and tears, are of no power with your haughty nature: yet sure you might at least vouchsafe to pity them, not shift me off with gross, thick, homespun friendship, the common coin that passes betwixt worldly interests — must that be my lot?" From another letter it would seem that Mrs. Barry was about to leave the stage, and Otway makes an attempt to dissuade her: "Since you are going to quit the world I think myself obliged, as a member of that world, to use the best of my endeavours to divert you from so ill-natured an inclination: therefore, by reason your visits will take up so much of this day, I have debarred myself the opportunity of waiting on you this afternoon, that I may take a time you are more mistress of, and when you shall have more leisure to hear, if it be possible for any arguments of mine to take place in a heart I am afraid too much hardened against me." And finally he declares that he has waited "seven long tedious years" for some mark of favor on her part: "Everything you do is a new charm to me; and, though I have languished for seven long tedious years of desire, jealously and despairing, yet every minute I see you I still discover something new and more bewitching. Consider how I love you; what would I not renounce or enterprize for you! . . . This minute my heart aches for you; and, if I cannot have a right in yours, I wish it would ache till I could complain to you no longer."

From such effusions, even if uncertain as to date and their real bearing upon the relations of these two people, it may easily be imagined that Otway had his ideal mis-

tress in mind when he composed the leading parts in his plays for Mrs. Barry, transferring to the situations of the drama his own utterances of devoted and unreciprocated love. The charms of the heartless Mrs. Barry, therefore, were an aid and an inspiration, as well as a torment, to the infatuated youth and gifted dramatist. Like the nightingale in poetry, Otway poured forth the raptures of his song with his breast against the cruel thorn. Such success as this famous actress achieved in these parts must surely have made her grateful, since by the creation of such characters as Monimia and Belvidera Otway made it possible for her to win the highest encomiums of praise and to rival the lovely Mistress Eleanor Gwyn, the leading actress of the King's Theatre, the favorite of royalty itself. But evidently Mrs. Barry's affections were not for her constant admirer. The notorious Earl of Rochester was his successful rival. Like poor William Pinch, Thomas Otway could only suggest his devotion. Rochester's magnetism, nobility, rakishness too, in itself very often an alluring quality, made her prefer the "witty and poundful peer to the tragic and penniless poet." Unfortunate as the affair may have been from a love-story standpoint, the beautiful but immoveable Mrs. Barry was a link between the hot-headed young dramatist and lover and the noble patron of letters. Lord Rochester, while posing as a sort of dictator in the literary world, was known to be exceedingly fickle in the bestowment of his favors. The gossip of the times relates that he had once dropped Dryden to take up Settle, and later had elevated Crowne as an offset to Settle. When subsequently, however, Crowne's *Calisto* had won too much popularity, he transferred his patronage to Otway; but finally in a fit of jealousy he poured out a stream of insolent ire, in his *Session of the Poets*, upon this last idol and victim.

During the fourteen years of Otway's brief and rocket-wise career in London this portion of it may be placed upon record as the *Sturm und Drang* period of his life. A kind of dramatists' war was now being waged between the two theatres. In the existing state of society in London literary leaders often came into contact with social leaders, and the quarrels of one set were readily taken up by the other. All the dramatists, from glorious John Dryden down to the humblest upstart, excepting Mrs. Behn, who seems to have had pleasant relations with all her fellows, were involved in various kinds of strife, personal, political, religious, and otherwise. In this particular cabal it is reported that Settle became excessively jealous of the rapid strides made by Otway, both in his friendship with Lord Rochester and in his growing popularity with the public. The quarrel became so bitter that Settle challenged Otway to a duel, though with what results rumor does not inform us. These bitter feuds and petty jealousies became more numerous and disastrous; they were connected in some way with his relations with Rochester and Mrs. Barry. Finally the poet quarrelled with his patron, and Mrs. Barry may have sided with the Earl. Friends may have deserted him and funds may have become scarce, for the next item that is known about the young dramatist, the author of *Alcibiades* and *Don Carlos*, is his enlistment in the army for service in Flanders. Something more desperate than patriotism and the desire to march to the relief of Mons must have driven the playwright to relinquish the theatre and join the forces of Monmouth. Nor was this departure from England more successful than the home struggles. The autobiographical allusions to adventures in this campaign in Flanders given in his comedy, *The Soldier's Fortune*, acted in 1681, reveal the failure of the plan :

"A curse on the fates! Of all the strumpets, fortune's the basest. 'T was fortune made me a soldier, a rogue in red, the grievance of the nation; fortune made peace just when we were on the brink of a war; then fortune disbanded us, and lost us two months' pay: fortune gave us debentures instead of ready money, and by very good fortune I sold mine, and lost heartily by it, in hopes the grinding ill-natured dog that bought it will never get a shilling for 't." This is a true picture of the end of Otway's own military venture. The troops were disbanded, the pay was not forthcoming, and he was forced, under such adverse circumstances, to beat a retreat.

To all appearances it would seem that in the year 1680 there had come a change in the life of Otway. He had been contented heretofore to produce one play a season. But this year a second play and his most important poem, *The Poet's Complaint of his Muse*, were written. This play, *The Orphan: or, The Unhappy Marriage*, was his second great achievement in drama based upon a tragic theme. Hitherto *Don Carlos, Prince of Spain*, was his sole claim to a place of real distinction among his fellow dramatists. His two translations from the French, *Titus and Berenice*, from Racine, and *The Cheats of Scapin*, from Molière, in 1677, had shown him to be one of the cleverest translators, a very marked honor at this time when the field was filled with brilliant competitors, from the famous "Matchless Orinda" down to the pettiest dabbler whose title is anonimity. As a translator he was very faithful in his rendering and had the power to reproduce to a wonderful degree the atmosphere of the original, even while departing in many ways from it. In his work "it is evident at every step that he was a writer of tragedy, as well as a translator, and he did, unconsciously and successfully, what eighteenth-century translators consciously

and unsuccessfully tried to accomplish, *i. e.* to make an English tragedy out of a French one, not simply to present an English version." [1] And it has further been claimed by this authority that "in spite of its very considerable variations from the original, *Titus and Berenice* may, perhaps, claim to be the most satisfactory attempt at transplanting French tragedy to the English stage. It almost attains the ideal of translation, which is not a mere reproduction of the words and scenes of the original. No matter how well this is done, it never produces an English work of art. This play of Otway's seems to be, if its paradoxical wording be pardoned, what French tragedy would have been if it had been English." [1]

There is a distinct line of progress to be traced in Otway's technique from his first attempt at tragedy in *Alcibiades* and later in *Don Carlos*. Both plays being taken from historical narratives, the former from Cornelius Nepos and Plutarch, the latter from Saint-Réal, show the author's keen appreciation of the tragic values contained in the matter. In *Alcibiades* the plot may be extreme, the incidents overcrowded, and the characterization highly extravagant; yet the death of Alcibiades is most impressively described. Rimed verse was used here as also in the later tragedy, but there is more skill displayed in its use in *Don Carlos*. In fact Mr. Gosse counts this the "best English tragedy in rime." So far as the construction is concerned, it shows great advance. Its scenes are adroitly arranged and its many characters are portrayed with sureness of touch and dramatic effect. There may be wanting the political and historic sense, the proper atmosphere and local color, yet the plot is so constructed that the interest is sustained throughout and the reported success of the play can be readily believed. Just here

[1] D. F. Canfield, *Corneille and Racine in England*, pp. 92-101.

attention may be called to Alfieri's *Filippo* and Schiller's *Don Carlos*, two tragedies treating of the same subject, and, as Mr. Gosse suggests, "no better opportunity exists for comparing the classical and romantic manners than in the examples afforded by these three plays on the reign of Philip."

Don Carlos was composed in the heyday of rime. And now came Otway's third contribution to tragedy, his first masterpiece, *The Orphan*, written in blank verse. This play won for its author the distinction, perhaps not altogether flattering, of being harshly criticised by the most celebrated literary dictator of the age, Voltaire, who poured the heavy fire of his great cannons of criticism down upon "le tendre Otway."

There has been some controversy as to the real source of this play. It was long supposed that it was an adaptation from an earlier drama, entitled *The Hog hath lost his Pearl*, written by Robert Tailor, in 1612–14. In this earlier seventeenth-century play much of the leading plot is based upon quite the same sort of accident. Again, Thornton, one of the editors of Otway's works, receiving his cue from Langbaine, reports that the play was based on a story told of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, who was married to Henry VIII's sister, the widow of Louis XII. This incident forms part of a novel, entitled *English Adventures by a Person of Honour*,[1] published in 1676, and said to be by Roger Boyle, Earl of Orrery. The main facts of the story are supposed to be connected with an adventure in which Henry VIII played an important part. It describes one of the King's youthful escapades while he was circulating *incognito* among his subjects. He is said to have run a gauntlet of experiences very similar to those de-

[1] See *Appendix A*, where the story is given in full.

picted in the plot of *The Orphan*. The truth of the story is of course avouched by Brandon, who was the King's companion when engaged in such pranks. A like legend has also been told of the brothers Edward and Francis Russell, sons of Francis Russell, second Earl of Bedford, who died in 1585. And just here it may be of interest to note a later use, perhaps, of this same intrigue, discussed in a short article by Mr. J. W. Pearce.[1] This writer recalls the similarity between Otway's version of the legend and that given by Smollett in his *Count Fathom*. It is inferred that the likeness of Smollett's tale indicates his deliberate use of such parts of the drama as pleased his fancy. *The Orphan* being very popular in the novelist's day he probably did not hesitate to appropriate its salient points. It is further of interest that the part of Acasto, the guardian of Monimia, is said to have an historical basis. Acasto is believed to be a portrait sketched from the first Duke of Ormond, a type of the old-fashioned, simple, and at the same time noble, aristocracy of England, a figure contrasting with the frivolous and dissolute courtier of the day. While many intrigues depending on such an error as that depicted in *The Orphan* have long been current in the literature of drama and fiction, there is no reason to doubt that the *English Adventures* is the true source of this play. The dramatist has elaborated the merest hints found in the story into important scenes, such as the eagerness of the Page to participate in the hunting expeditions. Exact verbal parallelism or borrowing could hardly be expected. One is struck with the similarity of expression, however, in such passages as the following: "Ah, Brandon, you have ruin'd your Brother, and me, and your self, if at least the friendship you have hitherto paid him, be

[1] *Modern Language Notes*, November, 1902, p. 230.

not a fiction; for I am your Brother's Wife (*English Adventures*).

> "*Monimia.* Oh Polydore, if all
> The friendship e'er you vow'd to good Castalio
> Be not a falsehood, if you ever lov'd
> Your brother, you 've undone yourself and me."
> *The Orphan*, Act IV.

Again, the story describes the intimacy of the two brothers, — "from that Union, my elder Brother and I descended, whose Educations were such, that if we were no great Proficients in our Studies and Exercises, it was our own faults: possibly never any Friendship was greater, than that, between my Brother and I; we seem'd to have but one Soul, which actuated both our Bodies; and we were dearer to each other, by the tyes of Friendship, than by those of Blood." The play describes the same condition of affairs:

> "*Cas.* O! think a little what thy heart is doing;
> How, from our infancy, we, hand in hand,
> Have trod the path of life in love together;
> One bed has held us, and the same desires,
> The same aversions, still employ'd our thoughts."

While, throughout, the motives of the story are closely followed in the drama, the tragic ending to this harrowing tale is made much more dramatic, at least in harmony with the ideas of tragedy held by Otway and his contemporaries, by making Monimia "drink a healing draught," rather than succumb to the disease of fever, as in the narrative. If the language of the play is followed carefully the reader will find abundant proofs that Otway saturated himself with Shakspere's vocabulary in *Romeo and Juliet*. The explanation of this is easily found. This was Otway's *Romeo and Juliet* year, for the second

tragedy of this same year, entitled *The History and Fall of Caius Marius*, is a combination of *Romeo and Juliet* with *Julius Cæsar*. In his prologue to the play the author frankly gives the source of his work. And, strange to say, this new combination became such a success that for two generations it superseded *Romeo and Juliet* on the English stage.

Prior to the production of *The Orphan*, with the exception, perhaps, of *Don Carlos*, there had been little in the workmanship of Otway to disclose anything more than the hand of a clever adapter and improviser, no better, no worse, than many of his contemporaries. The skill displayed in *The Orphan* placed the young dramatist in an entirely different light. It was the dawn of a conscious dramatic sense, a flush of real life, that cast its brilliancy over the passages of exquisite tenderness and beauty, illuminating the characters in their tragic sufferings and in that liability to inevitable punishment for which fate seems to have foredoomed them. This play disclosed something still more startling, namely, the rapid strides with which its author was departing from the way taken by his predecessors. In his *Alcibiades* there were marked features of the so-called classic drama. There was an effort to preserve the "unities"; to limit the characters to a small group of clearly delineated figures, generally sacrificing the minor personages or sketching them in carelessly and dimly. The text was overloaded with long declamatory monologues, sounding more like the logic of debates and forensic outbursts of academic eloquence, such as may be heard to-day in college orations or on the French stage. There was a tendency, furthermore, to react against that youthful extravagance of motive and action, that exaggeration of diction, all prevailing qualities of the Elizabethan drama, begun by

Kyd, Marlowe, and the Spanish Tragedy group, and continued by Webster, Tourneur, and Ford. Dryden's leadership gave a preference to the classic work of Corneille and Racine, a direction that was followed, not slavishly, however, by Otway, Lee, Crowne, and other writers of tragedy of this epoch. There is a difference, moreover, between the Cornelian and the Racinean lines of treatment that must not be overlooked. In the Cornelian drama the heroes and heroines are endowed with noble sentiments, they are chivalrous, courtly, moving in a world where heroic virtue and love represent the monarchical grandeur and tranquillity of the Court of Louis XIV. Hence the charge of coldness, academic insipidity, often brought against Corneille's dramas. Racine, on the other hand, reflects the emotions of the heart, the psychical forces that impel men and women to act out their lives in this same world of order and refinement. Where the former is grand and godlike, the latter is tender and human. Both represent an age of serenity and stability. The younger dramatists like Otway and Lee were taking the direction of Racine, making more of the human feelings, the pathos of life, rather than of the heroic models created by Corneille. In this direction the way led to romanticism, and, as an offset to the classic qualities already noted, the romantic touches in Otway's work show how strangely these two ways of observing and interpreting life are intermingled. Romanticism pointed to freedom of form and treatment of matter, such as the blank verse, the introduction of people less exalted than kings and queens, the mingling of humor with serious tragedy, the extravagance of motive and action, the exaggeration of language and figure of speech. Yet the restriction of all these romantic tendencies among the Restoration writers is more marked than among the freer romanticists of the

Elizabethan age. This is doubtless one of the lessons learned from the French, particularly from Racine. This great painter of the passions, even in their excesses and disordered states, the creator of Roxane, Phèdre, and Hermione, never allowed himself to transgress the rules of classic composition, and he naturally shrank from presenting anything that would shock the refined, delicate, and courtly audience before him. These younger English dramatists felt the superiority of the French drama, yet they also recognized its tendency to become artificial, soulless, and cold. It was to correct this that they had recourse to the works of Shakspere and other Elizabethan writers. In the romantic qualities of their native predecessors they found the variety, the splendid coloring, the rapidity of action, the sudden catastrophes, the striking similes and comparisons, the rapid and palpitating dialogue, the lyric passages of poetry rolling like organ-tones below, or chiming their airy tones above, the mere narration of the story. These were the natural and romantic inheritances of the men who flourished with Otway. They were the English traditions of the drama, directly opposed to the classic traditions as expressed in the drama of Corneille and Racine. The two lines of force converged in Otway. In *The Orphan* there is the struggle between dramatic ancestry and theoretical artistry, nature and training, feeling and declamation.

The subject of this play repels rather than attracts the sympathy of the modern reader. The intensity of the sufferings of Monimia would excite more genuine pity to-day were the cause of her sad plight more in harmony with modern dramatic motives. It has the very same limitations that we find at the present hour in *Mrs. Warren's Profession*. It is true in delineation, fraught with moral purpose, but unfortunate in its plot. Yet there

is such a store of pity in it that Collins had it in mind when he wrote his *Ode to Pity*, addressing "gentlest Otway, while he sung the female heart, with youth's soft notes unspoil'd by art." It is said that Mrs. Barry, who took the part of Monimia, invariably burst into genuine tears in the course of the performance; and many critics have emphasized the sincerity of the passion depicted by Otway. Sir Walter Scott wrote: "The canons of Otway in his scenes of passionate affection rival at least, and sometimes excel, those of Shakespeare. More tears have been shed, probably, for the sorrows of Belvidera and Monimia than for those of Juliet and Desdemona." To a modern, however, the interest and the value of this sincerity of passion are lost despite the delicate and masterful delineation of Monimia's character, since the catastrophe, turning upon Monimia's mistaking Polydore for his brother Castalio on the night of her secret marriage to the latter, appears too imperfectly and improperly motived. Voltaire's keen insight into the improbability of such an incident and his condemnation of "le tendre et élégant Otway" for his treatment of this situation seem altogether in accord with modern criticism.

The success of *The Orphan* can be compared only with that of Otway's later play, *Venice Preserved*. For each of these two plays that became the stock pieces of the British stage down to the beginning of the nineteenth century he received the small sum of one hundred pounds. Sixteen performances of *The Orphan* are recorded by Genest between 1707 and 1815, in which latter year, on the second of December, it was produced in Covent Garden. Subsequently it was revived at the Bath Theatre, in 1819, when Miss O'Neill took the part of Monimia. It was Mrs. Barry who created the part of Monimia and made it one of her most celebrated rôles.

She was succeeded by Mrs. Oldfield, Mrs. Porter, and Mrs. Cibber. The last eminent actress to essay the part was Miss O'Neill. It is interesting to know that the character of Cordelio, Polydore's page, was taken by Mrs. Bracegirdle when she was a child about six years old. The part of Chamont, the brother of Monimia, was frequently played by Garrick and later by Charles Kemble. An amateur performance of this play at Boston gave rise to the Massachusetts act prohibiting all stage performances.

It was with difficulty that Otway created a drama of real life out of the historical material which he found already employed in the dramas and stories of his own time. His great struggle was to pass from history into fiction. In the preparation of *Don Carlos*, there is present in the author's work a certain degree of restraint possibly imposed by the use of historical material, combined with an excessively high-pitched and declamatory style. That was presumably the method used to catch the tragic note or idealism common to situations so extraordinary in their development. The presence of this same false note and the still more artificial attempts to metamorphose Plutarch's heroes into such courtiers as those frequenting the court of Charles II, are met with in *Alcibiades*, the dramatist's maiden effort, and again in *Caius Marius*. In the case of *Caius Marius*, perhaps, it was the difficulty of condensing the historical material and of simultaneously introducing the choicest part of Shakspere's *Romeo and Juliet* that caused the writer to lose control of the subject-matter and to construct a drama oddly compounded, lacking unity, and betraying a curious deficiency in dramatic sense and composition. It seems almost inconsistent to ascribe this play and *The Orphan* to the same year. The most remarkable point of contrast between *The Orphan* and *Venice Preserved*

is the absence in the former of political and semi-historical material and an underlying symbolical reference to circumstances relating to life at Court and problems of the day, constantly reappearing above the surface of the narrative in *Venice Preserved*. *The Orphan* is a more romantic, thrilling story in which the dramatic interest rests solely in the plot and in the delineation of character.

Otway may be said to have mastered the distinctive quality of the drama of Racine in *The Orphan*, that ability to depict great passion tempered by the gentler strain of tenderness. The intensity, and at the same time the delicacy, of the pathos employed to describe such a personality as that of Monimia are indicative of a new contribution to dramatic craft, something peculiar to Otway's own nature. The sweetness of Monimia, over-passionate and over-tearful perhaps, followed by that of her more exquisite sister in distress, Belvidera, is Otway's chief distinction and achievement. Voltaire was correct in calling him "tender." How strange, therefore, seems Dr. Garnett's criticism in ascribing the interest of Otway's work to situation only, and not to characterization. "It appears to me," says Mr. Noel, in discussing this attitude, "that the humanity of the characters is strongly realized, and that we are made to sympathize with them profoundly." [1] Mr. Gosse also agrees in the main with this view, in the following remarks: "There are many faults in the construction of this [*The Orphan*] plot, besides the indelicacy of the main situation, which has long banished it from the stage. . . . But if we once accept these weak points and forget them, the play is full of delicate and charming turns of action, of decisive characterization, and of

[1] Mermaid Series, *Otway*, Preface, p. xxiv.

intense and tear-compelling pathos."[1] More praise has been given to this play by M. de Raynouard than to the other works of Otway. He writes: "Of the three plays by Otway, *Don Carlos*, *The Orphan*, *Venice Preserved*, *The Orphan* seems to me to be the best in composition, and in it the dramatic situations are the most frequent. The characters are true and are well sustained."[2] It was this skill in characterization that has been celebrated by the poets coming after these wild, boisterous times of Otway. Collins, Coleridge, Byron, and others remember in their songs the dramatist as the gentle, the tender, the poet of pity.

The Orphan stands between *Don Carlos* and *Venice Preserved* in point of time and in certain dramatic qualifications. *Venice Preserved* may be said to be antipodical in technique to the first play, *Alcibiades*, since the latter is nothing more than a tale of horror, while in the former Otway succeeded in working up a true tragic effect, worthy to rank with the most approved productions of the successors of Shakspere. To-day his reputation rests most solidly on *Don Carlos*, *The Orphan*, and *Venice Preserved*.

The plot of *Venice Preserved* is founded on an historical novel by the Abbé Saint-Réal, entitled *Conjuration des Espagnols contre la Venise en 1618*, which was translated into English "out of the French of C. V. de S. R.," in 1675. The historical aspect of this mysterious conspiracy which Sir Henry Wotton, the English ambassador to Venice at the time, called the French Conspiracy, has been investigated and discussed by Mr. Horatio F. Brown in his *Venetian Studies*, under the chapter headed "The Spanish Conspiracy; an Episode in the Decline of Ven-

[1] *Seventeenth Century Series*, p. 324.
[2] De Raynouard, *Etude sur Thomas Otway*.

ice." Parts of Saint-Réal's narrative have been reproduced almost verbatim in the play, though Otway took the dramatist's right to make many changes in the treatment of the event itself. The real leader in the story was the Marquis of Bedemar, the Spanish ambassador at Venice; while such French adventurers as Pierre, Jaffier, and Renault seem for purposes of private revenge to have united with the Spanish noblemen in plotting the downfall of the Venetian Republic. It was a critical moment when the senators of Venice were notorious for their political, social and moral weakness and corruption. This historical episode supplies the setting of Otway's tragedy, affording opportunity for an almost symbolic treatment of a like situation in the political history of England, the great conspiracy of the Catholics to destroy both King and Parliament, known as the Popish Plot. This was not the first time Otway had culled from the writings of the famous historical fictionist. In Saint-Réal's *History of Don Carlos, Son of Philip II of Spain*, he had found the plot of his former historical tragedy, *Don Carlos*. The second title of this play on the conspiracy at Venice reads: *A Plot Discovered*, a title, undoubtedly, immediately suggested by incidents connected with the so-called "Popish Plot of 1678." The events supposed to be the outcome of this plot had aroused the people to such an extent that the parallelism between the dangers of the Venetian Republic and those of their own King and Parliament was readily understood by the theatre-goers of that day. The political purpose of the play was self-evident. It was a special Tory document against the Whigs. "He evidently meant," as Genest states it, "to insinuate that the persons at this time in opposition to the Court were as unprincipled as the conspirators in his Tragedy." [1] It was Anthony Earl of Shaftesbury

[1] Genest, *Account of the English Stage*, p. 21.

who was specially singled out for castigation and who was savagely caricatured as Antonio, the vilest of the Venetian senators. This satire upon Shaftesbury is said to have been done in accordance with a request made by Charles II himself. Otway had already made an attack upon the Earl in presenting him as Marius in the play of *Caius Marius*. One of this statesman's points of weakness was his ambition to be elected King of Poland, and in this connection the great Dryden had never ceased to hold the hated Earl up to ridicule, nicknaming him "Count Tapsky." The allusions to Poland in the first prologue, and again in the later prologue by Dryden and the epilogue by Otway specially written in 1682 for the performance given for the Duke of York, have reference to Shaftesbury's royal aspirations. In these onslaughts on Shaftesbury Otway was probably following the fashion set by the master spirit and dramatist of the age, Dryden, who had from time to time, 1681–1688, reviled the Earl for his political acts as well as for the part he had taken in the Dutch war of 1673, namely, in his poetical satires, *Absalom and Achitophel*, *The Medal*, and *Albion and Albanius*. The coarse, vilifying scenes between Antonio and Aquilina, in which Shaftesbury was so ruthlessly and comically portrayed, were afterwards omitted in the acting editions of the play prepared by Kemble, in 1795, 1811, and 1814; and the last performance in which they were presented, in 1730, said to have been given at the special command of George II, was much disapproved by the audience, despite the royal request. It is hardly necessary to add that these lewd scenes, in which M. Taine alone among the more important critics finds some traces of humor, are episodic and wholly irrelevant to the main story, detracting from the artistic workmanship and lifelikeness of the production.

The greatest modification Otway made in the story of his predecessor was the creation of Belvidera. The addition of this character alone changed the nature of the drama throughout. The deposal of the Marquis of Bedemar and the elevation of Jaffier and Pierre were of minor importance in the arrangement of the historical material compared with the brilliant conception of this female character. All persons and events centre around Belvidera. This was a stroke of dramatic genius. It produced at once the dramatic interest of the play. It created the element of human interest. It breathed into the dry dust of historical facts the breath of life, fashioning a creature exquisite in her loveliness and poetical in her charms and sufferings. There is a quality in the nature of Belvidera that defies analysis: it hovers between the region of reality and unreality, the same ethereal stuff of which Cordelia and Miranda are wrought. In many respects Monimia was a forerunner, a prototype, but she is a character unsupported by the realistic truth of a grand and convincing tragic situation. There is no lack of realistic touch in the environment placed about Belvidera. Her position in the dangerous plots and counterplots; her pathetic sufferings as a true wife and a disowned, but loving, daughter; her mental anguish when she finds herself standing between her condemned husband and his betrayed friend, are intrinsically tragic situations, nobly sustained and requiring no artificial framework of sentimentality to heighten their dramatic values. Dryden paid full tribute to this kind of achievement when he wrote those lines in the Preface to Fresnoy's *Art of Painting*: "I will not defend everything in his *Venice Preserved*, but I must bear this testimony to his memory, that the passions are truly tricked in it, though there is somewhat to be desired, both in the grounds of them, and in the height and elegance of ex-

pression; but nature is there, which is the greater beauty." And a later able critic, Hazlitt, has rightly drawn attention to "the awful suspense of the situation; the conflict of duties and passions; the intimate bonds that unite the characters together and that are violently rent asunder like the parting of soul and body; the solemn march of the tragic events to the fatal catastrophe that winds up and closes over all." To the quality of tenderness for which the character of Monimia stands almost as a personification, there is to be added this awful tragic power so sublimely outlined in the personality of Belvidera. Forced as may be all other comparisons of Otway with Shakspere, this creation is a true link between the two dramatists. To employ a line from Mr. Noel: "They are exquisite types of womanhood [Monimia and Belvidera], own sisters to Cordelia, Imogen, Desdemona." There is only one dissenting voice among the poets and critics, and that is Byron's. Although he professed great admiration for the works of Otway, he declared Belvidera to be utterly detestable. Byron could not believe that Love had a conscience. It was the "blubbering curiosity" of Belvidera that vexed him.

The popularity and the influence of this play are noteworthy. It won a European reputation, being a close rival to the most popular plays of Shakspere. In France it was a special favorite. Antoine de la Fosse imitated it in his tragedy, *Manlius Capitolinus*, published in 1698, this being the adaptation which Voltaire preferred to the original play by Otway. Later, more liberal translations into French were published at Paris in 1746; one version in *Le Théâtre Anglois*, and another made by M. de la Place. Subsequently Balzac represented the heroine in his *Melmoth Réconcilié* as taking her "nom de guerre" of Aquilina from the courtesan in *Venise sauvé*. In 1755 a Dutch

version was adapted from the French. Three German translations were made, the last by P. Hagen, printed in 1898. Translations into Italian and Russian have also been made. The influence of this play has often appeared in English literature, as in Byron's *Marino Faliero*.[1] Hallam states that, excepting works of Shakspere, *Venice Preserved* has been more often seen on the stage than any other play. Many of the most celebrated actresses of the eighteenth century played the part of Belvidera. Mrs. Barry, who originated the part, was succeeded by Mrs. Porter, Mrs. Seymour, Mrs. Cibber, Mrs. Siddons, and Miss O'Neill. At the time of the revival of the play in 1829, it was filled by Miss Phillips, and still later at Sadler's Wells, in 1845, Mrs. Warner took the part of Belvidera. Distinguished also were the rôles of Jaffier and Pierre. Quin, Garrick, J. P. Kemble, filled them with great renown. Later Mills, and Mossop were popular actors of the part of Pierre. Macready also played it for several years. At the time the play was given in 1829, Young appeared as Pierre, and in 1845 the famous Phelps played the part of Jaffier. This tragedy continued to be one of the stock plays of the English stage down to the beginning of the nineteenth century. Twenty revivals of it are recorded by Genest, the latest named by him being that of 1829. It is stated that a performance of the play was given by the boys of Otway's old school, Winchester, in 1755, when a prologue was written by Robert Lowth, who was afterwards Bishop of London.

Like the great predecessor of Shakspere, Marlowe, Otway within a few years proved himself a tragic dramatist and took a place among the successors of the monarch of the Elizabethan playwrights. His was the gathering of the aftermath. Shakspere and Racine had gone

[1] Moore's *Life of Byron*, vol. III, letter 279.

before, and their influence is seen, to a more or less equal degree, in his work. But he was not a blind follower. However extravagant it may seem to compare him with these giant leaders, he has worthily attained a high place among them with his contributions of *The Orphan* and *Venice Preserved*. Otway may not be called a genius; he had not the gifts nor the inspiration necessary to that high-sounding title. But his was a talent of no ordinary value. He came at a time when the dramatic art of England was rapidly passing into the hands of an inferior order of workers, and still he was able to bring back something of the old glory to the English stage, a last cloud reflecting something of the fast-waning splendor of the Elizabethan luminaries. He felt the touch of the tragic and romantic ideal, and as it floated before him, high above him, once or twice he had it in his grasp. His effort left the English drama richer by his struggle and by his failure.

THE TEXT

THIS text of *The Orphan* follows the first quarto copy, of 1680, in the Library of Harvard University. It has also been collated with the four other quartos, those of 1685, 1696, 1703, and 1705, all in the possession of the Boston Public Library, and with the most important editions published since 1712, the time of the first complete publication of Otway's works. In the process of collation it has been found that the quarto of 1680 differs from the two quartos of 1685 and 1696 principally in the correction of typography and in a slightly more consistent form of spelling. However, Q2 and Q3 are more markedly alike than any other of the five quartos. The first quarto, 1680, differs from all the other quartos in not containing the Dedicatory Epistle, the Prologue, nor the Dramatis Personae. The fourth and fifth quartos, of 1703 and 1705, are very modernized in spelling and punctuation. The first collected edition of Otway's plays, that of 1712, follows the last quarto closely. It is very apparent that little attention was given to the editing of Otway's works until the appearance of the Thornton edition in 1813. From this nearly all the later editions of his works have been copied. The Hon. Roden Noel, in the edition known as "The Mermaid Series," of 1888, has based his text upon this Thornton text, with numerous emendations.

This edition gives, for the first time, a reprint of the seventeenth century spelling and recovers the text of the quartos from oversights and unnecessary emendations of former editors. Following the plan of this series, no attempt has been made to reproduce the confused mode of capitalization. The punctuation has been changed where modern needs demand this, note of any change which affects the meaning being registered. It may be said, however, that in hundreds of places the punctuation of the quartos has been restored, since that of the seventeenth is quite sufficient for the twentieth century reader. All important differences in readings among the quartos are noted. Evident errors of the 1680 quarto such as *thoul't* for *thou'lt* have been silently corrected. It has not seemed necessary to give, from the modern editors, all their omissions and arbitrary departures from the quartos: all genuine emendations are, however, noted. In the variants, T stands for Thornton's edition, 1812, N for Noel's, 1888, and Edd. for editions since the quartos.

THE

ORPHAN:

OR, THE

Unhappy-Marriage:

A

TRAGEDY,

As it is Acted

At His ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE

DUKE's Theatre.

Written by *THO. OTWAY.*

Qui Palaeo crudis magna, & fervore fulsit;
Qui Pugnas & Castra petit, praecingitur Aure;
Vilis Adulator picta jocos Aurius Ostro;
Et qui felicitas Nuptas, ad praemia pectat:
Solo praemissi horret Facundia pannis,
Atque inopi lingua deserta iacentat Artes. Petron. Arb. Sat.

LONDON.

Printed for *R. Bentley*, and *M. Magnes*, in *Russel-Street* in *Covent-Garden*, 1680.

SOURCES

Otway found the story of *The Orphan* in a novel, entitled *English Adventures by a Person of Honour* (see *Appendix A*), published in 1676, and said to be by Roger Boyle, Earl of Orrery. The tale is supposed to be a true account of one of the youthful escapades of Henry VIII. Similar stories have also been related in connection with other distinguished personages (cf. *Introduction*). It has often been stated that a possible source was an earlier seventeenth century drama, entitled *The Hog hath Lost his Pearl*, written by Robert Tailor, about 1612. The plots of the two dramas are very similar. But Otway made no use of this earlier play. The main incidents presented by him follow those of the novel, and, furthermore, there is a faint echo of the novelist's vocabulary in the diction of the dramatist.

[*To Her Royal Highness the* DUTCHESS.

MADAM,

After having a great while wish't to write something that might be worthy to lay at your Highnesses feet, and finding it impossible, since the world has been so kind to me to judge of this poem to my advantage, as the most pardonable fault which I have made in its kind; I had sinn'd against my self, if I had not chosen this opportunity to implore (what my ambition is most fond of) your favour and protection.

For though Fortune would not so far bless my endeavours as to encourage them with your Royal Highnesses presence when this came into the world; yet I cannot but declare it was my design and hopes, it might have been your divertisement in that happy season when you return'd again to chear all those eyes that had before wept for your departure, and enliven all hearts that had droopt for your absence: when Wit ought to have pay'd its choicest tributes in, and Joy have known no limits, then I hop'd my little mite would not have been rejected; though my ill fortune was too hard for me and I lost a greater honour by your Royal Highnesses absence than all the applauses of the world besides can make me reparation for.

Nevertheless, I thought my self not quite unhappy, so long as I had hopes this way yet to recompence my disappointment past: when I consider'd also, that poetry might claim right to a little share in your favour: for Tasso

To . . . Dutchess. The Dedication is first printed in Q2.

and Ariosto, some of the best, have made their names eternal by transmitting to after-ages the glory of your ancestors: and under the spreading of that shade, where two of the best have planted their lawrels, how honoured should I be, who am the worst, if but a branch might grow for me.

I dare not think of offering at any thing in this address that might look like a panegyrick, for fear lest, when I have done my best, the world should condemn me for saying too little, and you your self check me for medling with a task unfit for my talent.

For the description of vertues and perfections so rare as yours are, ought to be done by as deliberate as skilful a hand; the features must be drawn very fine to be like; hasty dawbing would but spoil the picture, and make it so unnatural as must want false lights to set it off: and your vertue can receive no more lustre from praises than your beauty can be improv'd by art; which as it charms the bravest Prince that ever amaz'd the world with his virtue, so, let but all other hearts enquire into themselves, and then judge, how it ought to be prais'd.

Your love too, as none but that great hero, who has it, could deserve it, and therefore, by a particular lot from Heav'n, was destin'd to so extraordinary a blessing, so matchless for it self, and so wondrous for its constancy, shall be remembred to your immortal honour, when all other transactions of the age you live in shall be forgotten.

But I forget that I am to ask pardon for the fault I have been all this while committing. Wherefore I beg your Highness to forgive me this presumption, and that you will be pleas'd to think well of one who cannot help

33 *at.* Q3, Q4, Q5 omit.
41 *would.* Q5, T, N, will.
43 *praises.* Q3, Q4, Q5, T, N, practices.

resolving with all the actions of life, to endeavour to deserve it: nay more, I would beg, and hope it may be granted, that I may through yours never want an advocate in his favour, whose heart and mind you have so entire a share in; it is my only portion and my fortune, I cannot but be happy, so long as I have but hopes I may enjoy it, and I must be miserable, should it ever be my ill fate to lose it.

This with eternal wishes for your Royal Highnesses content, happiness, and prosperity, in all humility is presented by

Your most obedient and devoted Servant,

THO. OTWAY.]

[PROLOGUE.

To you, great judges in this writing age,
The sons of wit, and patrons of the stage,
With all those humble thoughts which still have sway'd
His pride, much doubting, trembling and affraid
Of what is to his want of merit due, 5
And aw'd by every excellence in you,
The authour sends to beg you would be kind
And spare those many faults you needs must find.
You to whom wit a common foe is grown,
The thing ye scorn, and publickly disown; 10
Though now perhaps y' are here for other ends,
He swears to me ye ought to be his friends:
For he ne're call'd ye yet insipid tools;
Nor wrote one line to tell you ye were fools:
But says of wit ye have so large a store, 15
So very much, you never will have more.
He ne're with libel treated yet the town,
The names of honest men bedawb'd and shown,
Nay, never once lampoon'd the harmless life
Of suburb virgin, or of city wife. 20

Prologue. First given in Q2.
7 *would.* Edd. except T, N, will.
14 *you ye.* Q3, Q4, Q5, Edd. read: ye you.

Satyr 's the effect of poetries disease;
Which, sick of a lew'd age, she vents for ease,
But now her only strife should be to please;
Since of ill fate the baneful cloud 's withdrawn;
And happiness again begins to dawn; 25
Since back with joy and triumph he is come,
That always drove fears hence, ne're brought 'em
home;
Oft has he plow'd the boist'rous ocean o're,
Yet ne're more welcome to the longing shoar,
Not when he brought home victories before. 30
For then fresh lawrels flourish't on his brow,
And he comes crown'd with olive-branches now.
Receive him! oh receive him as his friends;
Embrace the blessings which he recommends,
Such quiet as your foes shall ne're destroy; 35
Then shake off fears, and clap your hands for
joy.]

22 *lewd.* Qq, lew'd.
27 *drove.* Edd. except N, drew.

[THE PERSONS REPRESENTED IN THE TRAGEDY.

MEN.

Acasto, a Nobleman, retired from the Court, and living privately in the Country.	By Mr. *Gillow*.
Castalio, } His Sons.	By Mr. *Betterton*.
Polydore, } His Sons.	By Mr. *Jo. Williams*.
Chamont, a young Souldier of Fortune.	By Mr. *Smith*.
Ernesto, } Servants in the family.	By Mr. *Norris*.
Paulino, } Servants in the family.	By Mr. *Wiltshire*.
Cordelio, Polydore's Page.	By the little girl.
Chaplain.	By Mr. *Percival*.
[Servants.]	

WOMEN.

Monimia, the Orphan, left under the Guardianship of old *Acasto*.	By Mrs. *Barry*.
Serina, Acasto's Daughter.	By Mrs. *Boteler*.
Florella, Monimia's Woman.	By Mrs. *Osborn*.

SCENE, BOHEMIA.]

The Persons. First given in Q2.

The Orphan

Act I. Scene I.

[*An Ante-Room in Acasto's House.*]

Enter Paulino and Ernesto.

Paulino. 'T is strange, Ernesto, this severity
Should still reign pow'rful in Acasto's mind,
To hate the court where he was bred and liv'd,
All honours heap'd on him that pow'r cou'd give.

Ernesto. 'T is true, he came thither a private gentleman, 5
But young and brave, and of a family
Ancient and noble as the empire holds.
The honours he has gain'd are justly his;
He purchas'd them in war; thrice has he led
An army against the rebels, and as often 10
Return'd with victory; the world has not
A truer souldier, or a better subject.

Paul. It was his vertue that first made me serve him;
He is the best of masters as of friends.

3 *he . . . liv'd.* In Q, lines end, *he, liv'd.*
13 *that first.* Q4, Q5, Edd. read, at first.

I know he has lately been invited thither; 15
Yet still he keeps his stubborn purpose, cries,
He 's old, and willingly would be at rest:
I doubt there 's deep resentment in his mind,
For the late slight his honour suffer'd there.

Ern. Has he not reason? When for what he had born 20
Long, hard, and faithful toyl, he might have claim'd
Places in honour, and employment high,
A huffing shining, flat'ring cringing coward,
A canker-worm of peace was raised above him.

Paul. Yet still he holds just value for the king, 25
Nor ever names him but with highest reverence.
'T is noble that —

Ern. Oh! I have heard him wanton in his praise,
Speak things of him might charm the ears of envy.

Paul. Oh! may he live till Nature's self grow old, 30
And from her womb no more can bless the earth!
For when he dies, farewell all honour, bounty,
All generous encouragement of arts,
For Charity her self becomes a widdow.

23 *flat'ring.* N, flattering.

Ern. No, he has two sons that were ordain'd to be 35
As well his vertues, as his fortunes heirs.
Paul. They 're both of nature mild, and full of sweetness.
They came twins from the womb, and still they live
As if they would go twins too to the grave.
Neither has any thing he calls his own, 40
But of each others joys, as griefs, partaking;
So very honestly, so well they love,
As they were only for each other born.
Ern. Never was parent in an off-spring happier;
He has a daughter too, whose blooming age 45
Promises goodness equal to her beauty.
Paul. And as there is a friendship 'twixt the brethren,
So has her infant nature chosen, too,
A faithful partner of her thoughts and wishes,
And kind companion of her harmless pleasures. 50
Ern. You mean the beautious orphan, fair Monimia.
Paul. The same, the daughter of the brave Chamont.
He was our lords companion in the wars,
Where such a wondrous friendship grew between 'em

As only death could end: Chamont's estate 55
Was ruin'd in our late and civil discords;
Therefore, unable to advance her fortune,
He left this daughter to our master's care;
To such a care as she scarce lost a father.

Ern. Her brother to the emperors wars went early, 60
To seek a fortune or a noble fate;
Whence he with honour is expected back,
And mighty marks of that great princes favour.

Paul. Our master never would permit his sons
To launch for fortune in th' uncertain world, 65
But warnes [them] to avoid both courts and camps,
Where dilatory Fortune plays the jilt
With the brave, noble, honest, gallant man,
To throw her self away on fools and knaves.

Ern. They both have forward, gen'rous, active spirits; 70
'T is daily their petition to their father
To send them forth where glory 's to be gotten;
They cry they 're weary of their lazy home,
Restless to do some thing that Fame may talk of.
To day they chac'd the boar, and near this time 75
Should be return'd.

66 *warnes them.* Q4, Q5, 1712, wants to avoid; other Edd. warns 'em (*or* them).

Paul. Oh that 's a royal sport!
We yet may see the old man in a morning,
Lusty as health, come ruddy to the field,
And there pursue the chace as if he meant
To o'retake time and bring back youth again. 80

Ex[eunt] Ern[esto] and Paul[ino].

Enter Castalio, Polidor and Page.

Castalio. Polidor! our sport
Has been to day much better for the danger;
When on the brink the foaming boar I met,
And in his side thought to have lodg'd my spear,
The desperate savage rusht within my force, 85
And bore me headlong with him down the rock.

Polydore. But then —

Cast. Ay then my brother, my friend Polidor,
Like Perseus mounted on his winged steed
Came on, and down the dang'rous precipice leapt, 90
To save Castalio. 'T was a god-like act.

Pol. But when I came, I found you conqueror.
Oh, my heart danc't to see your danger past!
The heat and fury of the chace was coold,
And I had nothing in my mind but joy. 95

Cast. So, Polidor, methinks we might in war
Rush on together; thou shou'dst be my guard,
And I 'd be thine; what is 't could hurt us then?

94 *coold.* Q4, Q5, Edd. except N, cold; T, cool'd; N, cooled.

Now half the youth of Europe are in armes,
How fulsome must it be to stay behind, 100
And dye of rank diseases here at home?
Pol. No, let me purchase in my youth renown,
To make me lov'd and valu'd when I 'm old;
I would be busie in the world and learn,
Not like a course and useless dunghill weed 105
Fixt to one spot and rot just as I grew.
Cast. Our father
Has ta'ne himself a surfeit of the world,
And cries it is not safe that we should taste it;
I own I have duty very pow'rful in me; 110
And tho' I 'd hazard all to raise my name,
Yet he 's so tender and so good a father,
I could not do a thing to cross his will.
Pol. Castalio, I have doubts within my heart,
Which you, and only you, can satisfy: 115
Will you be free and candid to your friend?
Cast. Have I a thought my Polidor shou'd not know?
What can this mean?
Pol. Nay, I 'll conjure you, too,
By all the strictest bonds of faithful friendship,
To show your heart as naked in this point, 120
As you would purge you of your sins to Heaven.
Cast. I will.

106 *grew.* Q4, Q5, Edd. except T, N, read, grow.

Pol. And should I chance to touch it nearly, bear it
With all the suff'rance of a tender friend.
Cast. As calmly as the wounded patient bears 125
The artist's hand that ministers his cure.
Pol. That's kindly said. You know our fathers ward,
The fair Monimia: is your heart at peace?
Is it so guarded that you could not love her?
Cast. Suppose I should?
Pol. Suppose you shou'd not, brother. 130
Cast. You 'd say I must not.
Pol. That would sound too roughly
'Twixt friends and brothers as we two are.
Cast. Is love a fault?
Pol. In one of us it may be;
What if I love her?
Cast. Then I must inform you,
I lov'd her first, and cannot quit the claim, 135
But will preserve the birth-right of my passion.
Pol. You will!
Cast. I will.
Pol. No more, I 've done.
Cast. Why not?
Pol. I told you, I had done;
But you Castalio would dispute it.
Cast. No:
Not with my Polydor; though I must own 140

My nature obstinate and void of suff'rance.
Love raigns a very tyrant in my heart,
Attended on his throne by all his guards
Of furious wishes, fears, and nice suspicions.
I could not bear a rival in my friendship,
I am so much in love, and fond of thee.

Pol. Yet you would break this friendship!

Cast. Not for crowns.

Pol. But for a toy you would, a womans toy,
Unjust Castalio!

Cast. Prithee, where 's my fault?

Pol. You love Monimia.

Cast. Yes.

Pol. And you would kill me,
If I 'm your rival.

Cast. No, sure we are such friends,
So much one man, that our affections, too,
Must be united and the same as we are.

Pol. I doat upon Monimia.

Cast. Love her still;
Win, and enjoy her.

Pol. Both of us cannot.

Cast. No matter
Whose chance it proves; but let 's not quarrel for 't.

Pol. You would not wed Monimia, would you?

147 *would.* 1768, 1812, Edd. read, will.
157 *proves.* T, N, read, prove.

Cast. Wed her!
No! were she all desire could wish, as fair 160
As would the vainest of her sex be thought,
With wealth beyond what woman's pride could waste,
She should not cheat me of my freedom. Marry?
When I am old and weary of the world,
I may grow desperate 165
And take a wife to mortify withall.
Pol. It is an elder brothers duty so
To propagate his family and name:
You would not have yours dye, and bury'd with you?
Cast. Meer vanity, and silly dotage all; 170
No, let me live at large, and when I dye—
Pol. Who shall possess th' estate you leave?
Cast. My friend,
If he survives me; or if not, my king,
Who may bestow 't again on some brave man,
Whose honesty and services deserve one. 175
Pol. 'T is kindly offer'd.
Cast. By yon Heaven I love
My Polydor beyond all worldly joyes,
And would not shock his quiet to be blest
With greater happiness than man e'er tasted.
Pol. And by that Heaven eternally I swear 180
To keep the kind Castalio in my heart.
Whose shall Monimia be?

162 *woman's.* Q1, woman. 182 *Whose.* Qq, Who 's.

Cast. No matter whose.

Pol. Were you not with her privately last night?

Cast. I was, and should have met her here again;

But th' opportunity shall now be thine;
My self will bring thee to the scene of love;
But have a care, by friendship I conjure thee,
That no false play be offer'd to thy brother.
Urge all thy pow'rs to make thy passion prosper,
But wrong not mine.

Pol. Heav'n blast me if I do!

Cast. If 't prove thy fortune, Polidor, to conquer,

(For thou hast all the arts of fine perswasion!)
Trust me, and let me know thy loves success,
That I may ever after stifle mine.

Pol. Though she be dearer to my soul than rest

To weary pilgrims, or to misers gold,
To great men pow'r, or wealthy cities pride,
Rather than wrong Castalio, I 'd forget her.
For if ye pow'rs have happiness in store,
When ye would shower down joyes on Polydor,
In one great blessing all your bounty send,
That I may never lose so dear a friend!

Ex. Cast[*alio and*] *Pol*[*ydore*], *manet Page.*

192 *fine.* 1768, 1812, Edd. read, soft.

Enter Monimia.

Monimia. So soon return'd from hunting? this fair day
Seems as if sent t' invite the world abroad.
Passed not Castalio and Polydor this way? 205
Page. Madam, just now.
Mon. Sure some ill fate 's upon me.
Distrust and heaviness sits round my heart,
And apprehension shocks my timerous soul.
Why was I not lain in my peaceful grave
With my poor parents? and at rest as they are? 210
Instead of that I am wand'ring into cares.
Castalio! O Castalio! thou hast caught
My foolish heart; and like a tender child,
That trusts his play-thing to another hand,
I fear its harm, and fain would have it back. 215
Come near, Cordelio, I must chide you, sir.
Pag. Why, madam, have I done you any wrong?
Mon. I never see you now; you have been kinder;
Sate by my bed, and sung me pretty songs:
Perhaps I 've been ungrateful, here 's money for you: 220
Will you oblige me? shall I see you oft'ner?
Pag. Madam, indeed I 'd serve you with my soul;

222 *Madam, indeed.* Q2, Q5, Edd. *Madame, I 'd,* omitting *indeed.*

But in a morning when you call me to you,
As by your bed I stand and tell you stories,
I am asham'd to see your swelling breasts, 225
It makes me blush, they are so very white.
Mon. O men for flattery and deceit renown'd!
Thus when y' are young, ye learn it all like him,
Till, as your years encrease, that strengthens too,
T' undo poor maids and make our ruin easie. 230
Tell me, Cordelio, for thou oft hast heard
Their friendly converse and their bosome secrets;
Sometimes at least, have they not talkt of me?
Pag. Oh madam! very wickedly they have talkt:
But I 'm afraid to name it, for they say 235
Boys must be whipped that tell their masters secrets.
Mon. Fear not, Cordelio! it shall ne're be known;
For I 'll preserve the secret as 't were mine.
Polydor cannot be so kind as I.
I 'll furnish thee for all thy harmless sports 240
With pretty toys, and thou shalt be my page.
Pag. And truly, madam, I had rather be so.
Methinks you love me better than my lord,
For he was never half so kind as you are!

236 *masters.* 1768, 1812, 1813, Edd., *masters'*; N, *master's.*

What must I do?
Mon. Inform me how th' hast heard 245
Castalio and his brother use my name.
Pag. With all the tenderness of love
You were the subject of their last discourse.
At first I thought it would have fatal prov'd;
But as the one grew hot, the other coold, 250
And yielded to the frailty of his friend;
At last, after much strugling 't was resolved.
Mon. What, good Cordelio?
Pag. Not to quarrel for you.
Mon. I would not have 'em by my dearest hopes,
I would not be the argument of strife. 255
But surely my Castalio wo'nt forsake me,
And make a mockery of my easie love.
Went they together?
Pag. Yes, to seek you, madam.
Castalio promis'd Polydor to bring him
Where he alone might meet you, 260
And fairly try the fortune of his wishes.
Mon. Am I then grown so cheap, just to be made
A common stake, a prize for love in jest.
Was not Castalio very loth to yield it,
Or was it Polydor's unruly passion, 265
That heighten'd the debate?

247 *love.* Q1 has comma after this.

Pag. The fault was Polydor's.
Castalio play'd with love and smiling shew'd
The pleasure, not the pangs of his desire.
He said no womans smiles shou'd buy his freedom,
And marriage is a mortifying thing. 27

Mon. Then am I ruin'd: if Castalio 's false,
Where is there faith or honour to be found?
Ye Gods that guard the innocent and guide
The weak protect, and take me to your care.
Oh! but I love him: there 's the rock will wrack me! 27
Why was I made with all my sexes softness,
Yet want the cunning to conceal its follies?
I 'll see Castalio, tax him with his falsehoods,
Be a true woman, rail, protest my wrongs,
Resolve to hate him, and yet love him still. 28

Enter Castalio and Polydor.

He comes, the conquerour comes! lye still, my heart,
And learn to bear thy injuries with scorn.

Castalio. Madam, my brother begs he may have leave
To tell you something that concerns you nearly;
I leave you as becomes me, and withdraw. 28

271 *ruin'd.* Q2, comma after *ruin'd.*

272 *there faith or.* Q1, 2, 4, their faith or; Q3, Q5, Edd., there faith and.

Mon. My Lord Castalio!
Cast. Madam!
Mon. Have you purpos'd
To abuse me palpably? what means this usage?
Why am I left with Polydor alone?
Cast. He best can tell you. Business of importance
Calls me away; I must attend my father.
Mon. Will you then leave me thus?
Cast. But for a moment.
Mon. It has been otherwise; the time has been,
When business might have stay'd, and I been heard.
Cast. I could for ever hear thee; but this time
Matters of such odd circumstances press me,
That I must go — *Ex*[*it*] *Cast*[*alio*].
Mon. Then go, and, if 't be possible, for ever. —
Well, my Lord Polydor, I guess your business,
And read the ill-natur'd purpose in your eyes.
Pol. If to desire you more than misers wealth,
Or dying men an hour of added life;
If softest wishes, and a heart more true,
Than ever suffer'd yet for love disdain'd,
Speak an ill nature, you accuse me justly.
Mon. Talk not of love, my lord; I must not hear it.

300 *misers.* 1768, 1812, Edd., *miser's.*

Pol. Who can behold such beauty and be silent?
Desire first taught us words: man, when created
At first alone, long wander'd up and down,
Forlorn, and silent as his vassal beasts;
But when a Heav'n-born maid, like you, appear'd,
Strange pleasures fill'd his eyes, and fir'd his heart,
Unloos'd his tongue, and his first talk was love.
Mon. The first created pair, indeed, were blest;
They were the only objects of each other;
Therefore he courted her, and her alone;
But in this peopled world of beauty, where
There 's roving room, where you may court, and ruin
A thousand more, why need you talk to me?
Pol. Oh! I could talk to thee for ever; thus
Eternally admiring, fix and gaze
On those dear eyes, for every glance they send
Darts through my soul, and almost gives enjoyment.
Mon. How can you labour thus for my undoing?
I must confess, indeed, I owe you more,
Than ever I can hope to think to pay.

There alwayes was a friendship 'twixt our families;
And therefore when my tender parents dy'd,
Whose ruin'd fortunes, too, expir'd with them,
Your fathers pity and his bounty took me
A poor and helpless orphan to his care. 330
Pol. 'T was Heav'n ordain'd it so, to make me happy.
Hence with this peevish vertue, 't is a cheat,
And those who taught it first were hypocrites.
Come, these soft, tender limbs were made for yielding!
Mon. Here on my knees by Heav'ns blest pow'r I swear, *Kneels.* 335
If you persist, I never henceforth will see you,
But rather wander through the world a begger,
And live on sordid scraps at proud mens doors;
For though to fortune lost, I 'll still inherit
My mothers vertues and my fathers honour. 340
Pol. Intolerable vanity! your sex
Was never in the right; y' are alwayes false,
Or silly; even your dresses are not more
Fantastick than your appetites! you think
Of nothing twice! opinion you have none: 345
To day y' are nice, to morrow not so free,

336 *see you.* Q1, Q3, period after *you.*
339 *I'll still.* N, I still.

Now smile, then frown; now sorrowful, then glad,
Now pleas'd, now not; and all you know not why!
Vertue you affect, inconstancy 's your practice,
And when your loose desires once get dominion,
No hungry churle feeds courser at a feast;
Every rank fool goes down —
Mon. Indeed, my lord,
I own my sexes follies; I have 'em all,
And to avoid its faults must fly from you,
Therefore believe me, cou'd you raise me high
As most fantastick womans wish could reach,
And lay all natures riches at my feet,
I 'd rather run a salvage in the woods
Amongst brute beasts, grow wrinckled and deform'd
As wildness and most rude neglect could make me,
So I might still enjoy my honour safe
From the destroying wiles of faithless man.
Ex[it] Mon[imia].
Pol. Who 'd be that sordid, foolish thing call'd man,
To cringe thus, fawn, and flatter for a pleasure
Which beasts enjoy so very much above him?
The lusty bull ranges through all the field,

351 *at a feast.* Q1, at feast.

And from the herd singling his female out,
Enjoys her, and abandons her at will.
It shall be so; I 'll yet possess my love,
Wait on, and watch her loose unguarded hours, 370
Then when her roving thoughts have been abroad
And brought in wanton wishes to her heart;
I' th' very minute when her vertue nods,
I 'll rush upon her in a storm of love,
Bear down her guard of honour all before me, 375
Surfeit on joys till even desire grow sick:
Then by long absence liberty regain,
And quite forget the pleasure and the pain.

Ex[eunt] Pol[ydore] and Page.

375 *Bear.* Q3, 4, 5, Edd., Beat.

Act II. Scene I.

Enter Acasto, Castalio, Polydor[*e*], *Attendants.*

Acasto. To day has been a day of glorious sport.

When you, Castalio, and your brother left me,
Forth from the thickets rusht another boar,
So large, he seem'd the tyrant of the woods,
With all his dreadful bristles rais'd up high;
They seem'd a grove of spears upon his back;
Foaming he came at me, where I was posted
Best to observe which way hee'd lead the chace,
Whetting his huge, long tusks, and gaping wide,
As if he already had me for his prey; 1
Till, brandishing my well-poys'd javelin high,
With this cold executing arm, I struck
The ugly, brindled monster to the heart.

Castalio. The actions of your life were always wond'rous.

Acast. No flattery, boy! an honest man can't live by 't, 1
It is a little sneaking art, which knaves
Use to cajole and soften fools withall;
If thou hast flatt'ry in thy nature, out with 't,
Or send it to a court, for there 't will thrive.

12 *cold.* N reads, bold.
17 *withall.* Q1, no punctuation; T, period.

Polydore. Why there?
Acast. 'T is next to money current there, 20
To be seen daily in as many forms,
As there are sorts of vanities, and men;
The superstitious states-man has his sneer,
To smooth a poor man off with that can't bribe him;
The grave, dull fellow of small business sooths 25
The humorist, and will needs admire his wit:
Who without spleen could see a hot-brain'd atheist
Thanking a surly doctor for his sermon,
Or a grave councellor meet a smooth young lord,
Squeeze him by the hand, and praise his good complexion. 30
Pol. Courts are the places where best manners flourish,
Where the deserving ought to rise, and fools
Make show. Why should I vex and chafe my spleen,
To see a gawdy coxcomb shine, when I
Have seen enough to sooth him in his follies, 35
And ride him to advantage as I please? —
Acast. Who merit ought indeed to rise i' th' world,
But no wise man that 's honest should expect.

23 *superstitious.* N, supercilious.

What man of sense would rack his generous mind,
To practice all the base formalities 40
And forms of business, force a grave, starcht, face,
When he 's a very libertine in 's heart?
Seem not to know this or that man in publick,
When privately perhaps they meet together,
And lay the scene of some brave fellows ruin? 45
Such things are done —
Cast. Your lordships wrongs have been
So great that you with justice may complain;
But suffer us whose younger minds ne're felt
Fortunes deceits, to court her as she 's fair.
Were she a common mistress, kind to all, 50
Her worth would cease, and half the world grow idle.
Acast. Go to, y' are fools, and know me not; I 've learnt
Long since to bear, revenge, or scorn my wrongs,
According to the value of the doer;
You both would fain be great, and to that end 55
Desire to do things worthy your ambition;
Go to the camp, preferments noblest mart,
Where honour ought to have the fairest play, you 'll find

53 *bear, revenge.* Q3, 4, 5, Edd., *bear revenge.*

Corruption, envy, discontent, and faction,
Almost in every band: how many men 60
Have spent their bloud in their dear countries service,
Yet now pine under want, while selfish slaves,
That ev'n would cut their throats, whom now they fawn on,
Like deadly locusts eat the honey up,
Which those industrious bees so hardly toyl'd for? 65
Cast. These precepts suit not with my active mind,
Methinks I would be busie.
Pol. So would I,
Not loyter out my life at home, and know
No farther than one prospect gives me leave.
Acast. Busie your minds then, study arts and men: 70
Learn how to value merit though in rags,
And scorn a proud ill-manner'd knave in office.
Enter Serina, Monimia, and Maid [*Florella*]
Serina. My lord, my father!
Acast. Blessings on my child,
My little cherub, what hast thou to ask me?
Ser. I bring you, sir, most glad and welcome news, 75
The young Chamont, whom you 've so often wisht for,
Is just arriv'd and entring.

Acast. By my soul,
And all my honours, he 's most dearly welcome;
Let me receive him like his father's friend.

Enter Chamont.

Welcome, thou relick of the best lov'd man,
Welcome from all the turmoiles and the hazards
Of certain danger and uncertain fortune;
Welcome as happy tidings after fears.

Chamont. Words would but wrong the gratitude I owe you:
Should I begin to speak, my soul 's so full,
That I should talk of nothing else all day.

Mon. My brother!

Cha. Oh my sister! let me hold thee
Long in my armes. I 've not beheld thy face
These many days; by night I 've often seen thee
In gentle dreams, and satisfied my soul
With fancy'd joy till morning cares awak'd me.
Another sister? Sure it must be so;
Though I remember well, I had but one:
But I feel something in my heart that prompts
And tells me she has claim and interest there.

Acast. Young souldier, you 've not only study'd war,
Courtship I see has been your practice too,
And may not prove unwelcome to my daughter.

Cha. Is she your daughter? then my heart told true!

And I'm at least her brother by adoption; 100
For you have made your self to me a father,
And by that patent I have leave to love her.
Ser. Monimia, thou hast told me, men are false,
Will flatter, feign, and make an art of love.
Is Chamont so? No, sure he 's more than man, 105
Something that 's near divine, and truth dwells in him.
Acast. Thus happy, who would envy pompous pow'r,
The luxury of courts, or wealth of cities?
Let there be joy through all the house this day!
In every room let plenty flow at large; 110
It is the birth-day of my royal master.
You have not visited the court, Chamont,
Since your return?
Cha. I have no business there,
I have not slavish temperance enough
T' attend a fav'rites heels, and watch his smiles, 115
Bear an ill office done me to my face,
And thank the lord that wrong'd me for his favour.
Acast. (*to his sons*). This you could do.
Cast. I 'd serve my prince.
Acast. Who 'd serve him?
Cast. I would, my lord.
Pol. And I; both would.

119 *And I; both* Q1, *And I both*; Q2, 3, 4, 5, *And I, both.*

Acast. Away,
He needs not any servants such as you! 120
Serve him! he merits more than man can do!
He is so good, praise cannot speak his worth;
So merciful, sure he ne're slept in wrath;
So just, that were he but a private man,
He could not do a wrong. How would you serve him? 125

Cast. I'd serve him with my fortune here at home,
And serve him with my person in his wars,
Watch for him, fight for him, bleed for him.

Pol. Dye for him,
As every true born, loyal subject ought. 130

Acast. Let me embrace ye both. Now by the souls
Of my brave ancestors, I'm truly happy;
For this be ever blest my marriage-day,
Blest be your mothers memory that bore you,
And doubly blest be that auspicious hour, 135
That gave ye birth! Yes, my aspiring boys,
Ye shall have business when your master wants you,
You cannot serve a nobler. I have serv'd him;
In this old body yet the marks remain
Of many wounds. I've with this tongue proclaim'd 140
His right even in the face of ranck rebellion,

And when a foul mouth'd traytor once prophan'd
His sacred name, with my good sabir drawn
Ev'n at the head of all his giddy rout
I rusht and clove the rebel to the chine. 145

Enter Servant.

Servant. My lord, the expected guests are just arriv'd.

Acast. Go you, and give 'em welcome and reception.

Cha. My lord, I stand in need of your assistance
In something that concerns my peace and honour.

Acast. Spoke like the son of that brave man I lov'd; 150
So freely friendly we converst together.
What e're it be with confidence impart it,
Thou shalt command my fortune and my sword.

Cha. I dare not doubt your friendship nor your justice.
Your bounty shewn to what I hold most dear, 155
My orphan sister, must not be forgotten.

Acast. Prithee, no more of that, it grates my nature.

Cha. When our dear parents dy'd, they dy'd together,
One fate surpriz'd 'em, and one grave receiv'd 'em:

My father with his dying breath bequeath'd 160
Her to my love: my mother, as she lay
Languishing by him, call'd me to her side,
Took me in her fainting arms, wept, and embrac'd me;
Then prest me close, and as she observ'd my tears,
Kist 'em away, said she, "Chamont, my son, 165
By this and all the love I ever shew'd thee
Be careful of Monimia; watch her youth,
Let not her wants betray her to dishonour.
Perhaps kind Heav'n may raise some friend."
Then sigh'd,
Kist me again; so blest us, and expir'd. 170
Pardon my grief.

Acast. It speaks an honest nature.

Cha. The friend Heav'n rais'd was you; you took her up;
An infant to the desart world expos'd,
And prov'd another parent.

Acast. I 've not wrong'd her.

Cha. Far be it from my fears.

Acast. Then why this argument? 175

Cha. My lord, my nature 's jealous, and you 'l bear it.

Acast. Go on.

169 *Then sigh'd.* Qq print this as stage-direction; N corrects.
170 *expired.* See *Notes*, p. 133.

Cha. Great spirits bear misfortunes hardly,
Good offices claim gratitude, and pride,
Where pow'r is wanting, will usurp a little,
And make us (rather than be thought behind hand) 180
Pay over-price.
Acast. I cannot guess your drift;
Distrust you me?
Cha. No, but I fear her weakness
May make her pay a debt at any rate:
And to deal freely with your lordships goodness,
I 've heard a story lately much disturbs me. 185
Acast. Then first charge her; and if the offence be found
Within my reach, tho' it shou'd touch my nature
In my own off-spring, by the dear remembrance
Of thy brave father whom my heart rejoyc'd in,
I 'd prosecute it with severest vengeance. 190
Cha. I thank you from my soul.
Mon. Alas, my brother!
What have I done? and why do you abuse me?
My heart quakes in me; in your settled face
And clouded brow methinks I see my fate:
You will not kill me!
Cha. Prithee, why dost talk so? 195
Mon. Look kindly on me then, I cannot bear

186 *if the.* Q1, *if' th'*; Q2, 3, *if th'*, Q4, 5, as here.

Severity; it daunts, and does amaze me;
My heart's so tender, should you charge me roughly,
I should but weep, and answer you with sobbing;
But use me gently like a loving brother, 20
And search through all the secrets of my soul.
Cha. Fear nothing, I will show my self a brother,
A tender, loving, and an honest brother;
Y'ave not forgot our father!
Mon. I shall never.
Cha. Then you'l remember, too, he was a man, 20
That liv'd up to the standard of his honour,
And priz'd that jewel more than mines of wealth:
He'd not have done a shameful thing but once;
Though kept in darkness from the world, and hidden,
He could not have forgiven it to himself; 21
This was the only portion that he left us;
And I more glory in 't than if possest
Of all that ever fortune threw on fools.
'T was a large trust, and must be manag'd nicely;

198 *roughly.* Q2, 3, 4, 5, Edd., rough.
203 *loving . . . honest.* Q2, 3, 4, 5. Edd., honest, and a loving.

Now if by any chance, Monimia, 215
You have soyl'd this gem and taken from it's value,
How will y' account with me?
Mon. I challenge envy,
Malice, and all the practices of Hell,
To censure all the actions of my past
Unhappy life, and taint me if they can! 220
Cha. I 'll tell thee then; three nights ago, as I
Lay musing in my bed, all darkness round me,
A sudden damp struck to my heart, cold sweat
Dew'd all my face, and trembling seiz'd my limbs,
My bed shook under me, the curtains started, 225
And to my tortur'd fancy there appear'd
The form of thee thus beautious as thou art,
Thy garments flowing loose, and in each hand
A wanton lover, which by turns caress'd thee
With all the freedom of unbounded pleasure: 230
I snatcht my sword and in the very moment
Darted it at the fantom, strait it left me:
Then rose and call'd for lights, when, O dire omen!
I found my weapon had the arras pierc'd,
Just where that famous tale was interwoven, 235
How th' unhappy Theban slew his father.

229 *which.* 1757, 1768, 1812, Edd., who.
232 *Darted it.* 1768, 1812, Edd. omit the *it.*

Mon. And for this cause my vertue is suspected!
Because in dreams your fancy has been ridden,
I must be tortur'd waking!
Cha. Have a care,
Labour not to be justified too fast; 240
Hear all, and then let Justice hold the scale;
What follow'd was the riddle that confounds me;
Through a close lane as I pursu'd my journey,
And meditated on the last nights vision,
I spy'd a wrinckled hagg, with age grown double, 245
Picking dry sticks, and mumbling to her self;
Her eyes with scalding rhume were gall'd and red;
Cold palsy shook her head, her hands seem'd wither'd,
And on her crooked shoulders had she wrapt
The tatter'd remnant of an old stript hanging, 250
Which serv'd to keep her carkass from the cold;
So there was nothing of a piece about her;
Her lower weeds were all o're coursely patch'd
With diff'rent colour'd rags, black, red, white, yellow,
And seem'd to speak variety of wretchedness; 255
I askt her of my way, which she inform'd me;
Then crav'd my charity, and bad me hasten
To save a sister: at that word I started.
Mon. The common cheat of beggers every day!

They flock about our doors, pretend to gifts 260
Of prophecy, and telling fools their fortunes.
Cha. Oh! but she told me such a tale, Monimia,
As in it bore great circumstance of truth:
Castalio, and Polydor[e], my sister.
Mon. Hah!
Cha. What, alter'd! does your courage fail you? 265
Now by my fathers soul the witch was honest;
Answer me, if thou hast not lost to them
Thy honour at a sordid game.
Mon. I will,
I must; so hardly my misfortune loads me;
That both have offer'd me their loves most true. 270
Cha. And 't is as true, too, they have both undone thee.
Mon. Though they both with earnest vows
Have prest my heart, if e'er in thought I yielded
To any but Castalio!
Cha. But Castalio! —
Mon. Still will you cross the line of my discourse! 275
Yes, I confess that he has won my soul
By generous love and honourable vows,
Which he this day appointed to compleat,
And make himself by holy marriage mine.

Cha. Art thou then spotless? hast thou still preserv'd 280
Thy vertue white without a blot untainted?
Mon. When I 'm unchast, may Heaven reject my prayers!
Or more, to make me wretched, may you know it!
Cha. Oh then, Monimia, art thou dearer to me
Than all the comforts ever yet blest man! 285
And let not marriage bait thee to thy ruin.
Trust not a man; we are by nature false,
Dissembling, subtle, cruel, and unconstant:
When a man talks of love, with caution trust him;
But if he swears, he 'l certainly deceive thee; 290
I charge thee let no more Castalio sooth thee.
Avoid it as thou wouldst preserve the peace
Of a poor brother, to whose soul th' art precious.
Mon. I will.
Cha. Appear as cold when next you meet, as great ones
When merit begs; then shalt thou see how soon 295
His heart will cool and all his pains grow easie.
Ex[*it*] *Cha*[*mont*].
Mon. Yes, I will try him, torture him severely:
For, oh Castalio! thou too much hast wrong'd me,

In leaving me to Polydor's ill usage.
He comes, and now for once, oh Love, stand neuter 300
Whilst a hard part's perform'd! for I must tempt,
Wound his soft nature, though my own heart akes for 't. *Ex*[*it*].

Enter Castalio.

Castalio. Monimia, Monimia! She's gone:
And seem'd to part with anger in her eyes;
I am a fool, and she has found my weakness; 305
She uses me already like a slave
Fast bound in chains, to be chastis'd at will.
'T was not well done to trifle with my brother:
I might have trusted him with all the secret,
Open'd my silly heart and shewn it bare. 310
But then he loves her too; but not like me;
I am a doating, honest, slave, design'd
For bondage, marriage-bonds, which I've sworn
To wear. It is the onely thing I e're
Hid from his knowledge; and he'l sure forgive 315
The first transgression of a wretched friend
Betray'd to love and all its little follies.

Enter Polydore, and Page at the door.

Polydore. Here place your self, and watch my brother throughly:
If he should chance to meet Monimia, make

302 *own*. Some copies of Q1 omit.
310 *bare*. Q1, 2, 3, comma.

Just observation of each word and action; 32
Pass not one circumstance without remark:
Sir, tis your office; do 't, and bring me word.
Ex[*it*] *Pol*[*ydore*].

Enter Monimia.

Cast. Monimia, my angel, 't was not kind
To leave me like a turtle here alone,
To droop and mourn the absence of my mate. 32
When thou art from me every place is desart,
And I, methinks, am salvage and forlorn;
Thy presence only 't is can make me blest,
Heal my unquiet mind, and tune my soul.

Monimia. Oh, the bewitching tongues of faithless men! 33
'T is thus the false hyæna makes her moan,
To draw the pitying traveller to her den;
Your sex are so, such false dissemblers all,
With sighs and plaints y' entice poor womens hearts,
And all that pity you are made your prey. 33

Cast. What means my love? Oh how have I deserv'd
This language from the soveraign of my joyes!
Stop, stop those tears, Monimia, for they fall
Like baneful dew from a distempered sky,
I feel 'em chill me to the very heart. 34

Mon. Oh you are false, Castalio, most forlorn;

341 *forlorn.* See *Notes*, p. 134.

Attempt no farther to delude my faith;
My heart is fixt, and you shall shake 't no more.
Cast. Who told you so? what hell-bred villain durst
Prophane the sacred business of my love? 345
Mon. Your brother knowing on what terms I 'm here,
Th' unhappy object of your fathers charity,
Licentiously discours'd to me of love,
And durst affront me with his brutal passion.
Cast. 'T is I have been to blame, and only I; 350
False to my brother and unjust to thee.
For, oh! he loves thee too, and this day own'd it,
Taxt me with mine and claim'd a right above me.
Mon. And was your love so very tame to shrink,
Or rather than lose him abandon me? 355
Cast. I knowing him precipitate and rash,
To calm his heat and to conceal my happiness,
Seem'd to comply with his unruly will;
Talkt as he talk't, and granted all he ask't;
Lest he in rage might have our loves betray'd, 360
And I for ever had Monimia lost.
Mon. Could you then? did you? can you own it too?
'T was poorly done, unworthy of your self,
And I can never think you meant me fair.

353 *a right.* Q1, aright.

Cast. Is this Monimia? surely no; till now 365
I ever thought her dove-like, soft, and kind.
Who trusts his heart with woman's surely lost:
You were made fair on purpose to undo us,
Whilst greedily we snatch th' alluring bait,
And ne're distrust the poyson that it hides. 370

Mon. When love ill plac'd would find a means to break.

Cast. It never wants pretences nor excuse.

Mon. Man therefore was a lord-like creature made,
Rough as the winds, and as inconstant too:
A lofty aspect given him for command, 375
Easily soften'd, when he would betray:
Like conquering tyrants, you our breasts invade,
Where you are pleas'd to forrage for a while,
But soon you find new conquests out, and leave
The ravag'd province ruinate and waste. 380
If so, Castalio, you have serv'd my heart,
I find that desolation's settled there,
And I shall ne're recover peace again.

Cast. Who can hear this and bear an equal mind!
Since you will drive me from you, I must go; 385
But, oh Monimia, when th' hast banisht me,
No creeping slave, though tractable and dull,
As artful woman for her ends would chuse,

372 *nor.* T, N, or.

Shall ever dote as I have done; for oh!
No tongue my pleasure nor my pain can tell: 390
'T is Heav'n to have thee, and without thee Hell.
Mon. Castalio! stay! we must not part. I find
My rage ebbs out, and love flows in apace;
These little quarrels love must needs forgive,
They rouse up drowsie thoughts, and wake the soul. 395
Oh! charm me with the musick of thy tongue,
I 'm ne're so blest, as when I hear thy vows,
And listen to the language of thy heart.
Cast. Where am I? surely paradise is round me!
Sweets planted by the hand of Heaven grow here; 400
And every sence is full of thy perfection.
To hear thee speak might calm a mad-mans frenzy,
Till by attention he forgot his sorrows;
But to behold thy eyes, th' amazing beauties,
Might make him rage again with love as I do. 405
To touch thee 's Heav'n, but to enjoy thee, oh!
Thou Natures whole perfection in one piece! – –
Sure, framing thee Heav'n took unusual care,
As its own beauty it design'd thee fair;
And form'd thee by the best lov'd angel there. 410
Ex[eunt].

408 *Sure.* Qq, no comma.

Act III. Scene I.

Enter Polydor [*e*], *and Page.*

Polydore. Were they so kind? Express it to me all
In words may make me think I saw it too.
Page. At first I thought they had been mortal foes;
Monimia rag'd, Castalio grew disturb'd;
Each thought the other wrong'd, yet both so haughty, 5
They scorn'd submission; though love all the while
The rebel plaid, and scarce could be contain'd.
Pol. But what succeeded?
Pag. Oh 't was wondrous pretty!
For of a sudden all the storm was past,
A gentle calm of love succeeded it; 10
Monimia sigh'd and blusht, Castalio swore;
As you, my lord, I well remember did
To my young sister in the orenge-grove,
When I was first prefer'd to be your page.
Pol. Happy Castalio! now by my great soul, 15
M' ambitious soul, that languishes to glory,

2 *may.* Q2, 3, 4, 5, Edd. read, 't will, with comma after *words.*
10 *it.* Q1, 2, in.
12 *well.* Q1, will.

I 'll have her yet, by my best hopes I will.
She shall be mine in spight of all her arts.
But for Castalio why was I refus'd?
Has he supplanted me by some foul play, 20
Traduc'd my honour? death! he durst not do 't.
It must be so: we parted and he met her,
Half to compliance brought by me, surpriz'd
Her sinking vertue till she yielded quite;
So poachers basely pick up tir'd game, 25
Whilst the fair hunter 's cheated of his prey.
Boy!

Pag. My lord!

Pol. Go to your chamber and prepare your lute;
Find out some song to please me, that describes 30
Womans hypocrisies, their subtle wiles,
Betraying smiles, feign'd tears, inconstancies,
Their painted outsides, and corrupted minds,
The sum of all their follies, and their falshoods.

Enter Servant.

Servant. Oh the unhappyest tydings tongue e're told! 35

Pol. The matter!

Serv. Oh! Your father, my good master,
As with his guests he sat in mirth rais'd high,
And chas'd the goblet round the joyful board,

38 *goblet.* Q1, goblins; Q2, goblings; Q3, 4, 5, 1712 Ed., gobling; other Edd., goblet.

A sudden trembling seiz'd on all his limbs;
His eyes distorted grew; his visage pale; 40
His speech forsook him; life it self seem'd fled;
And all his friends are waiting now about him.

Enter Acasto leaning on two [*Attendants*].

Acasto. Support me, give me air, I'll yet recover.
'T was but a slip decaying Nature made,
For she grows weary near her journeys end. 45
Where are my sons? Come near, my Polidore,
Your brother! where 's Castalio?

Serv. My lord,
I 've search'd, as you commanded, all the house;
He and Monimia are not to be found.

Acast. Not to be found, then where are all my friends? 50
'T is well;
I hope they 'll pardon an unhappy fault
M' unmannerly infirmity has made.
Death could not come in a more welcome hour,
For I 'm prepar'd to meet him, and methinks 55
Would live and dye with all my friends about me.

Enter Castalio.

Castalio. Angels preserve my dearest father's life,
Bless it with long and uninterrupted days!

49 *and.* Q1, 2, 3, or.
51 *'T is well.* Qq. place at end of l. 50.
58 *and.* Edd., omi

Oh! may he live till time it self decay,
Till good men wish him dead, or I offend him! 60
Acast. Thank you, Castalio; give me both your hands,
And bear me up, I 'd walk: so, now methinks,
I appear as great as Hercules himself,
Supported by the pillars he had rais'd.
Cast. My lord, your chaplain.
Acast Let the good man enter. 65
[*Enter Chaplain.*]
Chaplain. Heaven guard your lordship and restore your health!
Acast. I have provided for thee, if I die.
No fawning! 't is a scandal to thy office.
My sons, as thus united ever live,
And for the estate, you 'll find when I am dead 70
I have divided it betwixt you both,
Equally parted, as you shared my love;
Only to sweet Monimia I 've bequeath'd
Ten thousand crowns; a little portion for her,
To wed her honourably as she 's born. 75
Be not less friends because you 're brothers; shun
The man that 's singular, his mind 's unsound,
His spleen o're-weighs his brains, but above all
Avoid the politick, the factious fool,
The busie, buzzing, talking, hardn'd knave; 80
The quaint, smooth rogue, that sins against his reason;

66 *Chaplain.* Q1, 2, 3, *Cast.*

Calls sawcy, loud suspicion, publick zeal,
And mutiny, the dictates of his spirit.
Be very careful how ye make new friends,
Men read not morals now, 't was a custom, 85
But all are to their fathers vices born:
And in their mothers ignorance are bred.
Let marriage be the last mad thing ye doe,
For all the sins and follies of the past.
If you have children, never give them knowledge, 90
'T will spoil their fortune; fools are all the fashion.
If y'ave religion, keep it to your selves,
Atheists will else make use of toleration,
And laugh ye out on 't; never shew religion
Except ye mean to pass for knaves of conscience, 95
And cheat believing fools that think ye honest.

[*Enter Serina.*]

Serina. My father!

Acast. My heart's darling!

Ser. Let my knees
Fix to the earth. Ne're let my eyes have rest,
But wake and weep till Heaven restore my father!

Acast. Rise to my arms, and thy kind prayers are answer'd, 100
For thou 'rt a wondrous extract of all goodness,

94 *ye.* T, N, you.

Born for my joy, and no pain 's felt when near thee.

[*Enter Chamont.*]

Chamont!

Chamont. My lord, may 't prove not an unlucky omen!

Many I see are waiting round about you: 105

And I am come to ask a blessing too.

Acast. May'st thou be happy!

Cha. Where?

Acast. In all thy wishes!

Cha. Confirm me so, and make this fair one mine;

I am unpractis'd in the trade of courtship;

And know not how to deal love out with art. 110

Onsets in love seem best like those in war,

Fierce, resolute, and done with all the force.

So I would open my whole heart at once,

And pour out the abundance of my soul.

Acast. What says Serina? Canst thou love a souldier, 115

One born to honour and to honour bred,

One that has learnt to treat ev'n foes with kindness,

To wrong no good mans fame nor praise himself?

Ser. Oh! name not love, for that 's ally'd to joy,

And joy must be a stranger to my heart,
When you 're in danger. May Chamonts good fortune
Render him lovely to some happier maid!
Whilst I at friendly distance see him blest,
Praise the kind gods and wonder at his virtues.

Acast. Chamont, pursue her, conquer, and possess her,
And as my son a third of all my fortune
Shall be thy lot.
But keep thy eyes from wandring, man of frailty,
Beware the dangerous beauty of the wanton,
Shun their enticements; ruin like a vulture
Waits on their conquests: falsehood too 's their business;
They put false beauty off to all the world;
Use false endearments to the fools that love 'em,
And when they marry, to their silly husbands
They bring false virtue, broken fame, and fortune.

Mon. Hear ye that, my lord?

Pol. Yes, my fair monitor, old men always talk thus.

Acast. Chamont, you told me of some doubts that prest you.
Are you yet satisfied that I am your friend?

128 *wandring*. Qq, no comma.
136 *Mon.* See *Notes*, p. 135
137 *Pol.* See *Notes*, p. 135.

Cha. My lord, I would not lose that satisfaction 140
For any blessing I could wish for.
As to my fears, already I have lost 'em;
They ne're shall vex me more, nor trouble you.
Acast. I thank you: daughter, you must do so too.
My friends 't is late, or we would yet be company, 145
For my disorder seems all past and over,
And I methinks begin to feel new health.
Cast. Would you but rest, it might restore you quite.
Acast. Yes, I 'll to bed; old men must humour weakness.
Let me have music then to lull and chase 150
This melancholly thought of death away.
Good-night! my friends, Heaven guard ye all! Good-night!
To morrow early we 'll salute the day,
Find out new pleasures, and redeem lost time.
Ex[eunt] all but Chamont and Chaplain.
Cha. Hist, hist, Sir Gravity, a word with you. 155
Chap. With me, sir?

141 *wish.* 1757, 1768, 1812, Edd., ever wish.
143 *nor.* 1757, 1768, 1812, Edd., or.
145 *late.* See *Notes*, p. 135.
146 *seems.* N reads, it seems.

Cha. If you 're at leasure, sir, we 'll wast an hour,
'T is yet too soon to sleep, and 't will be charity
To lend your conversation to a stranger.
Chap. Sir, you are a souldier ?
Cha. Yes.
Chap. I love a souldier,
And had been one my self, but my parents
Would make me what you see of me, yet I 'm honest,
For all I wear black.
Cha. And that 's a wonder:
Have you had long dependance on this family ?
Chap. I have not thought it so, because my time 's
Spent pleasantly. My lord 's not haughty nor imperious,
Nor I gravely whimsical; he has good nature,
And I have manners;
His sons, too, are civil to me, because
I do not pretend to be wiser than they are;
I meddle with no mans business but my own;
I rise in a morning early, study moderately,
Eat and drink cheerfully, live soberly,
Take my innocent pleasures freely;
So I meet with respect, and am not the jest of the family.

161 *but.* 1757, 1768, 1812, Edd., but that.
166 *pleasantly.* Q1, comma.

Cha. I'm glad you are so happy.
A pleasant fellow this, and may be useful.
Knew you my father the old Chamont?
Chap. I did, and was most sorry when we lost him.
Cha. Why? didst thou love him? 180
Chap. Ev'rybody lov'd him; besides, he was my masters friend.
Cha. I could embrace thee for that very notion.
If thou didst love my father, I could think
Thou wouldst not be an enemy to me.
Chap. I can be no mans foe.
Cha. Then prithee tell me! 185
Thinkst thou the Lord Castalio loves my sister?
Nay, never start. Come, come, I know thy office
Opens thee all the secrets of the family.
Then, if thou art honest, use this freedom kindly.
Chap. Love your sister!
Cha Ay, love her.
Chap. Sir, I never askt him, 190
And wonder you should ask it me.
Cha. Nay, but th' art an hypocrite; is there not one
Of all thy tribe that's honest in your schools?
The pride of your superiours makes ye slaves:
Ye all live loathsome, sneaking, servile lives; 195

190 *love her.* N reads, loves her.

Not free enough to practise generous truth,
Though ye pretend to teach it to the world.

Chap. I would deserve a better thought from you.

Cha. If thou would'st have me not contemn thy office
And character, think all thy brethren knaves, 20
Thy trade a cheat, and thou its worst professour;
Inform me; for I tell thee, priest, I 'll know.

Chap. Either he loves her, or he much has wrong'd her.

Cha. How wronged her? Have a care; for this may lay
A scene of mischief to undo us all. 20
But tell me, wrong'd her, sayd'st thou?

Chap. Ay, sir, wrong'd her.

Cha. This is a secret worth a monarchs fortune:
What shall I give thee for 't? thou dear physitian
Of sickly souls, unfold this riddle to me,
And comfort mine, — 21

Chap. I would hide nothing from you willingly.

Cha. Nay, then again thou 'rt honest. Would'st thou tell me?

Chap. Yes, if I durst.

Cha. Why, what affrights thee?

Chap. You do,
Who are not to be trusted with the secret.
Cha. Why, I am no fool.
Chap. So indeed you say.
Cha. Prithee, be serious then.
Chap. You see I am so,
And hardly shall be mad enough to night,
To trust you with my ruin.
Cha. Art thou then
So far concern'd in 't? What has been thy office?
Curse on that formal, steady, villains face!
Just so do all bawds look; nay, bawds they say
Can pray upon occasion, talk of Heav'n,
Turn up their gogling eyeballs, rail at vice,
Dissemble, lye, and preach like any priest.
Art thou a bawd?
Chap. Sir, I 'm not often us'd thus.
Cha. Be just then.
Chap. So I will be to the trust
That 's laid upon me.
Cha. By the rev'renc'd soul
Of that great, honest man that gave me being,
Tell me but what thou know'st concerns my honour,
And if I e're reveal it to thy wrong,
May this good sword ne're do me right in battel!

226 *will.* Q2, 3, 4, 5 omit; T, N read, shall.

May I ne're know that blessed peace of mind,
That dwells in good and pious men like thee!
Chap. I see your temper's mov'd, and I will trust you.
Cha. Wilt thou?
Chap. I will; but if it ever 'scape you — 23
Cha. It never shall.
Chap. Swear then.
Cha. I do, by all
That 's dear to me, by th' honour of my name,
And that Power I serve, it never shall.
Chap. Then this good day, when all the house was busie,
When mirth and kind rejoycing fill'd each room, 24
As I was walking in the grove I met them.
Cha. What, met them in the grove together? tell me.
How? walking, standing, sitting, lying? hah!
Chap. I by their own appointment met them there,
Receiv'd their marriage vows and joyn'd their hands. 24
Cha. How! married!
Chap. Yes, sir.
Cha. Then my soul's at peace:
But why would you delay so long to give it?

238 *Power.* 1757, 1768, 1812, Edd. read, dread Power; T, N, by that Power.

Chap. Not knowing what reception it may find
With old Acasto, may be I was too cautious
To trust the secret from me.
Cha. What 's the cause 250
I cannot guess, though 't is my sisters honour,
I do not like this marriage
Hudl'd i' th' dark and done at too much venture:
The business looks with an unlucky face.
Keep still the secret; for it ne're shall 'scape me, 255
Not ev'n to them, the new matcht paire. Farewell.
Believe my truth and know me for thy friend.
Exeunt.

Enter Castalio, and Monimia.

Castalio. Young Chamont, and the chaplain! sure 't is they!
No matter what 's contriv'd or who consulted,
Since my Monimia 's mine; tho' this sad look 260
Seems no good boading omen to our bliss;
Else, prithee, tell me why that look cast down,
Why that sad sigh as if thy heart were breaking?
Monimia. Castalio, I am thinking what we 've done.
The heavenly powers were sure displeas'd to day! 265
For at the ceremony as we stood,

261 *our.* Q2, 3, 4, 5, Edd. read, her.

And as your hand was kindly joyn'd with mine,
As the good priest pronounc't the sacred words,
Passion grew bigg and I could not forbear,
Tears drown'd my eyes, and trembling seiz'd my soul.
What should that mean?

Cast. Oh thou art tender all!
Gentle and kind, as sympathizing nature!
When a sad story has been told, I've seen
Thy little breasts with soft compassion swell'd,
Shove up and down, and heave like dying birds:
But now let fear be banisht, think no more
Of danger, for there's safety in my arms;
Let them receive thee: Heav'n, grow jealous now.
Sure she's too good for any mortal creature!
I could grow wild, and praise thee ev'n to madness.
But wherefore do I dally with my bliss?
The night's far spent and day draws on apace;
To bed my love and wake till I come thither.

Polydore at the door.

Polydore [*aside*]. So hot my brother?

Mon. 'T will be impossible:
You know your fathers chamber's next to mine,
And the least noise will certainly alarm him.

Cast. Impossible? impossible? alas!
Is't possible to live one hour without thee?

Let me behold those eyes; they 'l tell me truth,
Hast thou no longing? Art thou still the same 290
Cold, icy virgin? No; th' art alter'd quite.
Haste, haste to bed, and let loose all thy wishes.
Mon. 'T is but one night, my lord, I pray be rul'd.
Cast. Try if th' ast pow'r to stop a flowing tide,
Or in a tempest make the seas be calm; 295
And when that's done I 'll conquer my desires.
No more, my blessing. What shall be the sign?
When shall I come? For to my joyes I 'll steal
As if I ne're had paid my freedom for them.
Mon. Just three soft stroakes upon the chamber door. 300
And at that signal you shall gain admittance:
But speak not the least word; for if you should,
'T is surely heard and all will be betray'd.
Cast. Oh! doubt it not Monimia, our joyes
Shall be as silent as the extatick bliss 305
Of souls that by intelligence converse:
Immortal pleasures shall our senses drown;
Thought shall be lost, and every pow'r dissolv'd:
Away, my love; first take this kiss. Now haste.
I long for that to come, yet grudge each minute past. *Ex*[*it*] *Mon*[*imia*]. 310
My brother wandring, too, so late this way!
Pol. Castalio!

Cast. My Polydore, how dost thou?
How does our father? is he well recover'd?
Pol. I left him happily repos'd to rest.;
He 's still as gay as if his life were young. 31
But how does fair Monimia?
Cast. Doubtless well.
A cruel beauty with her conquests pleas'd
Is always joyful and her mind in health.
Pol. Is she the same Monimia still she was?
May we not hope she 's made of mortal mould? 32
Cast. She 's not woman else:
Tho' I 'm grown weary of this tedious hoping;
W'ave in a barren desart stray'd too long.
Pol. Yet may relief be unexpected found,
And love's sweet manna cover all the field. 32
Met ye to day?
Cast. No, she has still avoided me,
Her brother too is jealous of her grown,
And has been hinting something to my father.
I wish I 'd never medl'd with the matter,
And would enjoyn thee, Polidore —
Pol. To what? 33
Cast. To leave this peevish beauty to her self.
Pol. What, quit my love? as soon I 'd quit my post
In fight, and like a coward run away.
No, by my stars I 'll chase her till she yields
To me, or meets her rescue in another. 33

Cast. Nay, she has beauty that might shake the leagues
Of mighty kings, and set the world at odds;
But I have wond'rous reasons on my side,
That would perswade thee, were they known.
Pol. Then speak 'em.
What are they? came ye to her window here
To learn 'em now? Castalio, have a care;
Use honest dealing with your friend and brother.
Believe me, I 'm not with my love so blinded,
But can discern your purpose to abuse me.
Quit your pretences to her.
Cast. Grant I do;
You love capitulations, Polydore,
And but upon conditions would oblige me.
Pol. You say, yo've reasons. Why are they concealed?
Cast. To morrow I may tell you.
It is a matter of such circumstance
As I must well consult e're I reveal.
But, prithee, cease to think I would abuse thee,
Till more be known.
Pol. When you, Castalio, cease
To meet Monimia unknown to me,
And then deny it slavishly, I 'll cease
To think Castalio faithless to his friend.
Did I not see you part this very moment?

346 *capitulations.* Q1, T, N, capitulation.
350 *circumstance.* 1812 reads, consequence.

Cast. It seems yo've watch't me then?
Pol. I scorn the office.
Cast. Prithee, avoid a thing thou may'st repent.
Pol. That is henceforward making leagues with you.
Cast. Nay, if y' are angry, Polydore, good night.
Pol. Good-night, Castalio, if y' are in such haste.
He little thinks I've overheard th' appointment;
But to his chamber's gone to wait a while,
Then come and take possession of my love.
This is the utmost point of all my hope,
Or now she must or never can be mine.
Oh! for a means now how to counterplot
And disappoint this happy elder brother.
In ev'ry thing we do, or undertake,
He soars above me, mount what height I can,
And keeps the start he got of me in birth.
Cordelio!

Enter Page.

Page. My lord!
Pol. Come hither, boy.
Thou hast a pretty, forward, lying face,
And may'st in time expect preferment; canst thou
Pretend to secrecie, cajole and flatter
Thy masters follies and assist his pleasures?

366 *hope.* Q3, 4, 5, Edd. read, hopes.

Pag. My lord, I could do any thing for you,
And ever be a very faithful boy.
Command whate're's you[r] pleasure, I'll observe;
Be it to run, or watch; or to convey
A letter to a beautious ladys bosom;
At least I am not dull, and soon should learn.
Pol. 'T is pity then thou should'st not be employ'd.
Go to my brother; he's in's chamber now
Undressing and preparing for his rest;
Find out some means to keep him up awhile;
Tell him a pretty story that may please
His ear: invent a tale, no matter what.
If he should ask of me, tell him I'm gone
To bed, and sent you there to know his pleasure,
Whether he'l hunt to morrow (well said, Polydore;
Dissemble with thy brother): That's one point.
But do not leave him till he's in his bed;
Or if he chance to walk again this way,
Follow, and do not quit him, but seem fond
To do him little offices of service.
Perhaps at last it may offend him; then
Retire and wait till I come in. Away:
Succeed in this, and be employ'd again.
Pag. Doubt not, my lord: he has been always kind

380 *your.* Q1, you.

To me; would often set me on his knees;
Then give me sweet-meats, call me pretty boy,
And askt me what the maids talkt of at nights.

Pol. Run quickly then, and prosperous be thy wishes. *Ex[it] Page.*

Here I 'm alone and fit for mischief; now,
To cheat this brother will 't be honest, that
I heard the sign she order'd him to give.
Oh for the art of Proteus, but to change
The happy Polydore to blest Castalio!
She 's not so well acquainted with him yet
But I may fit her arms as well as he.
Then when I 'm happily possest of more
Than sense can think, all loosen'd into joy,
To hear my disappointed brother come,
And give the unregarded signal; oh!
What a malicious pleasure will that be!
"Just three soft stroaks against the chamber door,
But speak not the least word, for if you should,
It is surely heard, and we are both betray'd."
How I adore a mistress that contrives
With care to lay the business of her joyes,
One that has wit to charm the very soul,
And give a double relish to delight!
Blest Heav'n, assist me but in this dear hour,

402 *knees.* 1757, 1768, 1812, Edd. read, knee.
418 *against.* 1757, 1768, 1812, Edd. read, upon.
420 *It is.* Edd., T, N, 'T is.

And my kind starrs be but propitious now;
Dispose of me hereafter as you please.
Monimia! Monimia! *Gives the sign.*
Maid [*at the window*]. Whoe's there?
Pol. 'T is I.
Maid. My Lord Castalio?
Pol. The same.
How does my love, my dear Monimia
Maid. Oh! 430
She wonders much at your unkind delay,
You 've staid so long that at each little noise
The wind but makes, she asks if you are coming.
Pol. Tell her I 'm here, and let the door be open'd. *Maid descends.*
Now boast, Castalio, triumph now and tell 435
Thy self strange stories of a promis'd bliss.
The door unbolts.
It opens, hah! what means my trembling flesh!
Limbs, do your office and support me well.
Bear me to her, then fail me if you can.
Enter Castalio, and Page.
Page. Indeed, my lord, 't will be a lovely morning, 440
Pray let us hunt.
Castalio. Go, you 're an idle pratler;
I 'll stay at home to morrow; if your lord

428 *Maid.* N, *Flor.* 439 *you.* T, N, ye.

Thinks fit, he may command my hounds: go leave me,
I must go to bed.
Pag. I 'll wait upon your lordship,
If you think fit, and sing you to repose. 44
Cast. No, my kind boy, the night is too far wasted,
My senses, too, are quite disrob'd of thought,
And ready all with me to go to rest.
Good night: commend me to my brother.
Pag. Oh!
You never heard the last new song I learnt; 45
It is the finest, prettiest song indeed,
Of my lord and my lady, you know who, that were caught
Together, you know where. My lord, indeed it is.
Cast. You must be whipt, youngster, if you get such
Songs as those are. What means 45
This boyes impertinence to night?
Pag. Why, what must I sing, pray, my dear lord?
Cast. Psalms, child, psalms.
Pag. Oh dear me! Boys that go to school learn psalms, but
Pages that are better bred sing lampoons. 46
Cast. Well, leave me, I 'm weary.

444 *go.* T. N omit

Pag. Oh! but you promis'd me last time I told you what
Colour my lady Monimia's stockings were of and that
She garter'd them above knee, that you would give me a little
Horse to go a hunting upon, so you did. I 'll tell you no more
Stories, except you keep your word with me.
Cast. Well, go you trifler and to morrow ask me.
Pag. Indeed, my lord, I can't abide to leave you.
Cast. Why, wert thou instructed to attend me?
Pag. No, no, indeed, indeed, my lord, I was not;
But I know what I know.
Cast. What dost thou know? Death! what can all this mean?
Pag. Oh! I know who loves somebody.
Cast. What 's that to me, boy?
Pag. Nay, I know who loves you too.
Cast. That is a wonder; prithee tell it me.
Pag. Tis — tis — I know who — but will
You give me the horse then?

462–6. Lines of the *Page* are given as prose in Edd.
477 *Tis.* Q3, 4, 5, N read, That — tis.

Cast. I will, my child.
Pag. It is my Lady Monimia, look you, but don't you
Tell her I told you, she 'l give me no more play things then. 48
I heard her say so as she lay abed, man.
Cast. Talkt she of me when in her bed, Cordelio?
Pag. Yes, and I sung her the song you made too.
And she did so sigh, and so look with her eyes;
And her breasts did so lift up and down; I could have found 48
In my heart to have beat' em, for they made me asham'd.
Cast. Heark, what 's that noise?
Take this, be gone, and leave me. *Ex*[*it*] *Page.*
You knave, you little flatterer, get you gone.
Surely it was a noise. Hist — only fancy. 49
For all is husht, as Nature were retired,
And the perpetual motion standing still,
So much she from her work appears to cease;
And every warring element 's at peace;
All the wild herds are in their coverts coucht; 49
The fishes to their banks or ouze repair'd,
And to the murmurs of the waters sleep;
The feeling air 's at rest and feels no noise,
Except of some soft breaths among the trees,

479–81, 482–6 Lines of the *Page* are given as prose in Edd.

Rocking the harmless birds that rest upon 'em. 500
'T is now that guided by my love I go,
To take possession of Monimia's arms.
Sure Polydore 's by this time gone to bed.
At midnight thus the us'rer steals untract,
To make a visit to his hoarded gold, 505
And feast his eyes upon the shining mammon.

Knocks.

She heares me not; sure she already sleeps.
Her wishes could not brook my so long delay,
And her poor heart has beat it self to rest.

Knocks again.

Monimia! my angel — hah! — not yet —. 510
How long 's the softest moment of delay,
To a heart impatient of its pangs, like mine,
In sight of ease and panting to the goal.

Knocks again.

Once more —
Maid [*at the window*]. Who 's there,
That comes thus rudely to disturb our rest? 515
Cast. 'T is I.
Maid. Who are you, what 's your name?
Cast. Suppose
The Lord Castalio.
Flor. I know you not;
The Lord Castalio has no business here.

506 *feast* . . . *the.* 1757, 1768, 1812, Edd. read, feasts . . . his. See *Notes*, p. 135.
508 *my.* T, N omit. 511 *softest.* N, shortest.
514 *Maid.* Qq, *Maid;* N, *Flor.*

Cast. Hah! have a care; what can this mean!
Who e're thou art, I charge thee to Monimia fly;
Tell her I 'm here and wait upon my doom.
Maid. Who e're you are, you may repent this outrage;
My lady must not be disturb'd. Good night!
Cast. She must, tell her she shall; go, I 'm in haste,
And bring her tydings from the state of Love,
Th' are all in consultation met together,
How to reward my truth, and crown her vows.
Maid. Sure the man 's mad.
Cast. Or this will make me so.
Obey me, or, by all the wrongs I suffer,
I 'll scale the window and come in by force,
Let the sad consequence be what it will,
This creatures trifling folly makes me mad.
Maid. My ladies answer is, you may depart;
She says she knows you; you are Polydore,
Sent by Castalio, as you were to day,
T' affront and do her violence again.
Cast. I 'll not believe 't.
Maid. You may, sir.
Cast. Curses blast thee!
Maid. Well, 't is a fine cool evening, and I hope
May cure the raging feaver in your blood.
Good night

Cast. And farewell all that's just in woman! 540
This is contriv'd, a studyed trick to abuse
My easie nature, and torment my mind;
Sure now sh' has bound me fast, and means to lord it,
To rein me hard, and ride me at her will,
Till by degrees she shape me into fool 545
For all her future uses. Death and torment!
'T is impudence to think my soul will bear it.
Oh, I could grow ev'n wild, and tear my hair:
'T is well, Monimia, that thy empire 's short;
Let but to morrow, but to morrow come, 550
And try if all thy arts appease my wrong;
Till when be this detested place my bed,
Lyes down.
Where I will ruminate on womans ills,
Laugh at my self, and curse th' inconstant sex.
Faithless Monimia! oh Monimia!

Enter Ernesto.

Ernesto. Either 555
My sense has been deluded, or this way
I heard the sound of sorrow; 't is late night,
And none, whose mind 's at peace, would wander now.
Cast. Who 's there?
Ern. A friend.

545 *fool.* Q1, period.
546 *uses.* Q1 has no mark of punctuation; Q2, 3, 4, 5, as here.

Cast. If thou art so, retire,
And leave this place, for I would be alone. 5
Ern. Castalio! My lord, why in this posture,
Stretch'd on the ground? Your honest, true, old servant,
Your poor Ernesto, cannot see you thus;
Rise, I beseech you.
Cast. If thou art Ernesto,
As by thy honesty thou seemest to be, 5
Once leave me to my folly.
Ern. I can't leave you,
And not the reason know of your disorders.
Remember how when young I in my arms
Have often born you, pleas'd you in your pleasures,
And sought an early share in your affection. 5
Do not discard me now, but let me serve you.
Cast. Thou canst not serve me.
Ern. Why?
Cast. Because my thoughts
Are full of woman, thou poor wretch, art past 'em.
Ern. I hate the sex.
Cast. Then I 'm thy friend, Ernesto.
Rises.
I 'd leave the world for him that hates a woman. 5
Woman the fountain of all humane frailty!
What mighty ills have not been done by woman!

Who was 't betray'd the Capitol? A woman.
Who lost Mark Anthony the world? A woman.
Who was the cause of a long ten years war, 580
And laid at last Old-Troy in ashes? Woman.
Destructive, damnable, deceitful, woman.
Woman to man first as a blessing giv'n,
When innocence and love were in their prime,
Happy a while in Paradise they lay, 585
But quickly woman long'd to go astray,
Some foolish new adventure needs must prove,
And the first devil she saw she chang'd her love,
To his temptations lewdly she inclin'd
Her soul, and for an apple damn'd mankind. 590

[*Exeunt.*]

Cast. If thou art so, retire,
And leave this place, for I would be alone. 5
Ern. Castalio! My lord, why in this posture,
Stretch'd on the ground? Your honest, true, old servant,
Your poor Ernesto, cannot see you thus;
Rise, I beseech you.
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[*Exeunt.*]

Act IV. Scene I.

[*Enter*] *Acasto, solus.*

Acasto. Blest be the morning that has brought me health,
A happy rest has softned pain away,
And I 'll forget it, though my mind 's not well.
A heavy melancholly cloggs my heart,
I droop and sigh, I know not why. Dark-dreams, 5
Sick fancies children, have been over-busie,
And all the night play'd farces in my brains;
Methought I heard the midnight-raven cry;
Wak'd with th' imagin'd noise, my curtains seem'd
To start, and at my feet my sons appear'd 10
Like ghosts, all pale and stiff: I strove to speak,
But could not; suddenly the forms were lost,
And seem'd to vanish in a bloudy cloud;
'T was odd, and for the present shook my thoughts;
But was th' effect of my distemper'd bloud; 15
And when the health 's disturb'd, the mind 's unruly.

Enter Polydore.

Good morning, Polydore.

14 *thoughts.* Q1, no punctuation.

Polydore. Heaven keep your lordship.
Acast. Have you yet seen Castalio to day?
Pol. My lord, 't is early day; he's hardly risen.
Acast. Go, call him up, and meet me in the chapel. *Ex[it] Pol[ydore].*
I cannot think all has gone well to night;
For as I waking lay (and sure my sense
Was then my own) methought I heard my son
Castalio's voice; but it seem'd low and mournful,
Under my window, too, I thought I heard it;
M' untoward fancy could not be deceiv'd
In everything; and I will search the truth out.

Enter Monimia, and her Maid.

Already up, Monimia! you rose
Thus early surely to out-shine the day!
Or was there any thing that crost your rest!
They were naughty thoughts that wou'd not let you sleep.
Monimia. What ever are my thoughts, my lord, I 've learn't
By your example to correct their ills,
And morn, and evening, give up th' account.
Acast. Your pardon, sweet one, I upbraid you not;
Or if I would, you are so good I could not;
Though I 'm deceiv'd, or you are more fair to day;

29 *surely.* 1768, 1812, Edd., sure.

For beauty 's heighten'd in your cheeks, and all
Your charmes seem up, and ready in your eyes.
Mon. The little share I have 's so very mean, 4
That it may easily admit addition;
Though you, my lord, should most of all beware
To give it too much praise, and make me proud.
Acast. Proud of an old mans praises! No, Monimia!
But if my pray'rs can work thee any good, 4
Thou shalt not want the largest share of 'em:
Heard you no noise to night?
Mon. Noise! my good lord!
Acast. Ay! about midnight.
Mon. Indeed, my lord, I don't remember any.
Acast. You must, sure! Went you early to rest? 5
Mon. About the wonted hour: (*aside*) why this inquiry?
Acast. And went your maid to bed too?
Mon. My lord, I guess so;
I 've seldom known her disobey my orders.
Acast. Sure goblins then, fairyes, haunt the dwelling;
I 'll have inquiry made through all the house, 5
But I 'll find out the cause of these disorders.
Good day to thee, Monimia—I 'll to chappel.
Ex[it] Acasto.

45 *work thee.* Q2, 3, 4, c. Edd., do you.

Mon. I 'll but dispatch some orders to my woman,
And wait upon your lordship there:
I fear the priest has plaid us false; if so, 60
My poor Castalio loses all for me;
I wonder, though, he made such haste to leave me!
Was 't not unkind, Florella! surely 't was!
He scarce afforded one kind parting word,
But went away so cold: the kiss he gave me 65
Seem'd the forc'd complement of sated love.
Would I had never marry'd!
Maid. Why?
Mon. Methinks
The scene 's quite alter'd; I am not the same;
I 've bound up for my self a weight of cares,
And how the burden will be born none knows. 70
A husband may be jealous, rigid, false;
And should Castalio e're prove so to me,
So tender is my heart, so nice my love,
'T would ruin and distract my rest for ever.
Maid. Madam, he 's coming.
Mon. Where, Florella? where? 75
Is he returning? To my chamber lead;
I 'll meet him there: the mysteries of our love
Should be kept private, as religious rites,
From the unhallow'd view of common eyes.
Ex[eunt] Mon[imia] and Maid.

Enter Castalio.

Castalio. Wish't morning 's come! And now upon the plains 80
And distant mountains, where they feed their flocks,
The happy shepherds leave their homely huts,
And with their pipes proclaim the new-born day.
The lusty swain comes with his well-fill'd scrip
Of healthful viands, which, when hunger calls, 85
With much content and appetite he eats,
To follow in the fields his daily toil,
And dress the grateful glebe, that yields him fruits.
The beasts that under the warm hedges slept,
And weather'd out the cold, bleak night, are up, 90
And looking towards the neighb'ring pastures, raise
The voice, and bid their fellow bruites good morrow;
The chearful birds, too, on the tops of trees,
Assemble all in quoires, and with their notes
Salute and welcome up the rising sun. 95
There 's no condition, sure, so curst as mine;
I 'm marry'd: 'sdeath! I am sped. How like a dog
Lookt Hercules, thus to a distaff chain'd!
Monimia! Oh Monimia!

92 *The.* 1757, 1768, 1812, Edd., Their.

Enter Monimia, and Maid.

Mon. I come,
I fly to my ador'd Castalio's armes, 100
My wishes lord. May every morn begin
Like this: and with our days our loves renew.
Now I may hope y' are satisfy'd —
Looking languishingly on him.
Cast. I am
Well satisfy'd, that thou art — Oh! —
Mon. What? speak:
Art thou not well, Castalio? Come lean 105
Upon my breasts, and tell me where 's thy pain.
Cast. 'T is here! 't is in my head; 't is in my heart,
Tis every where; it rages like a madness;
And I most wonder how my reason holds;
Nay, wonder not, Monimia; the slave 110
You thought you had secur'd within my breast
Is grown a rebel, and has broke his chain,
And now he walks there like a lord at large.
Mon. Am I not then your wife, your lov'd Monimia?
I once was so, or I 've most strangely dreamt. 115
What ayles my love?
Cast. What e're thy dreams have been,
Thy waking thoughts ne're meant Castalio well.

101 *wishes.* Q3, 4, 5, wished; Edd., except T, N, wishes, lord; T, N, wishes' lord.

No more, Monimia, of your sexes arts;
They are useless all: I 'm not that pliant tool,
That necessary utensil you 'd make me, 120
I know my charter better — I am man;
Obstinate man; and will not be enslav'd.

Mon. You shall not fear 't: indeed my nature 's easie;
I 'll ever live your most obedient wife,
Nor ever any priviledge pretend 125
Beyond your will; for that shall be my law;
Indeed I will not.

Cast. Nay, you shall not, madam,
By yon bright Heav'n, you shalt not; all the day
I 'll play the tyrant, and at night forsake thee;
Till by afflictions and continued cares, 130
I 've worn thee to a homely, household drudge;
Nay, if I 've any too, thou shalt be made
Subservient to all my looser pleasures,
For thou hast wrong'd Castalio.

Mon. No more:
Oh kill me here, or tell me my offence; 135
I 'll never quit you else; but on these knees;
Thus follow you all day, till th' are worn bare,
And hang upon you like a drowning creature.
Castalio —

Cast. Away, last night, last night!

Mon. It was our wedding night.

*39 *night!* Q1, 2. ?, period.

Cast. No more, forget it. 140
Mon. Why? do you then repent?
Cast. I do.
Mon. O Heav'n!
And, will you leave me thus? Help, help, Florella.

He draggs her to the door and breaks from her.

Help me to hold this yet lov'd cruel man.
Oh my heart breaks — I 'm dying, Oh — stand off,
I 'll not indulge this womans weakness; still 145
Chaft, and fomented, let my heart swell on,
Till with its injuries it burst, and shake
With the dire blow, this prison to the earth.
Maid. What sad mistake has been the cause of this?
Mon. Castalio: Oh! how often has he swore, 150
Nature should change, the sun and stars grow dark,
Ere he would falsify his vows to me.
Make haste, confusion, then: sun, lose thy light,
And stars drop dead with sorrow to the earth;
For my Castalio 's false —
Maid. Unhappy day! 155
Mon. False as the wind, the water, or the weather.
Cruel as tygers o're their trembling prey,

157 *prey.* Qq, period.

I feel him in my breast, he tears my heart,
And at each sigh he drinks the gushing blood;
Must I be long in pain?

Enter Chamont.

Chamont. In tears, Monimia! 160
Mon. Who e're thou art,
Leave me alone to my belov'd despair.
Cha. Lift up thy eyes, and see who comes to cheer thee.
Tell me the story of thy wrongs; and then
See if my soul has rest till thou hast justice. 165
Mon. My brother!
Cha. Yes, Monimia, if thou thinkst
That I deserve the name, I am thy brother.
Mon. Oh Castalio!
Cha. Hah!
Name me that name again! My souls on fire 170
Till I know all: there's meaning in that name.
I know he is thy husband: therefore trust me,
With all the following truth —
Mon. Indeed, Chamont,
There's nothing in it but the fault of nature:
I'm often thus seiz'd suddenly with grief, 175
I know not why.
Cha. You use me ill, Monimia;
And I might think with justice most severely
Of this unfaithful dealing with your brother.

167 *thy.* Q1 omits.

Mon. Truly I am not to blame: suppose I 'm fond,
And grieve, for what as much may please another: 180
Should I upbraid the dearest friend on earth
For the first fault? you would not do so: wou'd you?
Cha. Not if I 'd cause to think it was a friend.
Mon. Why do you then call this unfaithful dealing?
I ne're conceal'd my soul from you before: 185
Bear with me now, and search my wounds no farther,
For every probing pains me to the heart.
Cha. 'T is sign there 's danger in't, and must be prevented.
Where 's your new husband? Still that thought disturbs you.
What, onely answer me with tears? Castalio! 190
Nay, now they stream.
Cruel, unkind Castalio! is 't not so?
Mon. I cannot speak; grief flows so fast upon me,
It choaks, and will not let me tell the cause.
Oh!
Cha. My Monimia, to my soul thou 'rt dear. 195

183 *Not.* Q1, 2, 3 place comma after this.
188 *and.* T, N omit. 195 *Oh.* See *Notes*, p. 136.

As honour to my name: dear as the light
To eyes but just restor'd, and heald of blindness.
Why wilt thou not repose within my breast
The anguish that torments thee?

Mon. Oh! I dare not.

Cha. I have no friend but thee: we must confide
In one another: two unhappy orphans,
Alas, we are; and when I see thee grieve,
Methinks it is a part of me that suffers.

Mon. Oh shouldst thou know the cause of my lamenting,
I am satisfy'd, Chamont, that thou wouldst scorn me;
Thou would'st despise the abject, lost Monimia,
No more would'st praise this beauty: but
When in some cell distracted, as I shall be,
Thou seest me lye, these unregarded locks,
Matted like furies tresses; my poor limbs
Chain'd to the ground, and 'stead of the delights
Which happy lovers taste, my keeper's stripes,
A bed of straw, and a course wooden dish
Of wretched sustenance; when thus thou see'st me,
Prithee have charity and pity for me.
Let me enjoy this thought.

Cha. Why wilt thou rack

207 *beauty*. Edd. read, hated beauty.

My soul so long, Monimia? Ease me quickly,
Or thou wilt run me into madness first.
Mon. Could you be secret?
Cha. Secret as the grave.
Mon. But when I 've told you, will you keep your fury
Within its bounds? will you not do some rash
And horrid mischief? for indeed, Chamont,
You would not think how hardly I 've been us'd
From a near friend; from one that has my soul
A slave; and therefore treats it like a tyrant.
Cha. I will be calm; but has Castalio wronged thee?
Has he already wasted all his love?
What has he done? quickly; for I 'm all trembling
With expectation of a horrid tale.
Mon. Oh! could you think it!
Cha. What?
Mon. I fear he 'll kill me.
Cha. Hah!
Mon. Indeed I do, he 's strangely cruel to me;
Which if it lasts, I 'm sure must break my heart.
Cha. What has he done?
Mon. Most barbarously us'd me;
Nothing so kind as he, when in my arms,
In thousand kisses, tender sighs and joys,
Not to be thought again, the night was wasted,

At dawn of day he rose and left his conquest,
But when we met, and I with open arms
Ran to embrace the lord of all my wishes, 240
Oh then!
Cha. Go on!
Mon. He threw me from his breast,
Like a detested sin.
Cha. How!
Mon. As I hung, too,
Upon his knees, and begg'd to know the cause,
He dragg'd me like a slave upon the earth,
And had no pity on my cries.
Cha. How! did he 245
Dash thee disdainfully away with scorn!
Mon. He did; and more I fear, will ne're be friends,
Though I still love him with unbated passion.
Cha. What, throw thee from him!
Mon. Yes, indeed he did.
Cha. So may this arm 250
Throw him to the earth, like a dead dog despised;
Lameness and leprosie, blindness and lunacy,
Poverty, shame, pride, and the name of villain
Light on me, if, Castalio, I forgive thee!
Mon. Nay, now, Chamont, art thou unkind as he is? 255
Didst thou not promise me thou would'st be calm?

Keep my disgrace conceal'd? why should'st thou
kill him?
By all my love this arm should do him vengeance.
Alas, I love him still; and though I ne're
Clasp him again within these longing arms, 260
Yet bless him, bless him (Gods) wher e're he goes.

Enter Acasto.

Acasto. Sure some ill fate is towards me; in
my house
I only meet with oddness and disorder;
Each vassal has a wild distracted face;
And looks as full of business as a block-head 265
In times of danger: just this very moment
I met Castalio too —

Cha. Then you met a villain.

Acast. Hah!

Cha. Yes, a villain.

Acast. Have a care, young soldier,
How thou 'rt too busie with Acasto's fame;
I have a sword, my arms good old acquaintance. 270
Villain, to thee —

Cha. Curse on thy scandalous age
Which hinders me to rush upon thy throat,
And tear the root up of that cursed bramble!

Acast. Ungrateful ruffian! sure my good, old
friend
Was ne're thy father; nothing of him 's in thee: 275

267 *too.* Edd. omit. 269 *fame.* Qq, interrogation.

What have I done in my unhappy age
To be thus us'd? I scorn to upbraid thee, boy,
But I could put thee in remembrance —
Cha. Do.
Acast. I scorn it —
Cha. No, I 'll calmly hear the story,
For I would fain know all, to see which scale 280
Weighs most — Hah, is not that good, old Acasto?
What have I done? can you forgive this folly?
Acast. Why dost thou ask it?
Cha. 'T was the rude over-flowing
Of too much passion; pray, my lord, forgive me.
Kneels.
Acast. Mock me not, youth, I can revenge a wrong. 285
Cha. I know it well, but for this thought of mine
Pity a mad man's frenzy and forget it.
Acast. I will, but henceforth, prithee, be more kind. *Raises him.*
Whence came the cause?
Cha. Indeed I 've been to blame,
But I 'll learn better; for you've been my father: 290
You 've been her father too —
Takes Mon[imia] by the hand.
Acast. Forbear the prologue —
And let me know the substance of thy tale.

Cha. You took her up a little tender flower,
Just sprouted on a bank, which the next frost
Had nipt; and with a careful, loving hand 295
Transplanted her into your own fair garden,
Where the sun always shines; there long she flourish'd,
Grew sweet to sense, and lovely to the eye,
Till at the last a cruel spoiler came,
Cropt this fair rose, and rifled all its sweetness; 300
Then cast it like a loathsome weed away.
Acast. You talk to me in parables, Chamont;
You may have known that I 'm no wordy man;
Fine speeches are the instruments of knaves
Or fools, that use 'em when they want good sense; 305
But honesty
Needs no disguise nor ornament: Be plain.
Cha. Your son —
Acast. I 've two, and both I hope have honour.
Cha. I hope so too — but —
Acast. Speak.
Cha. I must inform you,
Once more Castalio —
Acast. Still Castalio!
Cha. Yes; 310
Your son Castalio has wrong'd Monimia.
Acast. Hah! wrong'd her?

Cha. Marry'd her.
Acast. I 'm sorry for 't.
Cha. Why sorry? By yon blest Heaven there 's not a lord
But might be proud to take her to his heart.
Acast. I 'll not deny 't.
Cha. You dare not, by the gods,
You dare not; all your family combin'd
In one damn'd false-hood to out-do Castalio
Dare not deny 't.
Acast. How has Castalio wrong'd her?
Cha. Ask that of him: I say my sister 's wrong'd;
Monimia my sister born as high
And noble as Castalio — Do her justice,
Or by the gods I 'll lay a scene of blood
Shall make this dwelling horrible to nature.
I 'll do 't: heark you, my lord, your son Castalio,
Take him to your closet, and there teach him manners.
Acast. You shall have justice.
Cha. Nay — I will have justice.
Who 'll sleep in safety that has done me wrong?
My lord, I 'll not disturb you to repeat
The cause of this; I beg you (to preserve
Your houses honour) ask it of Castalio.
Acast. I will.
Cha. Till then farewell —
Ex[it] Cham[ont].

Acast. Farewel, proud boy.
Monimia!
Mon. My lord.
Acast. You are my daughter.
Mon. I am, my lord, if you 'll vouchsafe to own me.
Acast. When you 'll complain to me, I 'll prove a father. *Ex[it] Acasto.*
Mon. Now, I 'm undone for ever; who on earth
Is there so wretched as Monimia?
First, by Castalio cruelly forsaken;
I 've lost Acasto: his parting frowns
May well instruct me, rage is in his heart;
I shall be next abandon'd to my fortune,
Thrust out a naked wanderer to the world,
And branded for the mischievous Monimia.
What will become of me? My cruel brother
Is framing mischiefs too, for ought I know,
That may produce bloodshed, and horrid murder:
I would not be the cause of one mans death,
To reign the empress of the earth; nay, more,
I 'd rather lose for ever my Castalio,
My dear, unkind Castalio!

Enter Polydore.

Polydore. Monimia, weeping!
So morning dews on new blown roses lodge,

338 *Acasto.* Edd. add, now.

By the suns amorous heat to be exhal'd.
I come, my love, to kiss all sorrow from thee.
What mean these sighs? and why thus beats thy heart?
Mon. Let me alone to sorrow: 't is a cause
None e're shall know; but it shall with me dye.
Pol. Happy, Monimia, he to whom these sighs,
These tears, and all these languishings are paid!
I am no stranger to your dearest secret;
I know your heart was never meant for me,
That jewel's for an elder brother's price.
Mon. My lord.
Pol. Nay, wonder not; last night I heard
His oaths, your vows, and to my torment saw
Your wild embraces: heard th' appointment made:
I did, Monimia, and I curst the sound.
Wilt thou be sworn my love? wilt thou be ne're
Unkind again?
Mon. Banish such fruitless hopes!
Have you sworn constancy, to my undoing?
Will you be ne're my friend again?
Pol. What means my love?
Mon. Away; what meant my lord
Last night?

365 *sworn.* Qq, comma.
367 *constancy.* Oq, no comma.

Pol. Is that a question now to be demanded? 370
I hope, Monimia, was not much displeased.
Mon. Was it well done to treat me like a prostitute,
T' assault my lodging at the dead of night,
And threaten me if I denyd admittance? —
You said you were Castalio. —
Pol. By those eyes, 375
It was the same; I spent my time much better;
I tell thee, ill natur'd fair one, I was posted
To more advantage on a pleasant hill
Of springing joy, and everlasting sweetness.
Mon. Hah! — have a care. —
Pol. Where is the danger near me? 380
Mon. I fear y' are on a rock will wreck your quiet,
And drown your soul in wretchedness for ever;
A thousand horrid thoughts crowd on my memory.
Will you be kind and answer me one question?
Pol. I 'd trust thee with my life on those soft breasts; 385
Breathe out the choicest secrets of my heart;
Till I had nothing in it left but love.
Mon. Nay, I 'll conjure you by the gods, and angels,
By the honour of your name, that 's most concern'd,

376 *same.* Qq, comma after *same* and *better.*

To tell me, Polydore, and tell me truly, 390
Where did you rest last night?
Pol. Within thy arms
I triumpht: rest had been my foe.
Mon. 'T is done —
She faints.
Pol. She faints: no help; who waits? A curse
Upon my vanity that could not keep
The secret of my happiness in silence. 395
Confusion! we shall be surpriz'd anon,
And consequently all must be betray'd.
Monimia! she breathes. — Monimia.
Mon. Well, —
Let mischiefs multiply! Let every hour
Of my loath'd life yield me increase of horror! 400
Oh let the sun to these unhappy eyes
Ne're shine again, but be eclips'd for ever!
May every thing I look on seem a prodigy,
To fill my soul with terrors; till I quite
Forget I ever had humanity, 405
And grow a curser of the works of nature!
Pol. What means all this?
Mon. Oh, Polydore, if all
The friendship e're you vow'd to good Castalio
Be not a falsehood, if you ever lov'd
Your brother, you 've undone your self and me. 410
Pol. Which way? Can ruin reach the man
that 's rich,
As I am in possession of thy sweetness?

Mon. Oh I 'm his wife.
Pol. What says Monimia! hah!
Speak that again.
Mon. I am Castalio's wife.
Pol. His marry'd, wedded wife?
Mon. Yester-dayes sun 415
Saw it perform'd.
Pol. And then have I enjoy'd
My brothers wife.
Mon. As surely as we both
Must taste of misery, that guilt is thine.
Pol. Must we be miserable then?
Mon. Oh!
Pol. Oh! thou may'st yet be happy.
Mon. Couldst thou be 420
Happy with such a weight upon thy soul?
Pol. It may be yet a secret: I 'll go try
To reconcile and bring Castalio to thee,
Whilst from the world I take my self away,
And waste my life in penance for my sin. 425
Mon. Then thou wouldst more undo me: heap a load
Of added sins upon my wretched head:
Wouldst thou again have me betray thy brother,
And bring pollution to his arms? Curst thought!
Oh when shall I be mad indeed!
Pol. Nay, then, 430
Let us embrace, and from this very moment
Vow an eternal misery together.

Mon. And wilt thou be a very faithful wretch?
Never grow fond of chearful peace again?
Wilt thou with me study to be unhappy, 4
And find out ways how to encrease affliction?
Pol. We'll institute new arts unknown before,
To vary plagues and make 'em look like new ones:
First if the fruit of our detested joy,
A child, be born, it shall be murder'd. —
Mon. No. 4
Sure, that may live.
Pol. Why?
Mon. To become a thing
More wretched than its parents, to be branded
With all our infamy, and curse its birth.
Pol. That's well contriv'd; then thus let's go together
Full of our guilt, distracted where to roam, 4
Like the first wretched pair expell'd their paradise.
Let's find some place where adders nest in winter,
Loathsome and venomous; where poisons hang
Like gums against the walls; where witches meet
By night and feed upon some pamper'd imp, 4
Fat with the blood of babes: there we 'll inhabit,

441 *live.* N, interrogation. 444 *go.* 1812 Ed. omits.

But when I 'm dying take me in thy armes.

Ex.

452 *desperation.* Qq, comma.

Castalio lying on the ground.

Song.

Come, all ye youths, whose hearts e're bled
By cruel beauties pride,
Bring each a garland on his head,
Let none his sorrows hide,
But hand in hand around me move, 5
Singing the saddest tales of love,
And see, when your complaints ye joyn
If all your wrongs can equal mine.

2

The happyest mortal once was I,
My heart no sorrows knew. 10
Pity the pain with which I dye,
But ask not whence it grew.
Yet if a tempting fair you find
That 's very lovely, very kind,
Though bright as Heaven whose stamp she bears, 15
Think of my fate, and shun her snares.

Castalio. See where the deer trot after one another,
Male, female, father, daughter, mother, son,
Brother and sister mingled all together;

No discontent they know, but in delightful 20
Wildness and freedom, pleasant springs, fresh herbage,
Calm harbours, lusty health and innocence
Enjoy their portion; if they see a man
How will they turn together all and gaze
Upon the monster — 25
Once in a season, too, they taste of love:
Only the beast of reason is its slave,
And in that folly drudges all the year.

Enter Acasto.

Acasto. Castalio! Castalio!
Cast. Who 's there
So wretched but to name Castalio? 30
Acast. I hope my message may succeed.
Cast. My father,
'T is joy to see you, though where sorrow 's nourisht.
Acast. I 'm come, in beauty's cause, you 'l guess the rest.
Cast. A woman! if you love my peace of mind,
Name not a woman to me; but to think 35
Of woman were enough to taint my brains,
Till they foment to madness! Oh! my father.
Acast. What ayles my boy?
Cast. A woman is the thing
I would forget, and blot from my remembrance.

Acast. Forget Monimia!
Cast. She to choose: Monimia! 4
The very sound 's ungrateful to my sence.
Acast. This might seem strange; but you I 've found will hide
Your heart from me, you dare not trust your father.
Cast. No more Monimia.
Acast. Is she not your wife?
Cast. So much the worse! Who loves to hear of wife? 4
When you would give all worldly plagues a name
Worse than they have already, call 'em wife:
But a new married wife 's a seeming mischief,
Full of her self: why, what a deal of horror
Has that poor wretch to come, that wedded yesterday? 5
Acast. Castalio, you must go along with me,
And see Monimia.
Cast. Sure, my lord but mocks me;
Go see Monimia! Pray, my lord, excuse me;
And leave the conduct of this part of life
To my own choice.

42 *hide.* Begins new line in Qq.
43 *trust.* Q1, trust to.
45 *worse.* Qq, worse, who.
48 *seeming.* N reads, teeming.

Acast. I say no more dispute. 55
Complaints are made to me that you have wrong'd her.
Cast. Who has complain'd?
Acast. Her brother to my face proclaim'd her wrong'd,
And in such terms they 've warm'd me.
Cast. What terms? Her brother! Heaven! Where learnt he that? 60
What, does she send her hero with defiance?
He durst not sure affront you?
Acast. No, not much,
But —
Cast. Speak, what said he?
Acast. That thou wert a villain:
Methinks, I would not have thee thought a villain.
Cast. Shame on the ill-manner'd brute: 65
Your age secur'd him; hee durst not else have said so.
Acast. By my sword,
I would not see thee wrong'd, and bear it vilely,
Though I have past my word she shall have justice.
Cast. Justice! to give her justice wou'd undo her: 70
Think you this solitude I now had chosen,

60 *he.* Q1, 2, Edd., she; but Q3, 4, 5, N, he.
71 *had.* Q2, 3, 4, 5, T, N, have; but other Edd., had.

Left joys just opening to my sense, sought here
A place to curse my fate in, measur'd out
My grave at length, wished to have grown one piece
With this cold clay, and all without a cause? 75

Enter Chamont.

Chamont. Where is the hero famous and renown'd
For wronging innocence, and breaking vows;
Whose mighty spirit, and whose stubborn heart,
No woman can appease, nor man provoke?

Acast. I guess, Chamont, you come to seek Castalio. 80

Cha. I come to seek the husband of Monimia.

Cast. The slave is here.

Cha. I thought ere now to 'ave found you
Attoning for the ills you 've done Chamont:
For you have wrong'd the dearest part of him;
Monimia, young lord, weeps in this heart; 85
And all the tears thy injuries have drawn
From her poor eyes, are drops of blood from hence.

Cast. Then you are Chamont?

Cha. Yes, and I hope no stranger
To great Castalio.

Cast. I 've heard of such a man
That has been very busie with my honour: 90

74 *wished.* Qq, wish; Edd., wish'd.

I own I 'm much indebted to you, sir,
And here return the villain back again
You sent me by my father.
Cha. Thus I 'll thank you. *Draws.*
Acast. By this good sword, who first presumes to violence
Makes me his foe — *Draws and interposes.*
(*To Castalio.*) Young man, it once was thought 95
I was fit guardian of my houses honour,
And you might trust your share with me. —(*To Cham* [*ont*].) For you,
Young souldier, I must tell you, you have wrong'd me:
I promis'd you to do Monimia right;
And thought my word a pledge I would not forfeit: 100
But you, I find, would fright us to performance.
Cast. Sir, in my younger years with care you taught me,
That brave revenge was due to injur'd honour;
Oppose not, then, the justice of my sword,
Lest you should make me jealous of your love. 105
Cha. Into thy father's arms thou fly'st for safety,
Because thou know'st the place is sanctify'd
With the remembrance of an ancient friendship.
Cast. I am a villain if I will not seek thee

'Till I may be reveng'd for all the wrongs 110
Done me by that ungrateful fair thou plead'st for.

Cha. She wrong thee! by the fury in my heart,
Thy father's honour's not above Monimia's;
Nor was thy mother's truth and vertue fairer.

Acast. Boy, don't disturb the ashes of the dead 115
With thy capricious follies: the remembrance
Of the lov'd creature that once fill'd these arms—

Cha. Has not been wrong'd.

Cast. It shall not.

Cha. No, nor shall
Monimia, though a helpless orphan, destitute
Of friends and fortune, though the unhappy sister 120
Of poor Chamont, whose sword is all his portion,
Be oppress'd by thee, thou proud, imperious traytor.

Cast. Hah! let me free.

Cha. Come both.

Enter Serina.

Serina. Alas! alas!
The cause of these disorders, my Chamont?
Who is 't has wrong'd thee?

Cast. Now, where art thou fled 125
For shelter?

112 *wrong*. Q2, 3, 4, 5, Edd., wrong'd.
123 *let*. T, N, set.

Cha. Come from thine, and see what safeguard
Shall then betray my fears.
Ser. Cruel Castalio,
Sheath up thy angry sword, and don't affright me:
Chamont, let once Serina calm thy breast:
If any of thy friends have done thee injuries, 130
I 'll be reveng'd, and love thee better for 't.
Cast. Sir, if you 'd have me think you did not take
This opportunity to show your vanity,
Let 's meet some other time, when by our selves
We fairly may dispute our wrongs together. 135
Cha. Till then, I am Castalio's friend.
Cast. Serina,
Farewell, I wish much happiness attend you.
Ser. Chamont 's the dearest thing I have on earth;
Give me Chamont, and let the world forsake me.
Cha. Witness the gods, how happy I am in thee! 140
No beauteous blossom of the fragrant spring,
Though the fair child of nature newly born,
Can be so lovely. Angry, unkind Castalio,
Suppose I should a while lay by my passions,
And be a begger in Monimia's cause, 145
Might I be heard?

130 *thy.* Edd., my. 146 *I.* Q2, 3, 4, 5, T, N, it.

Cast. Sir, 't was my last request
You wou'd, though you, I find, will not be satisfi'd:
So in a word, Monimia is my scorn;
She basely sent you here to try my fears;
That was your business. 150
No artful prostitute, in falshoods practis'd,
To make advantage of her coxcombs follies,
Could have done more — disquiet vex her for 't.
Cha. Farewell.
Cast. Farewell. — My father, you seem troubled.
Acast. Would I had been absent when this boistrous brane 155
Came to disturb thee thus: I 'm griev'd I hinder'd
Thy just resentment. — But Monimia —
Cast. Damn her.
Acast. Don't curse her.
Cast. Did I?
Acast. Yes.
Cast. I 'm sorry for it.
Acast. Methinks, as if I guess the fault 's but small,
It might be pardon'd.
Cast. No.
Acast. What has she done? 160

155 *brane.* Q3, 4, 5, Edd., brave.
159 *as if I guess.* N, if, as I guess.

Cast. That she 's my wife, may Heav'n and you forgive me.
Acast. Be reconcil'd then.
Cast. No.
Acast. Go see her.
Cast. No.
Acast. I 'll send and bring her hither.
Cast. No.
Acast. For my sake, Castalio, and the quiet of my age.
Cast. Why will you urge a thing my nature starts at? 165
Acast. Prithee, forgive her.
Cast. Lightnings first shall blast me.
I tell you were she prostrate at my feet,
Full of her sexes best dissembled sorrows,
And all that wondrous beauty of her own,
My heart might break, but it should never soften. 170

Enter Florella.

Florella. My lord, where are you? O Castalio!
Acast. Heark.
Cast. What 's that?
Flor. Oh shew me quickly where 's Castalio.
Acast. Why, what 's the business?
Flor. Oh the poor Monimia!
Cast. Hah!
Acast. What 's the matter?
Flor. Hurry'd by despair 175

She flyes with fury over all the house,
Through every room of each apartment crying,
" Where 's my Castalio ? give me my Castalio ":
Except she sees you, sure shee 'l grow distracted.

Cast. Hah ! will she ? does she name Castalio ?
And with such tenderness ? Conduct me quickly
To the poor, lovely mourner. Oh my father.

Acast. Then wilt thou go ? Blessings attend thy purpose.

Cast. I cannot hear Monimia's soul 's in sadness,
And be a man ; my heart will not forget her,
But do not tell the world you saw this of me.

Acast. Delay not then, but haste and chear thy love.

Cast. Oh I will throw m' impatient armes about her,
In her soft bosom sigh my soul to peace,
Till through the panting breast she finds the way,
To mould my heart, and make it what she will.
Monimia ! Oh ! *Ex*[*eunt*] *Acast*[*o and*] *Cast*[*alio*].

[Scene II. — *A Room in Acasto's House.*]

Enter Monimia.

Monimia. Stand off and give me room,
I will not rest till I have found Castalio,
My wishes lord, comely as rising day,
Amidst ten thousand eminently known.

Flowers spring where'er he treads, his eyes 5
Fountains of brightness cheering all about him!
When will they shine on me? — Oh stay my soul!
I cannot dye in peace till I have seen him.

Castalio re-enters.

Castalio. Who talks of dying with a voice so sweet,
That life 's in love with 't?
Mon. Heark! 't is he that answers: 10
So in a camp, though at the dead of night,
If but the trumpets chearful noise is heard,
All at the signal leap from downey rest,
And every heart awakes as mine does now.
Where art thou?
Cast. Here, my love.
Mon. No nearer, lest I vanish. 15
Cast. Have I been in a dream then all this while!
And art thou but the shadow of Monimia!
Why doest thou fly me thus?
Mon. Oh! were it possible that we could drown
In dark oblivion but a few past hours, 20
We might be happy.
Cast. Is 't then so hard, Monimia, to forgive

5 *spring where'er he.* Q1, spring wherehe e're; Q2, 3, 4, 5, where e're he; Edd., spring up where'er he.

A fault, where humble love, like mine, implores thee?
For I must love thee, though it prove my ruin.
Which way shall I court thee? 25
What shall I do to be enough thy slave,
And satisfy the lovely pride that 's in thee?
I 'll kneel to thee, and weep a flood before thee;
Yet prithee, tyrant, break not quite my heart;
But when my task of penitence is done, 30
Heal it again, and comfort me with love.

Mon. If I am dumb, Castalio, and want words,
To pay thee back this mighty tenderness;
It is because I look on thee with horror,
And cannot see the man I so have wrong'd. 35

Cast. Thou hast not wrong'd me.

Mon. Ah! alas, thou talk'st
Just as thy poor heart thinks; have not I wronged thee?

Cast. No.

Mon. Still thou wander'st in the dark, Castalio;
But wilt e're long stumble on horrid danger.

Cast. What means my love?

Mon. Couldst thou but forgive me! 40

Cast. What?

Mon. For my fault last night; alas, thou canst not.

Cast. I can, and do.

Mon. Thus crawling on the earth
Would I that pardon meet, — the only thing
Can make me view the face of Heaven with hope.
Cast. Then let 's draw near.
Mon. Ah me!
Cast. So in the fields, 45
When the destroyer has been out for prey,
The scatter'd lovers of the feather'd kind,
Seeking when danger 's past to meet again,
Make moan, and call, by such degrees approach;
'Till joying thus they bill, and spread their wings, 50
Murmuring love, and joy, their fears are over.
Mon. Yet have a care, be not too fond of peace,
Lest in pursuance of the goodly quarry,
Thou meet a disappointment that distracts thee.
Cast. My better angel, then do thou inform me 55
What danger threatens me, and where it lyes:
Why didst thou (prithee, smile and tell me why)
When I stood waiting underneath the window,
Quaking with fierce and violent desires,
The dropping dews fell cold upon my head, 60
Darkness enclos'd, and the winds whistl'd round me;
Which with my mournful sighs made such sad musick,

As might have mov'd the hardest heart, —why wert thou
Deaf to my cryes, and senseless of my pains?
Mon. Did I not beg thee to forbear inquiry? 65
Read'st thou not something in my face that speaks
Wonderful change and horror from within me?
Cast. Then there is something yet which I 've not known;
What dost thou mean by horrour, and forbearance
Of more inquiry? Tell me, I beg thee, tell me; 70
And do not betray me to a second madness.
Mon. Must I?
Cast. If labouring in the pangs of death
Thou wouldst do any thing to give me ease,
Unfold this riddle e're my thoughts grow wild,
And let in fears of ugly form upon me. 75
Mon. My heart won't let me speak it; but remember,
Monimia, poor Monimia, tells you this,
We ne're must meet again —.
Cast. What means my destiny?
For all my good or evil fate dwells in thee:
Ne're meet again!
Mon. No, never.
Cast. Where 's the pow'r 80
On earth that dares not look like thee, and say so?

Thou art my heart's inheritance, I serv'd
A long and painful, faithful slavery for thee,
And who shall rob me of the dear bought blessing.

Mon. Time will clear all, but now let this content you: 85
Heav'n has decreed, and therefore I 've resolv'd,
(With torment I must tell it thee, Castalio,)
Ever to be a stranger to thy love,
In some far distant country waste my life,
And from this day to see thy face no more. 90

Cast. Where am I? Sure I wander midst enchantment,
And never more shall find the way to rest;
But, oh Monimia, art th' indeed resolv'd,
To punish me with everlasting absence;
Why turn'st thou from me? I 'm alone already; 95
Methinks I stand upon a naked beach,
Sighing to winds, and to the seas complaining,
Whilst afar off the vessel sails away,
Where all the treasure of my soul 's embarqu'd;
Wilt thou not turn? — Oh! could those eyes but speak, 100
I shou'd know all, for love is pregnant in 'em;
They swell, they press their beams upon me still;
Wilt thou not speak? If we must part for ever,

Give me but one kind word to think upon,
And please my self withal, whilst my heart 's breaking. 105

Mon. Ah, poor Castalio! *Ex*[*it*] *Mon*[*imia*].

Cast. Pity, by the gods,
She pity's me! Then thou wilt go? Eternally?
What means all this? why all this stir to plague
A single wretch? If but your word can shake
This world to atomes, why so much ado 110
With me? Think me but dead and lay me so.

Enter Polydore.

Polydore. To live, and live a torment to my self,
What dog would bear 't that knew but his condition?
We have little knowledge, and that makes us cowards,
Because it cannot tell us what 's to come. 115

Cast. Who 's there?

Pol. Why, what art thou?

Cast. My brother Polydore!

Pol. My name is Polydore.

Cast. Canst thou inform me?

Pol. Of what?

Cast. Of my Monimia?

Pol. No. Good-day.

106 *Ah.* Qq, A.
107 *go.* Qq, no punctuation after *go*, but *Eternally* has capital.

Cast. In haste?
Methinks my Polydore appears in sadness.
Pol. Indeed and so to me does my Castalio. 120
Cast. Do I?
Pol. Thou dost.
Cast. Alas! I 've wondrous reason;
I 'm strangely alter'd, brother, since I saw thee.
Pol. Why?
Cast. Oh, to tell thee would but put thy heart
To pain. Let me embrace thee but a little,
And weep upon thy neck; I would repose 125
Within thy friendly bosom all my follies,
For thou wilt pardon 'em, because th' are mine.
Pol. Be not too credulous, consider first,
Friends may be false. Is there no friendship false?
Cast. Why dost thou ask me that? does this appear 130
Like a false friendship, when with open arms
And streaming eyes I run upon thy breast?
Oh 't is in thee alone I must have comfort.
Pol. I fear, Castalio, I have none to give thee.
Cast. Dost thou not love me then?
Pol. Oh, more than life: 135
I never had a thought of my Castalio

Might wrong the friendship we had vow'd together.
Hast thou dealt so by me?
Cast. I hope I have.
Pol. Then tell me why this mourning, this disorder?
Cast. Oh Polydore, I know not how to tell thee; 140
Shame rises in my face, and interrupts
The story of my tongue.
Pol. I grieve my friend
Knows any thing which he 's asham'd to tell me;
Or didst thou e're conceal thy thoughts from Polydore?
Cast. Oh, much too oft. But let me here conjure thee, 145
By all the kind affection of a brother,
(For I 'm asham'd to call my self thy friend,)
Forgive me.
Pol. Well, go on.
Cast. Our destiny contriv'd
To plague us both with one unhappy love!
Thou like a friend, a constant generous friend, 150
In its first pangs didst trust me with thy passion,
Whilst I still smooth'd my pain with smiles before thee,
And made a contract I ne're meant to keep.

145 *But.* In Qq begins new line; Edd., oft, but.

Pol. How!
Cast. Still new ways I study'd to abuse thee,
And kept thee as a stranger to my passion, 155
Till yesterday I wedded with Monimia.
Pol. Ah, Castalio, was that well done?
Cast. No, to conceal 't from thee was much a fault.
Pol. A fault! When thou hast heard
The tale I 'll tell, what wilt thou call it then? 160
Cast. How my heart throbs!
Pol. First, for thy friendship, traytor,
I cancel 't thus; after this day, I 'll ne're
Hold trust, or converse, with the false Castalio:
This, witness Heav'n.
Cast. What will my fate do with me?
I 've lost all happiness, and know not why: 165
What means this, brother?
Pol. Perjur'd, treacherous wretch,
Farewell.
Cast. I 'll be thy slave, and thou shalt use me
Just as thou wilt, do but forgive me.
Pol. Never.
Cast. Oh! think a little what thy heart is doing;

158 *conceal 't.* Q2, 3, 4, 5, Edd., except T, N, conceal it.
158 *much.* 1757, 1812, Edd. omit.
162 *cancel 't.* N, cancel it.

How from our infancy we hand in hand 170
Have trod the path of life, in love together;
One bed has held us, and the same desires,
The same aversions still imploy'd our thoughts;
When e're had I a friend that was not Polydore's,
Or Polydore a foe that was not mine? 175
Ev'n in the womb we embrac'd, and wilt thou now,
For the first fault, abandon, and forsake me,
Leave me amidst afflictions to my self,
Plung'd in the gulf of grief, and none to help me?

Pol. Go to Monimia, in her arms thou 'lt find 180
Repose; she has the art of healing sorrows.

Cast. What arts?

Pol. Blind wretch, thou husband! there 's a question;
Go to her fulsom bed, and wallow there,
Till some hot ruffian, full of lust and wine,
Come storm thee out, and shew thee what 's thy bargain. 185

Cast. Hold there, I charge thee.

Pol. Is she not a —

Cast. Whore?

Pol. Ay, whore; I think that word needs no explaining.

Cast. Alas, I can forgive, ev'n this to thee;
But let me tell thee, Polydore, I 'm griev'd

To find thee guilty of such low revenge, 190
To wrong that vertue which thou couldst not ruin.
Pol. It seems I lye then.
Cast. Should the bravest man
That e're wore conquering sword but dare to whisper
What thou proclaim'st, he were the worst of lyars:
My friend may be mistaken.
Pol. Damn the evasion, 195
Thou mean'st the worst, and he's a base born villain
That said I lyd.
Cast. Do, draw thy sword and thrust it through my heart;
There's no joy in life, if thou art lost.
"A base born villain!"
Pol. Yes, thou never camest 200
From old Acasto's loyns, the midwife put
A cheat upon my mother, and instead
Of a true brother, in the cradle by me
Plac'd some course peasants cub, and thou art he.
Cast. Thou art my brother still.
Pol. Thou ly'st.
Cast. Nay, then: *He draws.* 205
Yet I am calm.

Pol. A coward 's always so.
Cast. Ah — ah — that stings home: coward?
Pol. Ay, base born coward, villain.
Cast. This to thy heart then, though my mothore bore thee.

[*They*] *fight; Polydore drops his sword, and runs on Castal*[*io's*].

Pol. Now my Castalio is again my friend.
Cast. What have I done! my sword is in thy breast.
Pol. So I would have it be, thou best of men,
Thou kindest brother, and thou truest friend.
Cast. Ye gods, we 're taught that all your works are justice,
Y' are painted merciful, and friends to innocence;
If so, then why these plagues upon my head?
Pol. Blame not the Heav'ns, here lyes thy fate, Castalio;
Th' are not the gods, 't is Polydore has wrong'd thee;
I 've stain'd thy bed, thy spotless marriage joys
Have been polluted by thy brothers lust.
Cast. By thee!
Pol. By me last night the horrid deed
Was done; when all things slept but rage and incest.
Cast. Now, where 's Monimia? Oh!

Enter Monimia.

Monimia. I 'm here, who calls me?
Methought I heard a voice
Sweet as the shepherds pipe upon the mountains,
When all his little flock 's at feed before him: 225
But what means this? here 's blood.
Cast. Ay, brothers bloud;
Art thou prepar'd for everlasting pains?
Pol. Oh, let me charge thee by th' eternal justice,
Hurt not her tender life!
Cast. Not kill her? Rack me,
Ye powers above, with all your choicest torments, 230
Horror of mind and pains yet uninvented,
If I not practise cruelty upon her,
And treat revenge some way, yet never known.
Mon. That task my self have finisht, I shall dye
Before we part: I 've drunk a healing draught 235
For all my cares, and never more shall wrong thee.
Pol. Oh, she 's innocent.
Cast. Tell me that story,
And thou wilt make a wretch of me indeed.

233 *treat.* T, N, wreak.
235 *drunk.* 1768, 1812, Edd., drank.

Pol. Hadst thou, Castalio, us'd me like a friend,
This ne're had happen'd; hadst thou let me know
Thy marriage, we had all now met in joy;
But ignorant of that,
Hearing th' appointment made, enrag'd to think
Thou hadst out-done me in successful love,
I in the dark went and supply'd thy place,
Whilst all the night, midst our triumphant joys,
The trembling, tender, kind, deceiv'd Monimia,
Embrac'd, carest, and call'd me her Castalio.

Cast. And all this is the work of my own fortune;
None but my self could e're have been so curst;
My fatal love, alas! has ruin'd thee,
Thou fairest, goodliest frame the gods e're made,
Or ever humane eyes, and hearts ador'd,
I 've murder'd, too, my brother,
Why wouldst thou study ways to damn me further
And force the sin of parricide upon me?

Pol. 'T was my own fault, and thou art innocent;
Forgive the barbarous trespass of my tongue,
'T was a hard violence; I cou'd have dy'd
With love of thee, ev'n when I us'd thee worst;

253 *hearts.* T, N. heart.

Nay, at each word that my distraction utter'd,
My heart recoyl'd, and 't was half death to speak 'em.
Mon. Now, my Castalio, the most dear of men,
Wilt thou receive pollution to thy bosom,
And close the eyes of one that has betray'd thee? 265
Cast. Oh I 'm the unhappy wretch, whose cursed fate
Has weigh'd thee down into destruction with him,
Why then thus kind to me?
Mon. When I 'm laid low in the grave, and quite forgotten,
Maist thou be happy in a fairer bride; 270
But none can ever love thee like Monimia.
When I am dead, as presently I shall be;
(For the grim tyrant grasps my heart already,)
Speak well of me, and if thou find ill tongues
Too busie with my fame, don't hear me wrong'd; 275
'T will be a noble justice to the memory
Of a poor wretch, once honour'd with thy love.
How my head swims! 'T is very dark: Good-night! *Dyes.*
Cast. If I survive thee, what a thought was that?
Thank Heav'n I go prepar'd against that curse. 280

Enter Chamont disarm'd, and seiz'd by Acasto, and Servants.

Chamont. Gape, hell, and swallow me to quick damnation,
If I forgive your house, if I not live
An everlasting plague to thee, Acasto,
And all thy race. Y'have o'er power'd me now;
But hear me, Heav'n! Ah, here's the scene of death,
My sister, my Monimia! breathless! Now,
Ye powers above, if y' have justice, strike,
Strike bolts through me, and through the curst Castalio.

Acasto. My Polydore.

Pol. Who calls?

Acast. How cam'st thou wounded?

Cast. Stand off, thou hot-brain'd, boistrous noisy, ruffian,
And leave me to my sorrows.

Cha. By the love
I bore her living, I will ne're forsake [her,]
But here remain till my heart bursts with sobbing.

Cast. Vanish, I charge thee, or —

Draws a dagger.

284 *Y'have o'erpower'd.* 1757, 1768, 1812, Edd., Ye have overpower'd; T, N, You've overpowered.

292 *her.* Added by Edd.

293 *bursts.* Edd., burst.

Cha. Thou canst not kill me;
That would be kindness, and against thy nature. 295
Acast. What means Castalio? Sure thou wilt not pull
More sorrows on thy aged fathers head.
Tell me, I beg you, tell me the sad cause
Of all this ruin.
Pol. That must be my task;
But 't is too long for one in pains to tell; 300
You'l in my closet find the story written,
Of all our woes. Castalio's innocent,
And so's Monimia; only I'm to blame:
Inquire no farther.
Cast. Thou unkind, Chamont,
Unjustly hast pursu'd me with thy hate, 305
And sought the life of him that never wrong'd thee;
Now if thou wilt embrace a noble vengeance,
Come joyn with me and curse.
Cha. What?
Cast. First thy self,
As I do, and the hour that gave thee birth:
Confusion and disorder seize the world, 310
To spoyl all trust and converse amongst men;
'T wixt families ingender endless fewds,
In countrys needless fears, in cities factions,
In states rebellion, and in churches schism:

300 *pains.* 1757, 1768, 1812, Edd., pain.

Till all things move against the course of nature; 315
Till form 's dissolv'd, the chain of causes broken,
And the originals of being lost!

Acast. Have patience.

Cast. Patience! preach it to the winds,
To roaring seas, or raging fires; the knaves
That teach it laugh at ye, when ye believe 'em. 320
Strip me of all the common needs of life,
Scald me with leprosie, let friends forsake me,
I 'll bear it all; but curst to the degree
That I am now, 't is this must give me patience:
Thus I find rest, and shall complain no more. 325
Stabs himself.

Pol. Castalio! Oh! *Dies.*

Cast. I come.
Chamont, to thee my birth-right I bequeath:
Comfort my mourning father, heal his griefs;
Acasto faints into the arms of a Servant.
For I perceive they fall with weight upon him.
And for Monimia's sake, whom thou wilt find 330
I never wrong'd, be kind to poor Serina.
Now all I beg, is, lay me in one grave,
Thus with my love. Farewel! I now am —
nothing. *Dies.*

Cha. Take care of good Acasto, whilst I go
To search the means by which the fates have
plagu'd us. 335
'T is thus that Heaven it's empire does maintain;
It may afflict but man must not complain.

[EPILOGUE.

[*Spoken by Serina.*]

You 've seen one Orphan ruin'd here, and I
May be the next, if old Acasto dye.
Should it prove so, I 'd fain amongst you find
Who 't is would to the fatherless be kind.
To whose protection might I safely go? 5
Is there amongst you no good nature? No.
What should I do? Should I the godly seek,
And go a conventicling twice a week,
Quit the lewd stage, and its prophane pollution,
Affect each form and saint-like institution, 10
So draw the brethren all to contribution?
Or shall I (as I guess the poet may
Within these three days) fairly run away?
No, to some city-lodgings I 'll retire,
Seem very grave, and privacy desire: 15
Till I am thought some heiress rich in lands,
Fled to escape a cruel guardian's hands;
Which may produce a story worth the telling,
Of the next sparks that go a fortune-stealing.]

FINIS.

Finis. See *Notes*, p. 137.

Notes to The Orphan

For single words see Glossary.

Title-page. Qui pelago credit, etc. Translated in N as follows:

> "High profits tempt the merchant to the main;
> The pouch of gold repays the soldier's pain;
> The parasite will dine, and fawns to win
> The couch and cup; the pander sells his skin.
> Genius alone a shivering trade pursues,
> And courts without a fee the friendless muse — A. W. V."

3. Dedication. Q1 has no Dedication; this is taken from Q2, 3, 4, and 5.

3. Ded. To Her Royal Highness the Dutchess. This was not the Duchess of Cleveland, as Voltaire supposed, but Mary Beatrix Eleanora, a princess of the house of Este, daughter of the Duke of Modena, who became the second wife of the Duke of York in 1673.

3. Ded. 26. Tasso and Ariosto. Tasso, 1544–1595, Italian poet, author of *Gerusalemme liberata*, was long in the service of the Estes and became the special favorite of Eleonora of Este, sister of the Duke. This allusion to the poet's connection with the history of the Duchess's ancestress may or may not have been pleasing to Her Royal Highness.

Ariosto, 1474–1535, Italian poet, author of *Orlando furioso*, was also in the service of Cardinal Ippolito of Este and Alfonso I of Ferrara, brother of the Cardinal.

6. Prologue. In the quartos having this Prologue it is placed after the Dramatis Personae. The copy of Q1 used by the collator contains neither Prologue nor Dramatis Personae. This Prologue is taken from the text found in Q2, 3, 4, and 5.

7. Prol. 25. And happiness again. This feeling of restored happiness may also be partly due to the recent death of Ot-

way's rival and enemy, the profligate Lord Rochester, who died July 26, 1680.

7. **Prol. 26 He is come.** This was the time of the return of the Duke of York from Brussels, whither he had retired in 1679 because the Protestant party had shown violent opposition to his connection with the Church of Rome and Romish intrigues.

8. **Dramatis Personae.** This, as has been stated, is taken from Q2, 3, 4, and 5, where it precedes the Prologue Nor does the title read "Dramatis Personae" even in Q3, 4, 5, but, as in Q2, "The Persons Represented in the Tragedy."

The names are variously spelled in the text. Polydore appears as Polydor, Polidore, and Polidor. The compositor of the first part of the text seems to prefer Polidor, that of the second Polydore.

8. **By the little girl.** Mrs Bracegirdle when six years of age played this part.

13, 89. **Like Perseus.** The legendary Greek hero, son of Jupiter and Danaë. By the aid of Minerva he wrought wonderful deeds for which see Classical Dictionary.

14, 99. **Now half the youth of Europe.** This might have been written to describe the state of Europe at that very moment. The Peace of Nijmegen had just been signed between Louis XIV, Charles of Spain, and the States General. Otway himself had been one of "half the youth of Europe"

16, 156. **No matter whose chance it proves.** The character of Castalio is similar to that of Jaffier, Carlos, and of Otway himself, judging from what we know of his relations with Mrs. Barry. N.

24, 314. **Objects of each other.** They were the only objects, people, to see each other.

28, **Act II.** "A Room in Acasto's House" is given in N as the place of this scene. Acasto is said to be a character study taken from the first Duke of Ormonde.

28, 3. **Another boar.** It is interesting to compare this incident with that related Act 1, Scene i, 81, where Castalio and Polydore are introduced describing the boar hunt.

28, 8. **Hee'd.** Such forms as hee'd, hee'l, wee'l, etc., are common in the first quarto, but they are corrected generally in Q4 and 5.

29, 23. **The superstitious statesman.** A note in N states: "'Superstitious' in old edition, but evidently a misprint." For this N substitutes "supercilious"; but the change is hardly warranted.

30, 57. **Go to the camp.** Perhaps the following touch of pessimism may have been indulged in through the dramatist's recollection of his own experience in camp life in Flanders. The sufferings and neglect of disbanded soldiers are often alluded to in his comedy of foreign adventure, *The Soldier's Fortune*, which was probably acted in 1679.

35, 147. **Go you, etc.** After this command by Acasto N inserts: "Exeunt Castalio, Polydore, Serina, Florella, and Servant."

36, 169. **Then sigh'd.** Despite the fact that this is given as an aside in all the quartos, it has been incorporated into the text of all later editions. In the latter it is placed at the end of line 169 and is made to read as follows:

> "Perhaps kind Heav'n may raise some friend, Then sigh'd,
> Kisst me again," etc.

40, 236. **The unhappy Theban.** Oedipus, a mythological king of Thebes who was fated to slay his father Laius.

44, 341. **Most forlorn.** The quartos and Edd. 1712, 1769, read "forlorn," but Edd. 1757, 1768, 1812, and N change this to "forsworn," which has the advantage of following the thought contained in the word "false."

48. **Act III.** Described in N as "The Garden before Acasto's House."

51, 66. **Heaven guard your lordship, etc.** This speech, in Q1, is assigned to Castalio. It is a common form of greeting and undoubtedly belongs to the Chaplain, not to Castalio, who had already uttered nearly the same words upon his entrance.

52, 96. **Enter Serina.** These three entrances, in brackets, namely of Chaplain, Serina, and Chamont, are not found in the quartos, but they appear in all later editions and are necessary to the action. Otherwise the direction, "Ex. all but Chamont and Chaplain," would be difficult to follow.

54, 136. **Hear ye that, my lord?** Although all the quartos and all editions except N assign this speech to Monimia, and the answer immediately following to Polydore, yet N gives the first speech to Serina, the answer to Chamont. This change has much

in its favor, for, supposedly, Monimia has not yet entered upon the scene. She appears later with Castalio, and from the conversation it may be inferred that this is her first appearance.

55, 145. **My friends, 't is late.** This completes the line as found in Q2, 3, 4, 5, and all the editions. The second part of the line, "or we would yet be company," appears in Q1 alone. This and the other differences already collated make it very certain that the text of the editions did not follow the first quarto. This present text is probably the first one to be collated with the original edition.

56, 160. **I love a souldier.** This speech of the Chaplain, and the one following, "I have not thought it so," etc., have been re-arranged in N in prose form, although the verse form is followed in the quartos and other editions. This is also true of the speeches of the Page, lines 450–466, following.

77, 578. **The Capitol.** The temple of Jupiter Optimus Maximus in ancient Rome, standing on the top of the Capitoline Hill. For the history of its construction and destruction see the Clas. Dict.

77, 579. **Mark Anthony.** Marcus Antonius, a Roman triumvir who incited the people to avenge the death of Caesar. He became enamoured of Cleopatra, queen of Egypt, deserting his wife Octavia, sister of Octavius. Octavius defeated him at Actium, and he stabbed himself to death in the presence of Cleopatra.

77, 581. **Old-Troy in ashes.** The ancient city of Troy, also called Ilium, in Asia Minor. Paris, son of Priam, the king of Troy, had stolen Helen, the wife of Menelaus, king of Sparta. To avenge this outrage the Greeks destroyed the city of Troy.

77, 585. **Happy a while in Paradise.** Throughout this play, especially when in search of higher flights of poetic feeling and utterance, Otway harks back to the primitive state of "man, when created, at first alone," as portrayed in the grand style of Milton. The scene between Castalio and Polydore, Act I, Scene i, the monologue of Castalio, IV, i, 80, and Polydore's pleadings, end of Act IV, are echoes of Miltonic thought and utterance.

78, **Act IV.** This scene is placed in a room in Acasto's House, in N. This Act has only one scene as usually arranged; but N divides it into two scenes, making the entrance of Castalio, line 80, the beginning of Scene ii, described as "Another Room in Acasto's House."

87, 195. **Oh! *Cham.* My Monimia,** etc. The quartos

separate this phrase as here given, but the editions except N assign the whole undivided phrase to Chamont, as follows, "Oh! My Monimia," etc.

112, 184. **Monimia's soul's.** This has been changed in N to read: "I cannot hear Monimia's soul in sadness," wholly losing the meaning of the passage. This is a good example of an editor foisting his erroneous reading upon a correct text.

118, 106. **Ah, poor Castalio!** "Mrs. Barry has recorded that in the character of Monimia she could never pronounce the words 'Poor Castalio!' without tears. May she not have been thinking of another Castalio? Let us believe it! Ah! if only Mrs. Barry had been the Belvidera of her poet's dream, she might have saved him from his evil genius, from his selfish patrons, and from himself." N.

121, 157–8.

Pol. **Ah, Castalio, was that well done?**
Cast. **No, to conceal 't from thee was much a fault.**

In N for no apparent reason, certainly not for any rules of versification, these lines have been subdivided into four lines and arranged to read as follows:

Pol. Ah, Castalio,
Was that well done?
Cast. No, to conceal 't from thee
Was much a fault.

This wholly arbitrary arrangement differs from that of the quartos and other editions.

125, 223–4.

Monimia. **I 'm here, who calls me?**
Methought I heard a voice.

This is the arrangement in the quartos and in N. In Edd. 1757 and 1768, it reads as follows:

I'm here, who calls me?
Methought I heard a voice.

The 1812 Ed. places the two phrases in one line.

127, 269. **When I 'm laid low in the grave.** Speaking of the "poetry of movement or supreme event," in the earlier drama, and classing Otway among the dramatists who have attained excellence in this kind of writing, Mr. Roden Noel continues to il-

lustrate, saying, "And when the Duchess of Malfi in her last struggle entreats —

> I pray thee look thou givest my little boy
> Some syrup for his cold; and let the girl
> Say her prayers ere she sleep. Now what you please —

we are reminded of the equally touching words of Belvidera about her child, and the last words of dying Monimia:

> When I am laid low in the grave, and quite forgotten,"

quoting several lines further to the end of her speech.

130, 325. **Thus I find rest, and shall complain no more.** "This may be rant, but it is rant in the right place. The line is a fine one that divides true from false hyperbole, but this utterance of Castalio has, I think, the real ring of maddened emotion, which is often absent from Dryden's heroic plays. Rage and despair do sometimes vent themselves in hyperbole and trope. Whether the poet can make us feel the utterance to be inevitable is the question, and that depends on his own sympathy with the situation." N, p. 171.

131. **Finis.** Following the epilogue in Q3, 1696, is given "A Catalogue of some Novels and Plays Printed for R Bentley," sixty-eight in number, and following the epilogue in Q5, 1705, is printed a catalogue, two and a half pages, of "Books printed for, and sold by R. Wellington, at the Dolphin and Crown at the West-end of St. Paul's Church-yard." These books are generally plays, histories and novels.

Appendix A

SOURCE OF THE ORPHAN

[The title-page of the *English Adventures. By a Person of Honour*, now in the British Museum, reads as follows:

ENGLISH
ADVENTURES

By a Person of Honour.
Licensed May 12th, 1676.

Roger L'Estrange.

IN THE SAVOY:

Printed by T. Newcomb, for H. Herringman, at the Anchor, on the lower walk of the New Exchange. 1676.

This copy contains 129 pages, in prose. There are three parts. The *History of Brandon* falls in the first part. The copy in the British Museum is bound in a cover stamped with what seem to be the arms of the Rt. Hon. Thos. Grenville. On a fly leaf in front is the following note in ink:

> "by Roger Boyle Earl of Orrery —
> see Thornton's Otway III App. — "

It may be worth while to cite another instance where the authorship of these *Adventures* is attached to the name of the Earl of Orrery. In the catalogue of the Huth Library

(London, 1880), vol. I, p. 192 (it was catalogued by Henry Huth, F. S. Ellis, and W. C. Hazlitt), is this entry: (Boyle, Roger, Earl of Orrery.) English Adventures. By a Person of Honour. In the Savoy: Printed by T. Newcomb, for H. Herringman . . . 1676. 8vo.

In the British Museum, on the other hand, the *Adventures* have not been catalogued as published in any collections of Boyle's works.]

THE HISTORY OF BRANDON

That many men run into high crimes designedly, cannot be a greater truth than it is, that others fall into them, both against their inclination and intention.

This latter is what I can experimentally aver; but whether it proceeds from the influence of the Stars at our Nativity, or from a Fatality to which all Men are subjected, or from some other occult cause, I dare not determine; but this I know, that the crime I fell into, was not so much my sin, as it is my punishment. But before I proceed to acquaint you with the particulars, which I more than hope will incline you to be of my belief, I must beg you, that what I am to tell you, purely to obey you, may be kept as great a secret, as otherwise I resolved it should eternally have been, and as you will easily perceive the nature of it requires.

Izabella, and our Monarch,[1] having promised what he asked, he thus continued: My Father having spent much of his time and blood in our late sad and intestine Wars, abhorring the necessary cruelties in them, and loathing the vicissitudes of a Court-life, retired for ever to a Castle of his own in *Glocestershire*, where he determined to bury himself alive. But one day being drawn to a Kinsmans

[1] The persons in whose presence the story is related.

Wedding, by the importunity of a bosome friend, saw at it, a Gentlewoman, so handsom, that all beauties of *England* (which doubtless is their higl sphere) could not perform on him in twenty years, did in a moment; for, *Madam*, 't is the fate of some F ilies, to fall in love at first sight.

My Father passionately inquired of his Friend if knew her, and being assured he did, and that if she w not his near Kinswoman, he would not scruple to affi he knew no person in the World, whose virtue and s ness of humor, exceeded hers; but withall told him, calamities of the Civil Wars had so ruin'd her Pare fortune, as they were unable to give her a Portion, the least answerable to her birth and merit.

My Father, who knew that happiness has its s Throne only in the mind, and that wealth is an exc which may often be more dangerous than useful, cour this Lady, and having found the character his Friend l given him of her, exactly true, at last married her; fr that Union, my elder Brother and I descended, wh Educations were such, that if we were no great Proficie in our Studies and Exercises, it was our own faults: p sibly never any Friendship was greater, than that, betw my Brother and I; we seem'd to have but one Sc which actuated both our Bodies; and we were deare each other, by the tyes of Friendship, than by those Blood.

We were never admitted to see a Court or an Arm and my Father who had taken a Surfet of both, gave earlier years such ill impressions of them, that we joyfi dedicated the hours of our vacancy to no other pleasu but those of Hunting and Hawking, and such harm divertisements of a Countrey life.

In these innocent employments, my Brother attain'd

his twentieth, and I to my nineteenth year; but as Fortune had envied us this little tranquility, a near Friend of my Mothers dyed, and left to her care her onely Daughter, which Legacy she sent her at the last gasp, with the little she had saved out of the general shipwrack, occasion'd by the bloody contentions of the two Roses.

My Mother manifested the esteem she had of [the] dead, by her care of the living; nor could that generosity be noblier employed, than on this young Gentlewoman, whose name was *Victoria*; for she was so charming and lovely, that the very first hour she came to live with my Mother, my Brother and I began to feel a passion in our hearts, which till that moment, we had never been acquainted with.

Could I draw you, *Madam*, her Picture to the Life, you would excuse our being so soon vanquish'd: for I thought then, nothing could be so perfect; and should have still continued in that belief, had not my sight this day convinc'd me of my Error.

My Brother never told me of his passion, neither did I acquaint him with mine; which was the first and onely Secret we kept in reserve from one another.

I will not, *Madam*, so much misimploy your patience, as to tell you all the Services I paid the charming *Victoria*; nor all the arts and assiduities I used to make them acceptable to her; neither will I particularize my Brothers part, in the like design. 'T is enough you know, that after above one years languishing, I had this ill-natur'd consolation, that I judged my Brother was as unsuccessful as I; so that the reservedness, and severity of *Victoria's* carriage, made me often in despair and anger, resolve to abandon so hopeless a Love; nay, I was in my heart almost despising my Brother, for his not assuming the like resolution.

But alas! I soon found 't is Love which gives Laws to us, and not we to Love; for I so strongly renew'd my Chains, as a Pennance, for having intended to break them, that I had merited *Victoria's* contempt, had she but known I lov'd her so much then, and had lov'd her no more formerly.

But as my passion increast, I thought her coldness did; and in all her deportment both to my Brother and me, she manifested such indifferency, that I could not be more troubled at it, than I was pleas'd to observe my friend wore the same livery.

While these things were in this posture, one morning he went out very early a Hunting, my Page, who was fond of that recreation, very officiously waked me, to give me notice of it; hoping I would be a sharer in it, and consequently he, who usually attended me.

This being the first time he had designed to separate me from any of his recreations, as well as businesses, (except that great one of his Love) I resolved to follow him, and learn the cause; but after having for some hours fruitlesly inquired after him, and neither hearing of him, nor the cry of the Hounds, I returned home melancholy, and weary; and the Servant which waited on me in my Chamber, being out of the way, I cast my self on a Bed with a Canopy which was in a Closet within the drawing Room, endeavoring by a little sleep to abate my being tired in body, and troubled in mind.

I had not slept half an hour, but I was awakened by the noise of one walking in the same Room. The curtains of the Canopy being not close shut, I saw through the opening, that it was the fair *Victoria*.

The curiosity of a young Lover made me continue conceal'd, to discover what brought her thither; I saw she was discompos'd, and while she was looking in her Glass,

to adjust herself, my Brother came in, who running to her with open arms, embrac'd and kist her, at which she made no resistance, but blushed exceedingly.

My Amazement and Grief at so surprising an Accident, is not to be exprest: But one of the Maid-servants coming into the outward Room to rub it, I heard *Victoria* say, *Alas! we shall be discover'd, unless you make haste away.* My Brother at this, prest her much to name the hour and the signal; to which, at last, trembling and blushing, she answer'd, *This night at midnight, and three soft strokes at the upper part of her Chamber door, should be the sign of admittance.* But she added, *Forget not, Sir, there is nothing but a painted Wainscot between your Mothers Beds-head and mine, and therefore if you speak one word, it may be over-heard, and I shall be ruin'd.*

My Brother promis't her hastily an exact obedience; then having again kist and embrac'd her, went into the outward Chamber, from whence he aloud order'd the Servant to call his Page to him; and as soon as the Coast was clear, *Victoria* also went hastily away.

Judge, *Madam*, I humbly beg you, (continued Brandon) what my condition was, at what I had heard and seen; for I confess I am not able to relate it: Amazement, Jealousie, and Anger, or rather Fury, did so torment me by turns, nay, sometimes all at once, that I knew as little what was fit to do, as what was fit not to be done.

Sometimes I resolved to make Friendship and nature yield to my resentments, and in a Duel Killing my Brother, convince *Victoria*, she had made an unjust choice; but soon that angry Resolve resign'd it self to the Sacred names of Brother and Friend.

Neither could I in calmer thoughts with any shadow of Justice condemn him for having done to me, but what I doubt I should have done to him, had my success been equal to his.

My Rage finding no fit object on my Brother to discharge it self, I determin'd to be revenged on her, and by immediately detecting her sin to my Mother, get her banisht with ignominy out of a Family, where her too much kindness to one of it, was an affront to all the rest.

But then my Love, or rather Pity, to ruine what I had so lately ador'd, shook that resolution, and in a few moments afterwards intirely conquer'd it. So that finding no single object on which to vent my Despair, I was so Criminal (for which, *Madam*, said *Brandon* to *Izabella*, I most humbly beg your pardon) as to Curse the whole Sex: for since she who I then believ'd the greatest ornament of it, and possessor of the strictest virtue in it, had so abandon'd herself, I rashly and criminally concluded all of them merited what at that time I too heartily wish'd might befall them.

In these Disorders, locking up the Chamber door, and walking many turns in it, I began to grow more moderate, and then my evil *Genius* did let me see, that what I had consider'd as my highest misfortune, was what I might more reasonably esteem the contrary; since if I prevented my Brother in the assignation agreed on between *Victoria* and him, which was no difficult work to perform, I should both satisfie my Revenge, and my Love.

When this fatal Project was admitted, Alas! With what raptures was it entertain'd; and all the dictates of Remorse, for betraying my Mistress, my Friend, and my Brother, how chearfully were they sacrific'd to the imagined felicities which were to attend the Action.

In brief, *Madam*, I so cautiously order'd the Design, that it succeeded to my wish. But while I was in my Brothers place, and in all the pleasures of triumphant Love, I did hear him many times give the appointed sig-

nal at the door; but you will easily believe, I took care *Victoria* should not, in whose embraces I spent the happy and guilty Night; and just as the Day began to dawn, having agreed with her the next Night to repeat my joyes, I retired a back way to my own Chamber, where having for some time celebrated my double victory, I drest myself, and with impatience enough waited to observe how my deluded Brother would resent so wounding a disappointment; never till then having in the least consider'd, what might be the consequences of it, so much the delight of involving him in it had blinded me.

My Chamber was next to the great Square, in which the Stair-case was carried up, and from whence *Victoria* was to come down to the Chappel, which every morning and evening she failed not to do.

I had not been long on the attendance, when through a little opening of my door, which I had made on purpose, I saw my Brother come to the foot of the Stairs, walking short turns, and every moment casting up his eyes, to observe when she would descend:

At last she appeared, but as soon as she saw him, her face was cover'd with blushes; but his, at the sight of her, became as pale as Death; and such a shaking seized on all his limbs, as it too evidently discover'd the storm in his Soul.

Victoria, either ashamed to look on him, who she believ'd that night had rifled her greatest treasure; or else minding her steps, looked not on him, till she was within seven or eight of the bottom; but then casting a look towards him as full of modesty as fire, and thinking none could hear her, she told him, *I hope, Sir, you are now satisfied* — He, without giving her leave to finish what she had begun, reply'd, in a furious tone, *Yes, I am satisfied; — But 't is, that you are the falsest of*

Women; and ere long, you shall be satisfied my Resentment shall be as great as my Affront. Then without so much as staying for her answer, he flung away in such a rage, that I who saw it, am not able to describe it.

The poor *Victoria*, at so amazing an usage, became white as Innocence, and gave no sign that she was alive, but by an universal trembling.

The fright I was in, lest she should fall down those steps, on which her astonishment had seized her, made me run out of my concealment, and so timely, that I catch'd her in my Arms just as her Senses had forsaken her; whereby I prevented that Death by her fall on the pavement, which her grief made her desire.

All the Servants in the Family, who were not then employ'd in the necessary functions of it, were gone to the Chappel, and so were my Father and Mother, whereby missing of all help, I carried *Victoria* into my Chamber, and there by bowing her body, rubbing her temples, and casting water on her face, I brought her at last out of her fainting, and then conjur'd her to tell me the cause of it.

She onely answer'd me with a deep sigh; at which I smiled, and acquainted her I had heard all that had past between her and my Brother.

She knew I had too much concernment for her, not to be sensible of her then condition, and therefore having a-while reflected on my smiling, on a sudden she cast her eyes towards me, and fixing them steadfastly on me, she told me, *I conjure you*, Brandon, *to tell me, and truly too, where you lay last night.* I instantly answer'd, *With the greatest Beauty of the World;* and then told her, how I came to over-hear her Assignation with my Brother, and had by my Art, repair'd the misery of her unkindness.

All the while I was making that short Narrative, I

saw her colour come and go, her heart ready to force a passage through her breast, and in so many other Agonies, that had she actually made me as unfortunate as she once intended, the sight of her then suffering would have been too severe a revenge: But alas! when I came to the end of my information, she fetch'd a hideous skreem, and fell dead on the Bed, to which at first I had carried her.

I cannot tell you, *Madam*, which of my Griefs were greater; to see her in that condition, or to find her having made me happy against her will, had reduced her to it: however, I endeavour'd all I could to restore her to her Senses, which at length I effected; but she had no sooner open'd her eyes, and saw her self in my Arms, then she relaps'd, and so long, and so dangerously, that when I fear'd I could not recover her from Death, I resolved to accompany her in it.

But when I began to despair of her return, she came to herself again, and while I was on my knees celebrating my joyes for it, and renewing my passionate request, to know what was the occasion of that sorrow, which was so dangerous to her and me; she strove to go away, but not being strong enough to do it, she fell again upon the Bed, and told me, in an accent too moving to be imitated, *Ah*, Brandon, *you have ruin'd your Brother, and me, and your self, if at least the friendship you have hitherto paid him, be not a fiction; for I am your Brother's Wife, and this morning*—

A crowd of sighs, and a torrent of tears, stop'd the passage of her words; but alas! what she had said, reduced me to a condition as worthy of pity as hers was; which as soon as she observ'd, it heightned her own afflictions, so that she employ'd a quarter of an hour, and with interrupted words, in telling me, *That my Brothers Hunting the day before, was but a pretence to go the*

earlier abroad, to meet her with a Priest, by appointment in a Grove, where they had been married.

At the end of this Relation, her Woman, who had mist her at the Chappel, and had in vain sought her over all the House, came to inquire of me, if I could tell her where she was; there finding her in a fainting condition, by her help, we brought *Victoria* to her own Chamber; and her Distemper every moment increasing, she took her Bed, and I retired.

My Father and Mother having miss'd her at their Devotions, concluded some indisposition was the cause of it; wherefore they came to visit her, and finding she was in a high Fever, they went hastily to their Closets, to write for two of the eminentest Physitians in the Countrey. I took that opportunity to steal into her Chamber, kneel'd by her Beds-side, and in more tears and sighs, than words, convinced her of the vastness of my grief, and then advised her to send immediately for my Brother, and to tell him, *She had locked him out of her Chamber one night, meerly to try his temper; but since she found he resented that seeming unkindness so highly, she beg'd his pardon for it, was really sorry she had committed that fault, and would endeavour to repair it by all the actions of her Life.*

This was the best counsel I could then present her; and asking her, *Whether she approved it, and if it were her pleasure I should send my Brother to wait on her?* She onely told me with a sigh, *Do what you will.* Then turning from me, she fell a weeping in such excess, that I thought she would be drown'd in her own tears.

As soon as I heard my Mother coming in at one door, I slip'd out at the other, and went to seek my Brother; for I was confident if he went not to visit her, it would both increase her danger, and possibly discover the cause of it.

At last I found him in a Grove of the Park, lying his full length, near a Brook, and in troubles almost as great as mine. I told him *Victoria* was fallen into a burning Fever; and by the fierceness of the beginning, my Mother more than feared the End would be fatal, and therefore had sent two Expresses for the Doctors. That I came then from waiting on her, but I had found her so alter'd, as the change had amazed me; since I thought I saw the image of Death in that face, which till then, had been all life. I added, that in a whisper, she had desired me to send him speedily to her, and that I would so order it, as to entertain my Mother, while she herself was speaking alone to him; since she had something on her heart to say, that till she had told him, and received his answer on it, she should be in torments.

At first, my Brother seem'd unmov'd at her anger, and request; but I, at length, prevail'd with him to go where we found my Mother all in tears, the violence of *Victoria's* Fever, so greedily increasing on her.

The vastness of my Mothers affliction, was no ill preparative, to melt my Brothers heart; when he came to *Victoria's* Bed, she resign'd to him her place, and I, to allow them the freer liberty to discourse, drew her to a Window, under pretence of seeing from thence, if either of the Doctors were coming.

I never could learn what in particular past between them, but I saw him at last kneel down by her, (for my eyes were still turned that way) and laying his lips to her burning hand, seem'd thereby to seal her Pardon.

But my Mother, who apprehended such Visits might be hurtful to the fair Patient, ordered us both to retire.

I cannot better parallel his Grief, than by telling you, *Madam*, it was equal to his late Fury; and as we walked together into the Park, he discovered to me, how the day

before he was secretly married to *Victoria*; for he knew he could never have obtain'd my Father's consent to do it, since her Beauty and Virtue was all her Portion. He further told me with groans, that he trembled to think, 't was his Brutishness, had reduc'd her to the deplorable state she was then in; and informed me afterwards of the Assignation, her failing, and his resentments at it, (a Relation which alas I knew better than himself;) That though he more than feared, 't was his outrageous Passion had flung her into the Fever; yet she could not be brought to acknowledge to him, it had done so: But she had beg'd his forgiveness for deluding him, in such moving Words, Actions and Tears, as those confest to him that Truth which he could not extort from her Mouth; That he had beg'd her Pardon on his knees, for his Crime, which she had granted him with a tenderness so charming, that her forgiving him in such a manner, had wounded him as deeply, as his Barbarity had her.

This Account he gave me, in so much affliction and disorder, that it brought on accession to my griefs, which, till then, I believ'd were uncapable of any.

The share which he thought I bore in his misery, heightned his friendship, and made him beg of me a thousand Pardons, that he had till then concealed his Marriage from me, which was the first, and should be the last offence he would be guilty of, but that now my lively sense of his grief had extorted from him, that Confession which else he would not have made: for he fear'd when ever his father knew it, if he should also learn I was acquainted with it, 't would involve me in his disgrace, the apprehension of which only had hitherto sealed his lips; so that he never had been seemingly unkind to me, but to be really the contrary.

We then in many embraces renew'd our friendships.

Soon after, we saw one of the Doctors gallop by us; we hastily followed him, to learn his judgment of *Victoria's* condition, upon which both our own depended.

In brief, *Madam*, the Physitian awhile felt her Pulse, and shook his Head; and having apply'd all that his art and kindness could dictate, he told my mother the seventh day in great grief; That his Patient had more need of a Priest, than of him; And that his skill deluded him, if some distemper of the Mind had not reduc'd her Body to so dangerous a state.

But, *Madam*, (*Brandon* continued) I perceive your Generosity and Compassion has made you too large a sharer in poor *Victoria's* suffering; I shall not therefore augment it, by particularizing all the fatal passages of this Story.

'T is too much you know,[1] all the Physitians Care and Art, all my Mothers Kindness and Assiduities, all my Brothers Pardons and Tears, and all my Groans and Submissions, could not in the least prevail with *Victoria* to live; her scrupulous Virtue made her judge my Crime was her own; and having lay'n one night in my Arms, she concluded herself unworthy ever after to lie in my Brothers; and that she was only fit for those of death: To which she hastened with such earnestness and resolution, that those who knew not the cause, admired at the action; and I who knew it, deplored it with such excess, that the effect of my sin was believed singly the product of my good Nature.

The Ninth day of her Sickness was the last of her Life; and had like to have been of my Brothers and mine: For before she locked herself up with her Confessor, and after she had taken an eternal Farewell of my uncon-

[1] "'T is too much you know," a side remark to the hearers of the narrative.

solable Father and Mother, she gave one half hour of her hasty time to me, and one full hour to my poor Brother; but what she said to him to mitigate his sorrows heighten'd them, since to lose for ever so much Beauty, Virtue, and Goodness, was above the power of Consolation; and from the hour of her death, he courted his own.

What she said to me was consonant to her admirable Virtue; and made me more in love with her Mind, than I had ever been with her Person.

The nearer her illuminated Soul approached to the happiness she now enjoyes, the greater the lustre of it did shine; and though she spoke to me innumerable excellent things, yet I shall relate to you but this one.

She conjur'd me to flie from Sin; for when it is committed, we can foresee how productive it is in Evil, nor the utmost consequences which attend it. You thought (she added) *that I had been unchaste, and that gave you the opportunity to be so. But you did not imagine that by satisfying one voluptuous desire, it should plunge you into Incest, the death of your Mistriss; and alas! I fear, that of your Friend and Brother. All these were not your design, but by one Sin they became your guilt; and by your sorrow, I see they are your punishment: However* (she continued, putting towards me her pale and trembling hand) *I forgive you, and have in tears beg'd of God to do it. Ah! by this so pregnant a Sin, be for ever frighted from committing another: This is the last Request I shall make you; and if you grant it, 't will be the greatest blessing you can bestow upon your self.*

The excellency of her Admonitions, the Generosity with which she pardon'd me, the unexpressible sorrow for her death, and my own fatal guilt which had caused it, so powerfully operated on me, that retiring from her more dead than alive, I went trembling to my own

Chamber, where having spent an hour in all the Agonies which those Reflections could cast a despairing Soul into, I resolved to forsake for ever my Fathers house, and immediately with some Jewels which my Father had given my Mother, and she had given me, (for I was her Favorite) I stole the back-way to the Stables, took one of my best Horses, and Rid towards *Dover*; but so overwhelm'd with grief and trouble, as I knew not what I did.

From *Dover* I past the Channel into *France*, and for two years last past, I served sometimes in the Armies of King *Francis* the First, and sometimes in those of the Emperor *Charles* the Fifth, where being careless of my life, or rather weary of it, and desirous to lose it, I perform'd some such bold Actions, as I wanted not the offers of great Preferments from those famous Princes. But my unconsolable griefs, which made me do what they thought merited their Favors, made me also decline all those their Generosities offer'd me. And I had still liv'd that wretched and vagabond life, had not a young Gentleman of *Glocestershire*, who had been my Neighbor there, arrived three weeks since at the *French* Army, to learn the Art of War, by whom I was assured, That the day of my flight from my Fathers, the fair *Victoria* dyed; That my Brother having rather languished than outlived her ten days, followed her; And that by his repeated desires, he was buried in the same Grave with her, for at his death, he had acknowledged she had been his Wife; That my Father and Mother, at the loss of her, him, and in appearance, if not in effect, of me also, so languished away, that they were likewise buried together in one Monument; so that by this Gentlemans importunities, and his telling me, that the one afar off related to our Family, was suing for my Estate, and was like to carry it, I was persuaded to return, though without the least hope

of relishing Life. But, *Madam*, continued *Brandon*, since I had the honor to see you, I begin to cast off that despair, and now that it has been in some small measure useful to your service, in hopes it may be more, I shall cherish it, and only on that Account.

THE END

Venice Preserved

THE TEXT

This text of *Venice Preserved* follows a copy of the first quarto, of 1682, now in the collator's possession. It has been collated, also, with copies of the second, 1696, and third, 1704, quartos, and with nearly all the editions published since 1712, the date of the first collective edition of Otway's plays. The second and third quartos follow very closely the text of the first quarto, the differences being for the most part corrections of faulty typography and incorrect spelling. In the first quarto, 1682, the work of two sets of compositors may be traced. The composition of the second workman, beginning on page 33 of the quarto, is characterized by its older forms of spelling and by the persistent mis-spelling of Priuli's name as Prinli. Special attention has also been given to the Thornton edition, of 1813, inasmuch as it was the first serious attempt to revise the text of the plays. From this revision of 1813 all later editions were mere copies until 1885, when Mr. Roland Strong issued a so-called facsimile reprint of the first quarto, at Exeter. Unfortunately this reprint is rendered comparatively valueless because of its errors and changes. Apparently Mr. Israel Gollancz, in his *Temple Dramatists* edition, based his text on this faulty facsimile reprint rather than on the "editio princeps"; at least it shows faults of the former. The text of the Hon. Roden Noel, in the *Mermaid Series*, 1888 and 1893, is based upon the Thornton edition, with, however, numerous emendations.

In this edition the variants exhibit the chief deviations of the present text from those preceding it except the reprint of Mr. Strong. It has seemed inadvisable to encumber the variants with the numerous errors, omissions, and silent changes of that so-called facsimile. In the present text, according to the plan of this series, the capitalization of the seventeenth century has not been retained, and such changes in punctuation have been made as were deemed necessary for a proper understanding by a twentieth-century reader.

Venice Preſerv'd,

OR,

A Plot Diſcover'd.

A

TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted at the

DUKE'S THEATRE.

Written by *THOMAS OTWAY.*

LONDON,

Printed for *Joſ. Hindmarſh* at the Sign of the Black Bull, over againſt the Royal Exchange in *Cornhill.* 1682.

SOURCES

The plot of *Venice Preserved* is founded on an historical romance written by the Abbé Saint-Réal, entitled *Conjuration des Espagnols contre la Venise en 1618*, which was translated "out of the French of C. V. de S. R.," in 1675. For the chief incidents of this romance, see *Appendix B*. The changes which Otway made in his treatment of the characters and events have been noted in the *Introduction*.

EPISTLE DEDICATORY

To her GRACE the DUTCHESS of PORTSMOUTH

Madam,

Were it possible for me to let the world know how entirely your Graces goodness has devoted a poor man to your service; were there words enough in speech to express the mighty sense I have of your great bounty towards me; surely I should write and talk of it for ever: but your Grace has given me so large a theam, and laid so very vast a foundation, that imagination wants stock to build upon it. I am as one dumb when I would speak of it, and when I strive to write, I want a scale of thought sufficient to comprehend the height of it.

Forgive me then, Madam, *if (as a poor peasant once made a present of an apple to an emperour) I bring this small tribute, the humble growth of my little garden, and lay it at your feet. Believe it is paid you with the utmost gratitude, believe that so long as I have thought to remember how very much I owe your generous nature, I will ever have a heart*

7 *very*. Edd., except T, N, and G, omit.

that shall be gratefull for it too: your Grace, next Heaven, deserves it amply from me; that gave me life, but on a hard condition, till your extended favour taught me to prize the gift, and took the heavy burthen it was clogg'd with from me: I mean hard fortune: when I had enemies, that with malitious power kept back and shaded me from those royal beams, whose warmth is all I have, or hope to live by, your noble pity and compassion found me, where I was far cast backward from my blessing, down in the rear of fortune; call'd me up; plac'd me in the shine, and I have felt its comfort. You have in that restor'd me to my native right, for a steady faith, and loyalty to my prince, was all the inheritance my father left me, and however hardly my ill fortune deal with me, 't is what I prize so well that I ne'r pawn'd it yet, and hope I ne'r shall part with it.

Nature and fortune were certainly in league when you were born, and as the first took care to give you beauty enough to enslave the hearts of all the world, so the other resolv'd, to doe its merit justice, that none but a monarch, fit to rule that world, should e'r possess it, and in it he had an empire. The young prince you have given him, by his blooming vertues, early declares the mighty stock he came from; and as you have taken all the pious care of a dear mother and a prudent guardian to give him a noble and generous education, may it succeed according to his

merits and your wishes: may he grow up to be a bulwark to his illustrious father, and a patron to his loyal subjects, with wisedom and learning to assist him, whenever call'd to his councils, to defend his right against the encroachments of republicans in his senates, to cherish such men as shall be able to vindicate the royal cause, that good and fit servants to the crown may never be lost for want of a protectour. May he have courage and conduct, fit to fight his battels abroad, and terrifie his rebells at home; and that all these may be yet more sure, may he never, during the spring-time of his years, when those growing vertues ought with care to be cherish'd, in order to the irripening, may he never meet with vitious natures, or the tongues of faithless, sordid, insipid flatterers, to blast 'em: to conclude; may he be as great as the hand of fortune (with his honour) shall be able to make him: and may your Grace, who are so good a mistress, and so noble a patroness, never meet with a less gratefull servant, than,

Madam,

Your Grace's entirely
devoted Creature,
THOMAS OTWAY.

PROLOGUE

In these distracted times, when each man dreads
The bloudy stratagems of busie heads;
When we have fear'd three years we know not what,
Till witnesses begin to die o' th' rot,
What made our poet meddle with a plot? 5
Was 't that he fansy'd, for the very sake
And name of plot, his trifling play might take?
For there 's not in 't one inch-board evidence,
But 't is, he says, to reason plain and sense;
And that he thinks a plausible defence. 10
Were truth by sense and reason to be tri'd,
Sure all our swearers might be laid aside:
No, of such tools our author has no need,
To make his plot, or [make] his play succeed;
He, of black Bills, has no prodigious tales, 15
Or Spanish pilgrims cast a-shore in Wales;
Here 's not one murther'd magistrate, at least,
Kept rank like ven'son for a city feast,
Grown four days stiff, the better to prepare
And fit his plyant limbs to ride in chair: 20

Prologue. In Q1, Q2, the *Epilogue* follows the *Prologue* immediately.

14 *make.* Q1, Q2, Q3, S, R, mav.

Yet here's an army rais'd, though under ground,
But no man seen, nor one commission found;
Here is a traitour too, that's very old,
Turbulent, subtle, mischievous, and bold,
Bloudy, revengefull, and to crown his part, 25
Loves fumbling with a wench, with all his heart;
Till after having many changes pass'd,
In spite of age (thanks Heaven) is hang'd at last:
Next is a senatour that keeps a whore,
In Venice *none a higher office bore;* 30
To lewdness every night the letcher ran,
Shew me, all London, *such another man,*
Match him at Mother Creswolds *if you can.*
Oh Poland, Poland! *had it been thy lot,*
T'have heard in time of this Venetian plot, 35
Thou surely chosen hadst one king from thence,
And honour'd them as thou hast England *since.*

28 *thanks Heaven.* Q3, Edd., except N and G, thanks t' Heav[e]n.

PERSONÆ DRAMATIS

Duke of *Venice*,	Mr. *D. Williams.*
Priuli, Father *to Belvidera*, a Senatour,	Mr. *Boman.*
Antonio, a fine speaker in the Senate,	Mr. *Leigh.*
[*Bedamar*, the Spanish Ambassador,]	Mr. *Gillo.*
Jaffeir,	Mr. *Betterton.*
Pierre,	Mr. *Smith.*
Renault,	Mr. *Wilshire.*
Spinosa,	Mr. *Percival.*
Theodore,	
Eliot,	
Revillido,	
Durand, } Conspiratours.	
Mezzana,	
Bramveil,	
Ternon,	
[*Retrosi*,]	
Brabe,	
Belvidera,	Mrs. *Barry.*
Aquilina,	Mrs. *Currer.*

Two Women, Attendants on *Belvidera*.
Two Women, Servants to *Aquilina*.
The Council of Ten.
Officer.
Guards.
Friar.
Executioner and Rable.

[SCENE — VENICE.]

Priuli. Q1, Prinle.
Bedamar. In Q1, Q2, this name, without the description, stands in the list of Conspirators.
Retrosi. Does not appear in Q1, Q2.
Revillido. Q2, Revellido.

Venice Preserv'd,

or,

A Plot Discover'd.

Act I. Scene I.

Enter Priuli and Jaffeir.

Priuli. No more! Ile hear no more; begone
and leave.
Jaffeir. Not hear me! by my sufferings but
you shall!
My lord, my lord; I 'm not that abject wretch
You think me: Patience! where 's the distance
throws
Me back so far, but I may boldly speak 5
In right, though proud oppression will not hear
mee!
Priu. Have you not wrong'd me?
Jaff. Could my nature e're
Have brook'd injustice or the doing wrongs,
I need not now thus low have bent my self,

1 *leave.* Q3, Edd., except G, leave me.
2 *sufferings.* Q2, 3, Edd., suffering.

To gain a hearing from a cruel father! 10
Wrong'd you?

Priu. Yes! wrong'd me, in the nicest point:
The honour of my house; you have done me wrong;
You may remember: (for I now will speak,
And urge its baseness:) when you first came home
From travell, with such hopes as made you lookt on 15
By all men's eyes, a youth of expectation;
Pleas'd with your growing virtue, I receiv'd you;
Courted, and sought to raise you to your merits:
My house, my table, nay my fortune, too,
My very self, was yours; you might have us'd me 20
To your best service; like an open friend,
I treated, trusted you, and thought you mine;
When in requital of my best endeavours,
You treacherously practis'd to undo me,
Seduc'd the weakness of my age's darling, 25
My only child, and stole her from my bosome:
Oh Belvidera!

Jaff. 'T is to me you owe her,
Childless you had been else, and in the grave,
Your name extinct, nor no more Priuli heard of.
You may remember, scarce five years are past 30
Since in your brigandine you sail'd to see

29 *nor.* Q3, Edd., except T. G. omit: T. omits *no.*

The Adriatick wedded by our Duke,
And I was with you: your unskilfull pilot
Dash't us upon a rock; when to your boat
You made for safety; entred first your self; 35
The affrighted Belvidera following next,
As she stood trembling on the vessel side,
Was by a wave washt off into the deep,
When instantly I plung'd into the sea,
And buffeting the billows to her rescue, 40
Redeem'd her life with half the loss of mine;
Like a rich conquest in one hand I bore her,
And with the other dasht the sawcy waves,
That throng'd and prest to rob me of my prize:
I brought her, gave her to your despairing arms: 45
Indeed you thank't me; but a nobler gratitude
Rose in her soul: for from that hour she lov'd me,
Till for her life she paid me with her self.

Priu. You stole her from me; like a theif you stole her,
At dead of night; that cursed hour you chose 50
To rifle me of all my heart held dear.
May all your joys in her prove false like mine;
A steril fortune, and a barren bed,
Attend you both; continual discord make
Your days and nights bitter and grievous: still 55
May the hard hand of a vexatious need

37 *vessel side.* Q3, Edd., except G, vessel's side.

Oppress, and grind you; till at last you find
The curse of disobedience all your portion.
Jaff. Half of your curse you have bestow'd in vain;
Heav'n has already crown'd our faithfull loves 60
With a young boy, sweet as his mothers beauty:
May he live to prove more gentle than his grandsire,
And happier than his father!
Priu. Rather live
To bait thee for his bread, and din your ears
With hungry cries; whilst his unhappy mother 65
Sits down and weeps in bitterness of want.
Jaff. You talk as if it would please you.
Priu. 'T would, by Heav'n!
Once she was dear indeed; the drops that fell
From my sad heart, when she forgot her duty,
The fountain of my life was not so pretious: 70
But she is gone, and if I am a man
I will forget her.
Jaff. Would I were in my grave.
Priu. And she, too, with thee;
For, living here, you 're but my curs'd remembrancers
I once was happy.
Jaff. You use me thus, because you know my soul

70 *was.* N, were.
71–72 *But . . . her.* Q2 prints in one line.

Is fond of Belvidera: you perceive
My life feeds on her, therefore thus you treat me;
Oh! could my soul ever have known satiety,
Were I that theif, the doer of such wrongs 80
As you upbraid me with, what hinders me
But I might send her back to you with contumely,
And court my fortune where she wou'd be kinder!

Priu. You dare not do 't.—

Jaff. Indeed, my lord, I dare not.
My heart that awes me is too much my master: 85
Three years are past since first our vows were plighted,
During which time, the world must bear me witness,
I have treated Belvidera like your daughter,
The daughter of a senator of Venice;
Distinction, place, attendance and observance, 90
Due to her birth, she always has commanded;
Out of my little fortune I have done this;
Because (though hopeless e're to win your nature)
The world might see, I lov'd her for her self,
Not as the heiress of the great Priuli.— 95

Priu. No more!

Jaff. Yes! all, and then adieu for ever!
There 's not a wretch that lives on common charity
But 's happier than me: for I have known
The luscious sweets of plenty; every night

Have slept with soft content about my head, 100
And never waked but to a joyfull morning,
Yet now must fall like a full ear of corn,
Whose blossom scap'd, yet 's withered in the ripening.

Priu. Home and be humble, study to retrench;
Discharge the lazy vermin of thy hall, 105
Those pageants of thy folly;
Reduce the glittering trappings of thy wife
To humble weeds, fit for thy little state;
Then to some suburb cottage both retire;
Drudge, to feed loathsome life; get brats, and starve— 110
Home, home, I say.— *Exit Priuli.*

Jaff. Yes, if my heart would let me—
This proud, this swelling heart: home I would go
But that my dores are hatefull to my eyes,
Fill'd and damm'd up with gaping creditors,
Watchfull as fowlers when their game will spring; 115
I have now not 50 ducats in the world,
Yet still I am in love, and pleas'd with ruin.
Oh Belvidera! oh she 's my wife—
And we will bear our wayward fate together,
But ne're know comfort more.

Enter Pierre.

Pierre. My friend, good morrow! 120

116 *I have now not.* Edd., except T, N, and G, I 've not now fifty.

How fares the honest partner of my heart?
What, melancholy! not a word to spare me?
Jaff. I 'm thinking, Pierre, how that damn'd starving quality,
Call'd honesty, got footing in the world.
Pierr. Why, pow'rful villainy first set it up, 125
For its own ease and safety: honest men
Are the soft, easy cushions on which knaves
Repose and fatten: were all mankind villains,
They 'd starve each other; lawyers wou'd want practice,
Cut-throats rewards: each man would kill his brother 130
Himself, none would be paid or hang'd for murder:
Honesty was a cheat invented first
To bind the hands of bold, deserving rogues,
That fools and cowards might sit safe in power,
And lord it uncontroul'd above their betters. 135
Jaff. Then honesty is but a notion.
Pierr. Nothing else,
Like wit, much talkt of, not to be defin'd:
He that pretends to most, too, has least share in 't;
'T is a ragged virtue: honesty! no more on 't.
Jaff. Sure thou art honest?
Pierr. So indeed men think me? 140

136 *honesty is.* T, N, read, honesty 's.

But they 're mistaken, Jaffeir: I am a rogue
As well as they;
A fine, gay, bold faced villain, as thou seest me;
'T is true, I pay my debts when they 'r contracted;
I steal from no man; would not cut a throat 145
To gain admission to a great man's purse,
Or a whores bed; I 'de not betray my friend,
To get his place or fortune: I scorn to flatter
A blown-up fool above me, or crush the wretch beneath me,
Yet, Jaffeir, for all this, I am a villain! 150

Jaff. A villain —

Pierr. Yes, a most notorious villain:
To see the suff'rings of my fellow creatures,
And own my self a man: to see our senators
Cheat the deluded people with a shew
Of liberty, which yet they ne'r must taste of; 155
They say, by them our hands are free from fetters,
Yet whom they please they lay in basest bonds;
Bring whom they please to infamy and sorrow;
Drive us like wracks down the rough tide of power,
Whilst no hold 's left to save us from destruction; 160
All that bear this are villains; and I one,

149 *above me.* T, N, omit *me.*

Not to rouse up at the great call of nature,
And check the growth of these domestick spoil-
ers,
That makes us slaves and tells us 't is our charter,
Jaff. Oh Aquilina! friend, to lose such beauty, 165
The dearest purchase of thy noble labours!
She was thy right by conquest, as by love.
Pierr. Oh Jaffeir! I 'de so fixt my heart upon
her,
That wheresoe're I fram'd a scheme of life
For time to come, she was my only joy 170
With which I wish't to sweeten future cares;
I fancy'd pleasures, none but one that loves
And dotes as I did can imagine like 'em:
When in the extremity of all these hopes,
In the most charming hour of expectation, 175
Then when our eager wishes soar the highest,
Ready to stoop and grasp the lovely game,
A haggard owl, a worthless kite of prey,
With his foul wings sayl'd in and spoyl'd my
quarry.
Jaff. I know the wretch, and scorn him as
thou hat'st him. 180
Pierr. Curse on the common good that 's so
protected,
Where every slave that heaps up wealth enough
To do much wrong, becomes a lord of right:

164 *makes . . . tells.* Q3, Edd., except G, make . . . tell.

I, who beleiv'd no ill could e're come near me,
Found in the embraces of my Aquilina 185
A wretched, old but itching senator;
A wealthy fool, that had bought out my title,
A rogue, that uses beauty like a lambskin,
Barely to keep him warm: that filthy cuckoo, too,
Was in my absence crept into my nest, 190
And spoyling all my brood of noble pleasure.

Jaff. Didst thou not chace him thence?

Pierr. I did; and drove
The rank old bearded *Hirco* stinking home:
The matter was complain'd of in the senate,
I summon'd to appear, and censur'd basely, 195
For violating something they call *priviledge* —
This was the recompence of my service:
Would I 'd been rather beaten by a coward!
A souldier's mistress, Jaffeir, 's his religion;
When that 's prophan'd, all other tyes are broken; 200
That even dissolves all former bonds of service,
And from that hour I think my self as free
To be the foe as e're the friend of Venice —
Nay, dear Revenge, when e're thou call'st I am ready.

192 *thence.* Edd., except T, N, and G, hence.
197 *of my.* T, N read, all my.
199 *'s his.* Q3, Edd., except T, N, and G, is his.

Jaff. I think no safety can be here for virtue, 205
And grieve, my friend, as much as thou to live
In such a wretched state as this of Venice;
Where all agree to spoil the publick good,
And villains fatten with the brave man's labours.
Pierr. We have neither safety, unity, nor peace, 210
For the foundation 's lost of common good;
Justice is lame as well as blind amongst us;
The laws (corrupted to their ends that make 'em)
Serve but for instruments of some new tyranny,
That every day starts up to enslave us deeper: 215
Now could this glorious cause but find out friends
To do it right! Oh Jaffeir! then might'st thou
Not wear these seals of woe upon thy face,
The proud Priuli should be taught humanity,
And learn to value such a son as thou art. 220
I dare not speak! But my heart bleeds this moment!
Jaff. Curst be the cause, though I thy friend be part on 't:
Let me partake the troubles of thy bosom,
For I am us'd to misery, and perhaps
May find a way to sweeten 't to thy spirit. 225
Pierr. Too soon it will reach thy knowledg—
Jaff. Then from thee

Let it proceed. There 's virtue in thy friendship
Would make the saddest tale of sorrow pleasing,
Strengthen my constancy, and welcome ruin.
Pierr. Then thou art ruin'd!
Jaff. That I long since knew, 230
I and ill fortune have been long acquaintance.
Pierr. I past this very moment by thy dores,
And found them guarded by a troop of villains;
The sons of public rapine were destroying:
They told me, by the sentence of the law 235
They had commission to seize all thy fortune,
Nay more, Priuli's cruel hand hath sign'd it.
Here stood a ruffian with a horrid face
Lording it o're a pile of massy plate,
Tumbled into a heap for publick sale: 240
There was another making villainous jests
At thy undoing; he had ta'ne possession
Of all thy antient, most domestick ornaments,
Rich hangings, intermixt and wrought with gold;
The very bed, which on thy wedding night 245
Receiv'd thee to the arms of Belvidera,
The scene of all thy joys, was violated
By the coarse hands of filthy dungeon villains,
And thrown amongst the common lumber.
Jaff. Now thanks, Heav'n — 250
Pierr. Thank Heav'n! for what?
Jaff. That I am not worth a ducat.

231 *acquaintance.* Q3, Edd., except G, acquainted.

Pierr. Curse thy dull stars, and the worst fate of Venice,
Where brothers, friends, and fathers, all are false;
Where there 's no trust, no truth; where innocence
Stoops under vile oppression; and vice lords it. 255
Hadst thou but seen, as I did, how at last
Thy beauteous Belvidera, like a wretch
That 's doom'd to banishment, came weeping forth,
Shining through tears, like April suns in showers,
That labour to orecome the cloud that loads 'm, 260
Whilst two young virgins, on whose arms she lean'd,
Kindly lookt up, and at her grief grew sad,
As if they catcht the sorrows that fell from her!
Even the lewd rabble that were gather'd round
To see the sight, stood mute when they beheld her; 265
Govern'd their roaring throats and grumbled pity:
I cou'd have hugg'd the greazy rogues: they pleas'd me.

Jaff. I thank thee for this story from my soul,
Since now I know the worst that can befall me:
Ah Pierre! I have a heart, that could have born 270

255 *it.* Q1, colon after *it.* 263 *her.* Q1, colon after *her.*

The roughest wrong my fortune could have done me:
But when I think what Belvidera feels,
The bitterness her tender spirit tasts of,
I own my self a coward: bear my weakness,
If throwing thus my arms about thy neck, 275
I play the boy, and blubber in thy bosome.
Oh! I shall drown thee with my sorrows!

Pierr. Burn!
First burn, and level Venice to thy ruin!
What, starve like beggars brats in frosty weather,
Under a hedge, and whine our selves to death! 280
Thou, or thy cause, shall never want assistance,
Whilst I have blood or fortune fit to serve thee;
Command my heart: thou art every way its master.

Jaff. No: there's a secret pride in bravely dying.

Pierr. Rats die in holes and corners, dogs run mad; 285
Man knows a braver remedy for sorrow.
Revenge! the attribute of gods, they stampt it
With their great image on our natures; dye!
Consider well the cause that calls upon thee:
And, if thou art base enough, dye then: remember 290
Thy Belvidera suffers: Belvidera!
Dye — damn first — what be decently interr'd

In a church-yard, and mingle thy brave dust
With stinking rogues that rot in dirty winding sheets,
Surfeit-slain fools, the common dung o' th' soyl. 295
Jaff. Oh!
Pierr. Well said, out with 't, swear a little —
Jaff. Swear!
By sea and air, by earth, by Heaven and Hell,
I will revenge my Belvidera's tears!
Hark thee, my friend — Priuli — is — a senator!
Pierr. A dog!
Jaff. Agreed.
Pierr. Shoot him.
Jaff. With all my heart! 300
No more: where shall we meet at night?
Pierr. I 'll tell thee;
On the Ryalto every night at twelve
I take my evening's walk of meditation,
There we two will meet, and talk of pretious
Mischief —
Jaff. Farewell.
Pierr. At twelve.
Jaff. At any hour; my plagues 305
Will keep me waking. *Ex[it] Pierr[e].*
Tell me why, good Heav'n,
Thou mad'st me what I am, with all the spirit,

294 *dirty.* 1768, 1812, Edd. omit.
304 *two will.* 1768, 1812, Edd., two 'll; T, N, omit *two.*

Aspiring thoughts and elegant desires
That fill the happiest man? Ah! rather why
Did'st thou not form me sordid as my fate, 310
Base minded, dull, and fit to carry burdens?
Why have I sence to know the curse that's on me?
Is this just dealing, Nature? Belvidera!

Enter Belvidera.

Poor Belvidera!

Belvidera. Lead me, lead me, my virgins,
To that kind voice! My lord, my love, my refuge! 315
Happy my eyes, when they behold thy face:
My heavy heart will leave its doleful beating
At sight of thee, and bound with sprightful joys.
Oh smile, as when our loves were in their spring,
And cheer my fainting soul.

Jaff. As when our loves 320
Were in their spring? has then my fortune chang'd?
Art thou not Belvidera, still the same,
Kind, good, and tender, as my arms first found thee?
If thou art alter'd, where shall I have harbour?
Where ease my loaded heart? Oh! where complain? 325

Belv. Does this appear like change, or love decaying?

When thus I throw my self into thy bosom,
With all the resolution of a strong truth:
Beats not my heart, as 't wou'd alarm thine
To a new charge of bliss; I joy more in thee, 330
Than did thy mother when she hugg'd thee first,
And bless'd the gods for all her travel past.

Jaff. Can there in women be such glorious faith?
Sure all ill stories of thy sex are false;
Oh woman! lovely woman! Nature made thee 335
To temper man: we had been brutes without you;
Angels are painted fair, to look like you;
There 's in you all that we believe of Heav'n,
Amazing brightness, purity and truth,
Eternal joy, and everlasting love. 340

Belv. If love be treasure, wee 'l be wondrous rich;
I have so much, my heart will surely break with 't;
Vows cannot express it, when I wou'd declare
How great 's my joy, I am dumb with the big thought;
I swell, and sigh, and labour with my longing. 345
Oh lead me to some desart wide and wild,
Barren as our misfortunes, where my soul
May have its vent: where I may tell aloud

329 *Beats.* Q1, Q2, Beat's. 343 *cannot.* Q3, can't.

To the high heavens, and every list'ning planet,
With what a boundless stock my bosom 's fraught; 350
Where I may throw my eager arms about thee,
Give loose to love with kisses, kindling joy,
And let off all the fire that 's in my heart.

Jaff. Oh Belvidera! double I am a beggar,
Undone by fortune, and in debt to thee. 355
Want! worldly want! that hungry, meager fiend
Is at my heels, and chaces me in view.
Can'st thou bear cold and hunger? Can these limbs,
Fram'd for the tender offices of love,
Endure the bitter gripes of smarting poverty? 360
When banisht by our miseries abroad,
(As suddenly we shall be) to seek out
(In some far climate where our names are strangers)
For charitable succour; wilt thou then,
When in a bed of straw we shrink together, 365
And the bleak winds shall whistle round our heads,
Wilt thou then talk thus to me? Wilt thou then
Hush my cares thus, and shelter me with love?

Belv. Oh I will love thee, even in madness love thee.
Tho my distracted senses should forsake me, 370

354 *double I am.* Q3, Edd., doubly I 'm; but G, double I 'm.

I 'd find some intervals, when my poor heart
Should swage it self, and be let loose to thine.
Though the bare earth be all our resting-place,
Its roots our food, some clift our habitation,
I 'l make this arm a pillow for thy head; 375
And as thou sighing ly'st, and swell'd with sorrow,
Creep to thy bosom, pour the balm of love
Into thy soul, and kiss thee to thy rest;
Then praise our God, and watch thee 'till the morning.

Jaff. Hear this, you Heavens, and wonder how you made her! 380
Reign, reign, ye monarchs that divide the world,
Busy rebellion ne'er will let you know
Tranquility and happiness like mine;
Like gawdy ships, th' obsequious billows fall
And rise again, to lift you in your pride; 385
They wait but for a storm and then devour you:
I, in my private bark, already wreckt,
Like a poor merchant driven on unknown land,
That had by chance packt up his choicest treasure
In one dear casket, and sav'd only that, 390
Since I must wander further on the shore,
Thus hug my little, but my precious store;
Resolv'd to scorn, and trust my fate no more.

Exeunt.

377 *pour.* Q1, pou'r. 380 *Heavens.* Q2, Q3, Heav'ns.

Act II. [Scene I.]

Enter Pierre and Aquilina.

Aquilina. By all thy wrongs, thou art dearer to my arms
Than all the wealth of Venice: prithee stay,
And let us love to night.
Pierre. No: there 's fool,
There 's fool about thee: when a woman sells
Her flesh to fools, her beauty 's lost to me; 5
They leave a taint, a sully where th'ave past;
There 's such a baneful quality about 'em,
Even spoyls complexions with their own nauseousness.
They infect all they touch; I cannot think
Of tasting any thing a fool has pall'd. 10
Aquil. I loath and scorn that fool thou mean'st, as much
Or more than thou can'st; but the beast has gold
That makes him necessary; power too,
To qualifie my character, and poise me
Equal with peevish virtue, that beholds 15
My liberty with envy; in their hearts
Are loose as I am; but an ugly power
Sits in their faces, and frights pleasures from 'em.

8 *own.* Q3, Edd., except G, omit.
17 *Are loose.* Q3, Edd., except G, They 're loose.

Pierr. Much good may 't do you, madam, with your senator.
Aquil. My senator! why, can'st thou think that wretch 20
E're fill'd thy Aquilina's arms with pleasure?
Think'st thou, because I sometimes give him leave
To foyle himself at what he is unfit for,
Because I force my self to endure and suffer him,
Think'st thou I love him? No, by all the joys 25
Thou ever gav'st me, his presence is my pennance;
The worst thing an old man can be 's a lover,
A meer *memento mori* to poor woman.
I never lay by his decrepit side,
But all that night I ponder'd on my grave. 30
Pierr. Would he were well sent thither.
Aquil. That 's my wish too:
For then, my Pierre, I might have cause with pleasure
To play the hypocrite: oh! how I could weep
Over the dying dotard, and kiss him too,
In hopes to smother him quite; then, when the time 35
Was come to pay my sorrows at his funeral,
For he has already made me heir to treasures,

34 *and.* 1768, 1812, Edd. omit.

Would make me out-act a real widows whining:
How could I frame my face to fit my mourning!
With wringing hands attend him to his grave, 40
Fall swooning on his hearse: take mad possession
Even of the dismal vault where he lay bury'd,
There like the Ephesian matron dwell, till thou,
My lovely soldier, comest to my deliverance;
Then throwing up my veil, with open armes 45
And laughing eyes, run to new dawning joy.

Pierr. No more! I have friends to meet me here to night,
And must be private. As you prize my friendship,
Keep up your coxcomb: let him not pry nor listen
Nor fisk about the house as I have seen him, 50
Like a tame, mumping squirrel with a bell on;
Currs will be abroad to bite him, if you do.

Aquil. What friends to meet? may I not be of your council?

Pierr. How! a woman ask questions out of bed?
Go to your senator, ask him what passes 55
Amongst his brethren, hee'l hide nothing from you;
But pump not me for politicks. No more!

50 *fisk.* N reads, frisk.
53 *may I not be* Q3, 1712, T, N, may n't I be.

Give order that whoever in my name
Comes here, receive admittance: so good night.
Aquil. Must we ne're meet again! Embrace no more!
Is love so soon and utterly forgotten!
Pierr. As you hence-forward treat your fool, I'le think on 't.
Aquil. Curst be all fools, and doubly curst my self,
The worst of fools — I die if he forsakes me;
And how to keep him, Heav'n or Hell instruct me. *Exeunt.*

SCENE [II]. *The Ryalto.*

Enter Jaffeir.

Jaffeir. I am here, and thus, the shades of night around me,
I look as if all Hell were in my heart,
And I in Hell. Nay, surely, 't is so with me; —
For every step I tread methinks some fiend
Knocks at my breast, and bids it not be quiet:
I 've heard how desperate wretches like my self
Have wander'd out at this dead time of night
To meet the foe of mankind in his walk:
Sure I am so curst that, tho' of Heav'n forsaken,
No Minister of Darkness cares to tempt me.
Hell! Hell! why sleepest thou?

5 *it.* 1768, 1812, Edd. read, me.

Enter Pierre.

Pierre. Sure I have stay'd too long:
The clock has struck, and I may lose my proselyte.
Speak, who goes there?
Jaff. A dog, that comes to howl
At yonder moon: what 's he that asks the question?
Pierr. A friend to dogs, for they are honest creatures,
And ne're betray their masters; never fawn
On any that they love not: well met, friend:
Jaffeir!
Jaff. The same. Oh Pierre! thou art come in season:
I was just going to pray.
Pierr. Ah that 's mechanick,
Priests make a trade on 't, and yet starve by it, too:
No praying, it spoils business, and time 's precious;
Where 's Belvidera?
Jaff. For a day or two
I 've lodg'd her privately, 'till I see farther
What fortune will do with me? Prithee, friend,
If thou would'st have me fit to hear good counsel,
Speak not of Belvidera —
Pierr. Speak not of her.

27 *Speak.* 1768, 1812, Edd. omit.

Jaff. Oh no!
Pierr. Nor name her. May be I wish her well.
Jaff. Who well?
Pierr. Thy wife, thy lovely Belvidera;
I hope a man may wish his friends wife well, 30
And no harm done!
Jaff. Y' are merry, Pierre!
Pierr. I am so:
Thou shalt smile too, and Belvidera smile;
We 'll all rejoyce; here 's something to buy pins;
Marriage is chargeable.
Jaff. I but half wisht
To see the devil, and he 's here already. 35
Well!
What must this buy, rebellion, murder, treason?
Tell me which way I must be damn'd for this.
Pierr. When last we parted, we had no qualms like these,
But entertain'd each others thoughts like men 40
Whose souls were well acquainted. Is the world
Reform'd since our last meeting? What new miracles
Have happen'd? Has Priuli's heart relented?
Can he be honest?
Jaff. Kind Heav'n! let heavy curses

29 *Who.* Q3, Edd., whom.
39 *we had.* Q3, Edd., except G, we 'd.

Gall his old age; cramps, aches, rack his bones; 45
And bitterest disquiet wring his heart;
Oh let him live 'till life become his burden;
Let him groan under 't long, linger an age
In the worst agonies and pangs of death,
And find its ease but late!

Pierr. Nay, could'st thou not 50
As well, my friend, have stretcht the curse to all
The senate round, as to one single villain?

Jaff. But curses stick not: could I kill with cursing,
By Heav'n, I know not thirty heads in Venice
Should not be blasted; senators should rot 55
Like dogs on dunghills, but their wives and daughters
Dye of their own diseases. Oh for a curse
To kill with!

Pierr. Daggers, daggers are much better!

Jaff. Ha!

Pierr. Daggers.

Jaff. But where are they?

Pierr. Oh, a thousand
May be dispos'd in honest hands in Venice. 60

Jaff. Thou talk'st in clouds.

Pierr. But yet a heart half wrong'd
As thine has bin, would find the meaning, Jaffeir.

Jaff. A thousand daggers, all in honest hands;
And have not I a friend will stick one here?

Pierr. Yes, if I thought thou wert not to be cherisht 65
To a nobler purpose, I 'd be that friend.
But thou hast better friends, friends whom thy wrongs
Have made thy friends; friends worthy to be call'd so.
I 'l trust thee with a secret: there are spirits
This hour at work. But as thou art a man 70
Whom I have pickt and chosen from the world,
Swear that thou wilt be true to what I utter,
And when I have told thee that which only gods
And men like gods are privy to, then swear
‹No chance or change shall wrest it from thy bosom. 75

Jaff. When thou would'st bind me, is there need of oaths?
(Green-sickness girls lose maiden-heads with such counters)
For thou art so near my heart that thou may'st see
Its bottom, sound its strength, and firmness to thee:
Is coward, fool, or villain, in my face? 80
If I seem none of these, I dare believe
Thou would'st not use me in a little cause,

66 *To a . . . I'd.* Q3, 1712, 1757, Edd., T' a . . . I would; T, N, To a . . . I would.

For I am fit for honour's toughest task;
Nor ever yet found fooling was my province;
And for a villainous, inglorious enterprize, 8
I know thy heart so well, I dare lay mine
Before thee, set it to what point thou wilt.

Pierr. Nay, it's a cause thou wilt be fond of, Jaffeir,
For it is founded on the noblest basis,
Our liberties, our natural inheritance; 9
There's no religion, no hypocrisie in't;
Wee'l do the business, and ne'r fast and pray for't:
Openly act a deed the world shall gaze
With wonder at, and envy when it is done.

Jaff. For liberty!

Pierr. For liberty, my friend: 9
Thou shalt be freed from base Priuli's tyranny,
And thy sequestred fortunes heal'd again.
I shall be freed from opprobrious wrongs
That press me now, and bend my spirit downward:
All Venice free, and every growing merit 10
Succeed to its just right: fools shall be pull'd
From wisdoms seat; those baleful, unclean birds,
Those lazy-owls, who (perch'd near Fortunes top)
Sit only watchful with their heavy wings

88 *it's.* T, N, 'is; G omits

To cuff down new fledg'd virtues, that would rise 105
To nobler heights, and make the grove harmonious.

Jaff. What can I do?

Pierr. Can'st thou not kill a senator?

Jaff. Were there one wise or honest, I could kill him
For herding with that nest of fools and knaves.
By all my wrongs, thou talk'st as if revenge 110
Were to be had, and the brave story warms me.

Pierr. Swear then!

Jaff. I do, by all those glittering stars
And yond great, ruling planet of the night!
By all good pow'rs above, and ill below,
By love and friendship, dearer than my life, 115
No pow'r or death shall make me false to thee!

Pierr. Here we embrace, and I 'l unlock my heart.
A councel 's held hard by, where the destruction
Of this great empire 's hatching: there I 'l lead thee!
But be a man, for thou art to mix with men 120
Fit to disturb the peace of all the world,
And rule it when it 's wildest —

Jaff. I give thee thanks
For this kind warning: yes, I will be a man,
And charge thee, Pierre, when er'e thou see'st my fears

Betray me less, to rip this heart of mine 125
Out of my breast, and shew it for a cowards.
Come, let 's begone, for from this hour I chase
All little thoughts, all tender humane follies
Out of my bosom: vengeance shall have room:
Revenge!

Pierr. And liberty!

Jaff. Revenge! Revenge— 130

Exeunt.

[Scene III.] *The Scene changes to Aquilina's House, the Greek Curtezan.*

Enter Renault.

Renault. Why was my choice ambition, the first ground
A wretch can build on? It 's indeed at distance
A good prospect, tempting to the view,
The height delights us, and the mountain top
Looks beautiful, because it 's nigh to Heav'n, 5
But we ne're think how sandy 's the foundation,
What storm will batter, and what tempest shake us!
Who 's there?

Enter Spinosa.

Spinosa. Renault, good morrow! for by this time

1 *first.* Q3, Edd., except G, worst.
3 *good.* 1768, 1812, T, N, Edd., goodly.

I think the scale of night has turn'd the ballance,
And weighs up morning: has the clock struck twelve? 10

Ren. Yes, clocks will go as they are set. But man,
Irregular man, 's ne're constant, never certain:
I 've spent at least three pretious hours of darkness
In waiting, dull attendance; 't is the curse
Of diligent virtue to be mixt, like mine, 15
With giddy tempers, souls but half resolv'd.

Spin. Hell seize that soul amongst us it can frighten.

Ren. What 's then the cause that I am here alone!
Why are we not together?

Enter Eliot.

O sir, welcome!
You are an Englishman: when treason 's hatching 20
One might have thought you 'd not have been behind hand.
In what whore's lap have you been lolling?
Give but an Englishman his whore and ease,
Beef and a sea-coal fire, he 's yours for ever.

Eliot. Frenchman, you are sawcy.

Ren. How!

24 *Beef and a.* G reads, Beef and sea-coal fire.

Enter Bedamar the Ambassador, Theodore, Brainveil, Durand, Brabe, Revellido, Mezzana, Ternon, Retrosi, Conspirators.

Bedamar. At difference, fy! 25
Is this a time for quarrels? Thieves and rogues
Fall out and brawl: should men of your high calling,
Men separated by the choice of Providence
From the gross heap of mankind, and set here
In this great assembly as in one great jewel, 30
T'adorn the bravest purpose it er'e smil'd on, —
Should you like boys wrangle for trifles?

Ren. Boys!

Beda. Renault, thy hand!

Ren. I thought I'd given my heart
Long since to every man that mingles here;
But grieve to find it trusted with such tempers, 35
That can't forgive my froward age its weakness.

Beda. Eliot, thou once had'st vertue; I have seen
Thy stubborn temper bend with godlike goodness,
Not half thus courted: 't is thy nations glory,
To hugg the foe that offers brave alliance. 40
Once more embrace, my friends — wee'l all embrace —
United thus, we are the mighty engin

30 *great assembly.* Q3, Edd. omit *great.*

Must twist this rooted empire from its basis!
Totters it not already?
Eliot. Would it were tumbling.
Beda. Nay, it shall down: this night we seal
its ruine. 45

Enter Pierre.

Oh Pierre! thou art welcome!
Come to my breast, for by its hopes thou look'st
Lovelily dreadful, and the fate of Venice
Seems on thy sword already. Oh my Mars!
The poets that first feign'd a god of war 50
Sure prophesy'd of thee.
Pierre. Friends! was not Brutus,
(I mean that Brutus, who in open Senate
Stabb'd the first Cæsar that usurp'd the world)
A gallant man?
Ren. Yes, and Cateline too;
Tho story wrong his fame: for he conspir'd 55
To prop the reeling glory of his country:
His cause was good.
Beda. And ours as much above it,
As, Renault, thou art superior to Cethegus,
Or Pierre to Cassius.
Pierr. Then to what we aim at
When do we start? or must we talk for ever? 60
Beda. No, Pierre, the deed 's near birth: fate
seems to have set

44 *it not.* Edd., except T, N, and G, read, not it.
55 *wrong.* 1768, 1775, 1812, Edd., wrong'd.

The business up, and given it to our care,
I hope there 's not a heart nor hand amongst us
But is firm and ready.

All. All! Wee 'l die with Bedamar.

Beda. Oh men, 65
Matchless, as will your glory be hereafter!
The game is for a matchless prize, if won;
If lost, disgraceful ruine.

Ren. What can lose it?
The publick stock 's a beggar; one Venetian
Trusts not another. Look into their stores 70
Of general safety, empty magazines,
A tatter'd fleet, a murmuring, unpaid army,
Bankrupt nobility, a harrast commonalty,
A factious, giddy, and divided Senate,
Is all the strength of Venice. Let 's destroy it; 75
Let 's fill their magazines with arms to awe them,
Man out their fleet, and make their trade maintain it;
Let loose the murmuring army on their masters,
To pay themselves with plunder; lop their nobles
To the base roots, whence most of 'em first sprung; 80
Enslave the rowt, whose smarting will make humble;
Turn out their droning Senate, and possess

65 *Bedamar.* Qq read, *Bedamore*, here and in other places.
75 *Venice.* Q1, colon.

That seat of empire which our souls were fram'd for.

Pierr. Ten thousand men are armed at your nod,
Commanded all by leaders fit to guide
A battle for the freedom of the world;
This wretched state has starv'd them in its service,
And by your bounty quicken'd, they 're resolv'd
To serve your glory, and revenge their own!
Th' have all their different quarters in this city,
Watch for th' alarm, and grumble 't is so tardy.

Beda. I doubt not, friend, but thy unweary'd diligence
Has still kept waking, and it shall have ease.
After this night it is resolv'd we meet
No more, 'till Venice own us for her lords.

Pierr. How lovely the Adriatique whore,
Drest in her flames, will shine! devouring flames!
Such as shall burn her to the watery bottom
And hiss in her foundation.

Beda. Now if any
Amongst us that owns this glorious cause
Have friends or interest hee 'd wish to save,
Let it be told; the general doom is seal'd,
But I 'de forgo the hopes of a worlds empire,
Rather than wound the bowels of my friend.

93 *ease.* Q1, semicolon.
96 *lovely.* 1768, 1812, T, N, Edd., lovelily.

Pierr. I must confess you there have toucht
my weakness:
I have a friend; hear it, such a friend!
My heart was ne're shut to him: nay, I 'l tell
you,
He knows the very business of this hour;
But he rejoyces in the cause, and loves it:
W' have chang'd a vow to live and die together,
And he 's at hand to ratify it here.
Ren. How! all betray'd?
Pierr. No — I 've dealt nobly with you;
I 've brought my all into the publick stock;
I had but one friend, and him I 'l share amongst
you!
Receive and cherish him: or if, when seen
And searcht, you find him worthless, as my
tongue
Has lodg'd this secret in his faithful breast,
To ease your fears I wear a dagger here
Shall rip it out again, and give you rest.
Come forth, thou only good I e're could boast of.

Enter Jaffeir with a dagger.

Beda. His presence bears the show of manly
vertue.
Jaffeir. I know you 'l wonder all that thus
uncall'd

114 *I had.* Q3, N, I 'd; 1712, 1757, 1768, Edd., I 'ad; 1812, T, I had.

I dare approach this place of fatal councels;
But I am amongst you, and by Heav'n it glads me
To see so many vertues thus united 125
To restore justice, and dethrown oppression.
Command this sword, if you would have it quiet,
Into this breast; but if you think it worthy
To cut the throats of reverend rogues in robes,
Send me into the curs'd assembl'd Senate; 130
It shrinks not, tho I meet a father there.
Would you behold this city flaming? Here 's
A hand shall bear a lighted torch at noon
To the arsenal, and set its gates on fire.

Ren. You talk this well, sir.

Jaff. Nay — by Heav'n, I 'l do this. 135
Come, come, I read distrust in all your faces,
You fear me a villain, and indeed it 's odd
To hear a stranger talk thus at first meeting
Of matters that have been so well debated;
But I come ripe with wrongs as you with coun-
cels; 140
I hate this Senate, am a foe to Venice;
A friend to none but men resolv'd like me
To push on mischief. Oh did you but know me,
I need not talk thus!

Beda. Pierre! I must embrace him,
My heart beats to this man as if it knew him. 145

131 *there.* Q1, semicolon. 137 *it's.* T, N, 'tis.
143 *mischief.* Q1, colon.

Ren. I never lov'd these huggers.
Jaff. Still I see
The cause delights me not. Your friends survey me,
As I were dang'rous — but I come arm'd
Against all doubts, and to your trust will give
A pledge worth more than all the world can pay for.
My Belvidera! Ho! my Belvidera!
Beda. What wonder next?
Jaff. Let me entreat you,
As I have henceforth hopes to call ye friends,
That all but the ambassador, this
Grave guide of councels, with my friend that owns me,
Withdraw awhile to spare a womans blushes.

Ex[eunt] all but Bed[amar,] Rena[ult,] Jaff[eir, and] Pierr[e].

Beda. Pierre, whither will this ceremony lead us?
Jaff. My Belvidera! Belvidera!

Enter Belvidera.

Belvidera. Who?
Who calls so lowd at this late, peacefull hour?

149 *doubts.* G, doubt.
154 *this.* 1757, 1768, 1812, T, N, Edd., and this; G, [and].
157 *Pierre.* Edd., 1757, 1768, 1812 omit.
158 *My Belvidera.* 1757, 1812, G, Edd., Belvidera! Ho!
158 *Who?* 1757, 1768, 1812, Edd. omit.

That voice was wont to come in gentler whispers,
And fill my ears with the soft breath of love:
Thou hourly image of my thoughts, where art thou?
Jaff. Indeed 't is late.
Belv. Oh! I have slept, and dreamt,
And dreamt again: where hast thou been, thou loyterer?
Tho my eyes clos'd, my arms have still been open'd;
Stretcht every way betwixt my broken slumbers,
To search if thou wert come to crown my rest;
There 's no repose without thee: Oh, the day
Too soon will break, and wake us to our sorrow;
Come, come to bed, and bid thy cares good night.
Jaff. O Belvidera! we must change the scene
In which the past delights of life were tasted:
The poor sleep little; we must learn to watch
Our labours late, and early every morning,
Midst winter frosts, thin clad and fed with sparing,
Rise to our toils, and drudge away the day.
Belv. Alas! where am I! whither is 't you lead me!
Methinks I read distraction in your face,

160 *gentler whispers.* Q3, Edd., gentle whispers.
175 *thin.* Qq, then; Edd. change to *thin.*
178 *face.* Q1, exclamation.

Something less gentle than the fate you tell me:
You shake and tremble too! your blood runs cold! 18
Heaven's guard my love, and bless his heart with patience.

Jaff. That I have patience, let our fate bear witness,
Who has ordain'd it so that thou and I
(Thou the divinest good man e're possest,
And I the wretched'st of the race of man) 18
This very hour, without one tear, must part.

Belv. Part! must we part? Oh! am I then forsaken?
Will my love cast me off? have my misfortunes
Offended him so highly, that hee 'l leave me?
Why dragg you from me; whither are you going? 15
My dear! my life! my love!

Jaff. Oh friends!

Belv. Speak to me.

Jaff. Take her from my heart,
Shee 'l gain such hold else, I shall ne're get loose.
I charge thee take her, but with tender'st care,
Relieve her troubles, and asswage her sorrows. 15

Ren. Rise, madam! and command amongst your servants!

Jaff. To you, sirs, and your honours, I bequeath her,
And with her this. when I prove unworthy —

Gives a dagger.

You know the rest — then strike it to her heart;
And tell her, he who three whole happy years 200
Lay in her arms and each kind night repeated
The passionate vows of still encreasing love,
Sent that reward for all her truth and sufferings.

Belv. Nay, take my life, since he has sold it cheaply;
Or send me to some distant clime your slave, 205
But let it be far off, lest my complainings
Should reach his guilty ears, and shake his peace.

Jaff. No, Belvidera, I 've contriv'd thy honour;
Trust to my faith, and be but fortune kind
To me, as I 'l preserve that faith unbroken, 210
When next we meet, I 'l lift thee to a height,
Shall gather all the gazing world about thee,
To wonder what strange virtue plac'd thee there.
But if we ner'e meet more —

Belv. Oh thou unkind one,
Never meet more? Have I deserv'd this from you? 215
Look on me, tell me, tell me, speak, thou dear deceiver,
Why am I separated from thy love?
If I am false, accuse me; but if true,
Don't, prithee don't in poverty forsake me!

210 *To me, as I 'l.* N, To me as I.
216 *tell me, tell me.* T, N omit second *tell me.*

But pity the sad heart, that 's torn with parting. 220
Yet hear me! yet recall me —

Ex[eunt] Ren[ault], Bed[amar], and Belv[idera].

Jaff. O my eyes,
Look not that way, but turn your selves awhile
Into my heart, and be wean'd all together!
My friend, where art thou?

Pierr. Here, my honour's brother.

Jaff. Is Belvidera gone?

Pierr. Renault has led her 225
Back to her own apartment: but, by Heav'n!
Thou must not see her more till our work 's over.

Jaff. No?

Pierr. Not for your life.

Jaff. O Pierre, wert thou but she,
How I could pull thee down into my heart,
Gaze on thee till my eye-strings crackt with love, 230
Till all my sinews with its fire extended,
Fixt me upon the rack of ardent longing;
Then swelling, sighing, raging to be blest,
Come like a panting turtle to thy breast,
On thy soft bosom, hovering, bill and play, 235
Confess the cause why last I fled away;
Own 't was a fault, but swear to give it or'e,
And never follow false ambition more.

Ex[eunt] Ambo.

Act III. [Scene I.]

Enter Aquilina and her Maid.

Aquilina. Tell him I am gone to bed: tell him I am not at home; tell him I 've better company with me, or any thing; tell him, in short, I will not see him, the eternal troublesome, vexatious fool: he 's worse company than an ignorant physitian —I 'l not be disturb'd at these unseasonable hours.

Maid. But, madam, he 's here already, just enter'd the doors!

Aquil. Turn him out agen, you unnecessary, useless, giddy-brain'd asse! If he will not begone, set the house a fire and burn us both: I had rather meet a toad in my dish than that old hideous animal in my chamber to night.

Enter Antonio.

Antonio. Nacky, Nacky, Nacky — how dost do, Nacky? Hurry durry. I am come, little Nacky; past eleven a clock, a late hour; time in all conscience to go to bed, Nacky — Nacky, did I say? Ay, Nacky; Aquilina, lina, lina, quilina, quilina, quilina, Aquilina, Naquilina, Naquilina, Acky, Acky, Nacky, Nacky, queen Nacky — come, let 's to bed — you fubbs, you

pugg you — you little puss — purree tuzzey — I am a senator.

Aquil. You are a fool, I am sure. 25

Anto. May be so, too, sweet-heart. Never the worse senator for all that. Come Nacky, Nacky, lets have a game at rump, Nacky.

Aquil. You would do well, signior, to be troublesome here no longer, but leave me to my self, 30 be sober and go home, sir.

Anto. Home, Madona!

Aquil. Ay, home, sir. Who am I?

Anto. Madona, as I take it you are my — you are — thou art my little Nicky Nacky — that 's 35 all!

Aquil. I find you are resolv'd to be troublesome, and so to make short of the matter in few words, I hate you, detest you, loath you, I am weary of you, sick of you — hang you, you are 40 an old, silly, impertinent, impotent, sollicitous coxcomb, crazy in your head, and lazy in your body, love to be medling with every thing, and if you had not money, you are good for nothing.

Anto. "Good for nothing!" Hurry durry, I 'l 45 try that presently. Sixty one years old, and good for nothing; that 's brave! (*To the Maid.*) Come, come, come, Mistress Fiddle-faddle, turn you out

28 *rump.* Q3, 1757, 1768, 1812, T, and N, Edd., romp.
45 *Good.* No quotation marks in Qq, nor in ll. 52 and 80 below.

for a season; go turn out I say, it is our will and pleasure to be private some moments — out, out when you are bid too — (*puts her out and locks the door.*) "Good for nothing," you say.

Aquil. Why what are you good for?

Anto. In the first place, madam, I am old, and consequently very wise, very wise, Madona, d'e mark that? in the second place take notice, if you please, that I am a senator, and when I think fit can make speeches, Madona. Hurry durry, I can make a speech in the Senate-house now and then — wou'd make your hair stand on end, Madona.

Aquil. What care I for your speeches in the Senate-house; if you wou'd be silent here, I should thank you.

Anto. Why, I can make speeches to thee, too, my lovely Madona; for example — my cruel fair one (*takes out a purse of gold, and at every pawse shakes it*), *since it is my fate, that you should with your servant angry prove; tho late at night — I hope 't is not too late with this to gain reception for my love* — there 's for thee, my little Nicky Nacky — take it, here take it — I say take it, or I 'l throw it at your head — how now, rebel!

Aquil. Truly, my illustrious senator, I must confess your honour is at present most profoundly eloquent indeed.

Anto. Very well: come, now let 's sit down and think upon 't a little — come sit, I say — sit down by me a little, my Nicky Nacky, hah — (*sits down*) Hurry durry — "good for nothing!" 80

Aquil. No, sir, if you please I can know my distance and stand.

Anto. Stand: how? Nacky up, and I down! Nay, then, let me exclaim with the poet,

Show me a case more pitiful who can, 85
A standing woman, and a falling man.

Hurry durry — not sit down — see this, ye gods, — You won't sit down?

Aquil. No, sir.

Anto. Then look you now, suppose me a bull, 90 a Basan-bull, the bull of bulls, or any bull. Thus up I get and with my brows thus bent — I broo, I say I broo, I broo, I broo. You won't sit down, will you? — I broo ——

Bellows like a bull, and drives her about.

Aquil. Well, sir, I must endure this. (*She sits* 95 *down.*) Now your honour has been a bull, pray what beast will your worship please to be next?

Anto. Now I 'l be a senator agen, and thy lover, little Nicky Nacky! (*He sits by her.*) Ah toad, toad, toad, toad! spit in my face a little, 100 Nacky — spit in my face, prithee, spit in my face, never so little: spit but a little bit — spit,

spit, spit, spit, when you are bid, I say; do, prithee spit — now, now, now, spit: what, you won't spit, will you? then I 'l be a dog. 105

Aquil. A dog, my lord?

Anto. Ay, a dog — and I 'l give thee this t'other purse to let me be a dog — and to use me like a dog a little. Hurry durry — I will — here 't is. — *Gives the purse.* 110

Aquil. Well, with all my heart. But let me beseech your dogship to play your tricks over as fast as you can, that you may come to stinking the sooner, and be turn'd out of dores as you deserve. 115

Anto. Ay, ay — no matter for that — that (*he gets under the table*) shan't move me — now, bough waugh waugh, bough waugh —— *Barks like a dog.*

Aquil. Hold, hold, hold, sir, I beseech you: what is 't you do? If curs bite, they must be 120 kickt, sir. Do you see, kickt thus?

Anto. Ay, with all my heart: do kick, kick on; now I am under the table, kick agen — kick harder — harder yet, bough waugh waugh, waugh, bough — 'odd, I'le have a snap at thy shins — 125 bough waugh wough, waugh, bough — 'odd she kicks bravely. —

Aquil. Nay, then, I 'l go another way to work with you; and I think here 's an instrument fit

for the purpose. (*Fetches a whip and bell.*) 130
What, bite your mistress, sirrah! out, out of dores, you dog, to kennel and be hang'd — bite your mistress by the legs, you rogue. —

She whips him.

Anto. Nay, prithee, Nacky, now thou art too loving: hurry durry, 'odd, I 'l be a dog no longer. 135

Aquil. Nay, none of your fawning and grinning, but be gone, or here 's the discipline! What, bite your mistress by the legs, you mungril? Out of dores — hout, hout, to kennel, sirra! go.

Anto. This is very barbarous usage, Nacky, 140 very barbarous: look you, I will not go — I will not stir from the dore, that I resolve — hurry durry, what, shut me out? *She whips him out.*

Aquil. Ay, and if you come here any more to night, I 'l have my footmen lug you, you curr: 145 what, bite your poor mistress Nacky, sirrah!

Enter Maid.

Maid. Heav'ns, madam! whats the matter?

He howls at the door like a dog.

Aquil. Call my foot-men hither presently.

Enter two Footmen.

Maid. They are here already, madam; the house is all alarm'd with a strange noise that 150 no body knows what to make of.

Aquil. Go, all of you, and turn that troublesome beast in the next room out of my house —

if I ever see him within these walls again, without my leave for his admittance, you sneaking rogues, I 'l have you poison'd all, poison'd, like rats; every corner of the house shall stink of one of you; go, and learn hereafter to know my pleasure. So now for my Pierre:

Thus when godlike lover was displeas'd,
We sacrifice our fool and he's appeas'd.

Exeunt.

Scene the Second.

Enter Belvidera.

Belvidera. I 'm sacrific'd! I am sold! betray'd to shame!
Inevitable ruin has inclos'd me!
No sooner was I to my bed repair'd,
To weigh, and (weeping) ponder my condition,
But the old hoary wretch, to whose false care
My peace and honour was entrusted, came
(Like Tarquin) gastely with infernal lust.
Oh thou Roman Lucrece! thou could'st find friends to vindicate thy wrong;
I never had but one, and he's prov'd false;
He that should guard my virtue has betray'd it;
Left me! undone me! Oh that I could hate him!
Where shall I go? Oh whither, whither wander?

160 *when.* Edd., when the.
8 *thou.* See *Notes*, p. 301.

Enter Jaffeir.

Jaffeir. Can Belvidera want a resting place
When these poor arms are open to receive her?
Oh 't is in vain to struggle with desires 15
Strong as my love to thee; for every moment
I am from thy sight the heart within my bosom
Moans like a tender infant in its cradle
Whose nurse had left it: come, and with the songs
Of gentle love perswade it to its peace. 20

Belv. I fear the stubborn wanderer will not own me,
'T is grown a rebel to be rul'd no longer,
Scorns the indulgent bosom that first lull'd it,
And like a disobedient child disdains
The soft authority of Belvidera. 25

Jaff. There was a time —

Belv. Yes, yes, there was a time,
When Belvidera's tears, her crys, and sorrows,
Were not despis'd; when if she chanc'd to sigh,
Or look but sad; — there was indeed a time
When Jaffeir would have ta'ne her in his arms, 30
Eas'd her declining head upon his breast,
And never left her 'till he found the cause.
But let her now weep seas,
Cry 'till she rend the earth; sigh 'till she burst
Her heart asunder; still he bears it all; 35
Deaf as the wind, and as the rocks unshaken.

Jaff. Have I been deaf? am I that rock unmov'd,
Against whose root tears beat and sighes are sent!
In vain have I beheld thy sorrows calmly!
Witness against me, Heav'ns, have I done this? 40
Then bear me in a whirlwind back agen,
And let that angry dear one ne're forgive me!
Oh thou too rashly censur'st of my love!
Could'st thou but think how I have spent this night,
Dark and alone, no pillow to my head, 45
Rest in my eyes, nor quiet in my heart,
Thou would'st not, Belvidera, sure thou would'st not
Talk to me thus, but like a pitying angel,
Spreading thy wings, come settle on my breast,
And hatch warm comfort there, e're sorrows freeze it. 50

Belv. Why, then, poor mourner, in what baleful corner
Hast thou been talking with that witch the Night?
On what cold stone hast thou been stretcht along,
Gathering the grumbling winds about thy head,
To mix with theirs the accents of thy woes! 55
Oh now I find the cause my love forsakes me!
I am no longer fit to bear a share

In his concernments: my weak female virtue
Must not be trusted; 't is too frail and tender.
Jaff. O Porcia! Porcia! what a soul was thine! 60
Belv. That Porcia was a woman, and when Brutus,
Big with the fate of Rome, (Heav'n guard thy safety!)
Conceal'd from her the labours of his mind,
She let him see, her blood was great as his,
Flow'd from a spring as noble, and a heart 65
Fit to partake his troubles, as his love:
Fetch, fetch that dagger back, the dreadful dower
Thou gav'st last night in parting with me; strike it
Here to my heart; and as the blood flows from it,
Judge if it run not pure as Cato's daughter's. 70
Jaff. Thou art too good, and I indeed unworthy,
Unworthy so much virtue: teach me how
I may deserve such matchless love as thine,
And see with what attention I 'l obey thee.
Belv. Do not despise me: that 's the all I ask. 75
Jaff. Despise thee! hear me —
Belv. Oh thy charming tongue
Is but too well acquainted with my weakness,
Knows, let it name but love, my melting heart

60 *thine.* Q1. exclamation

Dissolves within my breast; 'till with clos'd eyes
I reel into thy arms, and all 's forgotten. 80
Jaff. What shall I do?
Belv. Tell me! be just, and tell me
Why dwells that busy cloud upon thy face?
Why am I made a stranger? why that sigh,
And I not know the cause? why when the world
Is wrapt in rest, why chooses then my love 85
To wander up and down in horrid darkness,
Loathing his bed, and these desiring arms?
Why are these eyes blood shot, with tedious watching?
Why starts he now? and looks as if he wisht
His fate were finisht? Tell me, ease my fears; 90
Least when we next time meet I want the power
To search into the sickness of thy mind,
But talk as wildly then as thou look'st now.
Jaff. O Belvidera!
Belv. Why was I last night deliver'd to a villain? 95
Jaff. Hah, a villain!
Belv. Yes! to a villain! Why at such an hour
Meets that assembly all made up of wretches
That look as Hell had drawn 'em into league?
Why, I in this hand, and in that a dagger, 100
Was I deliver'd with such dreadful ceremonies?
"To you, sirs, and to your honour I bequeath her,

90 *fears.* Q2, Q3, Edd., fear.

"And with her this: when e're I prove unworthy, —
"You know the rest, — then strike it to her heart?"
Oh! why 's that *rest* conceal'd from me? Must I 105
Be made the hostage of a hellish trust?
For such I know I am; that 's all my value!
But by the love and loyalty I owe thee,
I 'l free thee from the bondage of these slaves;
Strait to the Senate, tell 'em all I know, 110
All that I think, all that my fears inform me!
Jaff. Is this the Roman virtue! this the blood
That boasts its purity with Cato's daughter!
Would she have e're betray'd her Brutus?
Belv. No:
For Brutus trusted her: wer't thou so kind, 115
What would not Belvidera suffer for thee?
Jaff. I shall undo my self, and tell thee all.
Belv. Look not upon me, as I am a woman,
But as a bone, thy wife, thy friend; who long
Has had admission to thy heart, and there 120
Study'd the virtues of thy gallant nature;
Thy constancy, thy courage and thy truth,
Have been my daily lesson: I have learnt them,
Am bold as thou, can suffer or despise
The worst of fates for thee; and with thee share them. 125

113 *boasts.* Q2, boast.

Jaff. Oh you divinest powers! look down and hear
My prayers! instruct me to reward this virtue!
Yet think a little, e're thou tempt me further:
Think I have a tale to tell will shake thy nature,
Melt all this boasted constancy thou talk'st of 130
Into vile tears and despicable sorrows:
Then if thou shoud'st betray me!
Belv. Shall I swear?
Jaff. No: do not swear: I would not violate
Thy tender nature with so rude a bond:
But as thou hop'st to see me live my days, 135
And love thee long, lock this within thy breast;—
I've bound my self by all the strictest sacraments,
Divine and human—
Belv. Speak!—
Jaff. To kill thy father—
Belv. My father!
Jaff. Nay, the throats of the whole Senate
Shall bleed, my Belvidera: he amongst us 140
That spares his father, brother, or his friend,
Is damn'd. How rich and beauteous will the face
Of ruin look, when these wide streets run blood;
I and the glorious partners of my fortune
Shouting, and striding o're the prostrate dead; 145
Still to new waste; whilst thou, far off in safety

Smiling, shall see the wonders of our daring;
And when night comes, with praise and love receive me.

Belv. Oh!

Jaff. Have a care, and shrink not, even in thought!
For if thou do'st —

Belv. I know it, thou wilt kill me. 150
Do, strike thy sword into this bosom: lay me
Dead on the earth, and then thou wilt be safe:
Murder my father! tho his cruel nature
Has persecuted me to my undoing,
Driven me to basest wants, can I behold him, 155
With smiles of vengeance, butcher'd in his age?
The sacred fountain of my life destroy'd?
And canst thou shed the blood that gave me being?
Nay, be a traitor too, and sell thy country?
Can thy great heart descend so vilely low, 160
Mix with hired slaves, bravoes, and common stabbers,
Nose-slitters, ally-lurking villains? joyn
With such a crew, and take a ruffian's wages,
To cut the throats of wretches as they sleep?

Jaff. Thou wrong'st me, Belvidera! I 've engag'd 165
With men of souls; fit to reform the ills
Of all mankind: there's not a heart amongst them

But 's stout as death, yet honest as the nature
Of man first made, ere fraud and vice were fashions.
Belv. What 's he, to whose curst hands last night thou gav'st me? 170
Was that well done? Oh! I could tell a story
Would rowse thy lyon heart out of its den,
And make it rage with terrifying fury.
Jaff. Speak on, I charge thee!
Belv. Oh my love! if e're
Thy Belvidera's peace deserv'd thy care, 175
Remove me from this place: last night, last night!
Jaff. Distract me not, but give me all the truth.
Belv. No sooner wer't thou gone, and I alone,
Left in the pow'r of that old son of mischief;
No sooner was I lain on my sad bed, 180
But that vile wretch approacht me, loose, unbutton'd,
Ready for violation: then my heart
Throbb'd with its fears: oh how I wept and sigh'd,
And shrunk and trembled; wish'd in vain for him
That should protect me. Thou alas! wert gone! 185
Jaff. Patience, sweet Heav'n! 'till I make vengeance sure.
Belv. He drew the hideous dagger forth thou gav'st him,

And with upbraiding smiles he said, *Behold it ;*
This is the pledge of a false husbands love.
And in my arms then prest, and wou'd have clasp'd me ; 15
But with my cries I scar'd his coward heart,
Till he withdrew, and mutter'd vows to Hell.
These are thy friends ! with these thy life, thy honour,
Thy love, all 's stak't, and all will go to ruine.
Jaff. No more : I charge thee keep this secret close ; 15
Clear up thy sorrows, look as if thy wrongs
Were all forgot, and treat him like a friend,
As no complaint were made. No more ; retire,
Retire, my life, and doubt not of my honour ;
I 'l heal its failings, and deserve thy love. 20
Belv. Oh should I part with thee, I fear thou wilt
In anger leave me, and return no more.
Jaff. Return no more ! I would not live without thee
Another night, to purchase the creation.
Belv. When shall we meet again ?
Jaff. Anon at twelve ! 20
I 'l steal my self to thy expecting arms,
Come like a travell'd dove and bring thee peace.
Belv. Indeed ?

202 more. Q1, semicolon

Jaff. By all our loves!
Belv. 'T is hard to part:
But sure no falsehood e're lookt so fairly.
Farewell — Remember twelve.
Ex[it] Belvid[era].
Jaff. Let Heav'n forget me 210
When I remember not thy truth, thy love.
How curst is my condition! toss'd and justl'd,
From every corner; fortune's common fool,
The jest of rogues, an instrumental ass
For villains to lay loads of shame upon, 215
And drive about just for their ease and scorn!
Enter Pierre.
Pierre. Jaffeir!
Jaff. Who calls?
Pierr. A friend, that could have wisht
T' have found thee otherwise imploy'd: what, hunt
A wife on the dull foil! sure a stanch husband
Of all hounds is the dullest! Wilt thou never, 220
Never be wean'd from caudles and confections?
What feminine tale hast thou been listening to,
Of unayr'd shirts; catharrs and tooth ach got
By thin-sol'd shoos? Damnation! that a fellow
Chosen to be sharer in the destruction 225
Of a whole people, should sneak thus in corners
To ease his fulsom lusts, and fool his mind.

219 *foil.* Q2, Q3, Edd., except T, N, read, soil.

Jaff. May not a man then trifle out an hour
With a kind woman and not wrong his calling?
Pierr. Not in a cause like ours.
Jaff. Then, friend, our cause
Is in a damn'd condition: for I 'l tell thee,
That canker-worm call'd letchery has toucht it;
'T is tainted vilely: would'st thou think it, Renault,
(That mortify'd, old, wither'd, winter rogue)
Loves simple fornication like a priest;
I found him out for watering at my wife:
He visited her last night like a kind guardian:
Faith, she has some temptations, that 's the truth on 't.
Pierr. He durst not wrong his trust!
Jaff. 'T was something late, tho,
To take the freedome of a ladies chamber.
Pierr. Was she in bed?
Jaff. Yes, faith, in virgin sheets
White as her bosom, Pierre, disht neatly up,
Might tempt a weaker appetite to taste.
Oh how the old fox stunk, I warrant thee,
When the rank fit was on him!
Pierr. Patience guide me!
He us'd no violence?
Jaff. No, no! out on 't, violence!
Play'd with her neck, brusht her with his gray-beard,

Struggl'd and towz'd, tickl'd her 'till she squeak'd
a little,
May be, or so — but not a jot of violence —
Pierr. Damn him.
Jaff. Ay, so say I: but hush, no more on 't; 250
All hitherto is well, and I believe
My self no monster yet: tho no man knows
What fate he 's born to? Sure 't is near the hour
We all should meet for our concluding orders:
Will the ambassador be here in person? 255
Pierr. No; he has sent commission to that
villain, Renault,
To give the executing charge;
I 'd have thee be a man if possible
And keep thy temper; for a brave revenge
Ne're comes too late.
Jaff. Fear not, I am cool as patience: 260
Had he compleated my dishonour, rather
Than hazard the success our hopes are ripe for,
I 'd bear it all with mortifying vertue.
Pierr. He 's yonder coming this way through
the hall;
His thoughts seem full.
Jaff. Prithee retire, and leave me 265
With him alone: I 'l put him to some tryal,
See how his rotten part will bear the touching.
Pierr. Be careful then. *Ex*[*it*] *Pierre.*
Jaff. Nay, never doubt, but trust me.

What, be a devil! take a damning oath
For shedding native blood! can there be a sin 270
In merciful repentance? Oh this villain!

Enter Renault.

Renault. Perverse! and peevish! what a slave is man!
To let his itching flesh thus get the better of him!
Dispatch the tool her husband—that were well.
Who 's there?

Jaff. A man.

Ren. My friend, my near ally! 275
The hostage of your faith, my beauteous charge,
Is very well.

Jaff. Sir, are you sure of that?
Stands she in perfect health? beats her pulse even?
Neither too hot nor cold?

Ren. What means that question?

Jaff. Oh women have fantastick constitutions, 280
Inconstant as their wishes, always wavering,
And ne're fixt; was it not boldly done
Even at first sight to trust the thing I lov'd
(A tempting treasure too!) with youth so fierce
And vigorous as thine? but thou art honest. 285

Ren. Who dares accuse me?

277 [illegible] *well* [illegible] puts in one line

Jaff. Curst be him that doubts
Thy virtue! I have try'd it, and declare,
Were I to choose a guardian of my honour,
I 'd put it into thy keeping: for I know thee.
Ren. Know me!
Jaff. Ay, know thee: there 's no falsehood in thee.
Thou look'st just as thou art: let us embrace.
Now would'st thou cut my throat or I cut thine?
Ren. You dare not do 't.
Jaff. You lye, sir.
Ren. How!
Jaff. No more.
'T is a base world, and must reform, that 's all.

Enter Spinosa, Theodore, Eliot, Revellido, Durand, Brainveil, and the rest of the Conspirators.

Ren. Spinosa! Theodore!
Spinosa. The same.
Ren. You are welcome!
Spin. You are trembling, sir.
Ren. 'T is a cold night indeed; I am aged,
Full of decay and natural infirmities;
We shall be warm, my friend, I hope to morrow.

Pierre re-enters.

Pierre [*aside*]. 'T was not well done, thou shou'd'st have stroakt him
And not have gall'd him.

289 *into.* Q3, Edd., in.

Jaff. [*aside*]. Damn him, let him chew on 't.
Heav'n! where am I? beset with cursed fiends,
That wait to damn me: what a devil 's man,
When he forgets his nature — hush, my heart.
Ren. My friends, 't is late: are we assembled all?
Where 's Theodore?
Theodore. At hand.
Ren. Spinosa.
Spin. Here.
Ren. Brainveil.
Brainveil. I am ready.
Ren. Durand and Brabe.
Durand. Command us,
We are both prepar'd!
Ren. Mezzana, Revellido,
Ternon, Retrosi; oh you are men, I find,
Fit to behold your fate, and meet her summons,
To morrow's rising sun must see you all
Deckt in your honours! Are the souldiers ready?
Omnes. All, all.
Ren. You, Durand, with your thousand must possess
St. Marks; you, captain, know your charge already;
'T is to secure the Ducal Palace: you,
Brabe, with a hundred more must gain the Secque.
With the like number Brainveil to the Procuralle.

Be all this done with the least tumult possible,
'Till in each place you post sufficient guards:
Then sheath your swords in every breast you meet. 320

Jaff. [*aside*]. Oh reverend cruelty: damn'd bloody villain!

Ren. During this execution, Durand, you
Must in the mid'st keep your battalia fast;
And, Theodore, be sure to plant the canon
That may command the streets; whilst Revellido, 325
Mezzana, Ternon and Retrosi, guard you.
This done, weel give the general alarm,
Apply petards, and force the ars'nal gates;
Then fire the city round in several places,
Or with our canon (if it dare resist) 330
Batter 't to ruin. But above all I charge you
Shed blood enough, spare neither sex nor age,
Name nor condition; if there live a senator
After to morrow, tho the dullest rogue
That e're said nothing, we have lost our ends; 335
If possible, lets kill the very name
Of senator, and bury it in blood.

Jaff. [*aside*]. Merciless, horrid slave! — Ay, blood enough!
Shed blood enough, old Renault: how thou charm'st me!

Ren. But one thing more, and then farewell till fate 340

331 *above.* G, 'bove.

Join us again, or separate us ever:
First, let 's embrace. Heav'n knows who next shall thus
Wing ye together: but let 's all remember
We wear no common cause upon our swords;
Let each man think that on his single virtue 345
Depends the good and fame of all the rest,—
Eternal honour or perpetual infamy.
Let 's remember, through what dreadful hazards
Propitious fortune hitherto has led us,
How often on the brink of some discovery 350
Have we stood tottering, and yet still kept our ground
So well, the busiest searchers ne'r could follow
Those subtle tracks which puzzled all suspition:
You droop, sir.

Jaff. No: with a most profound attention
I 've heard it all, and wonder at thy vertue. 355

Ren. Though there be yet few hours 'twixt them and ruin,
Are not the Senate lull'd in full security,
Quiet and satisfy'd, as fools are always!
Never did so profound repose forerun
Calamity so great: nay, our good fortune 360
Has blinded the most piercing of mankind:
Strengthen'd the fearfull'st, charm'd the most suspectful,

351 *and yet still.* Q3, [illegible] *and;* G omits *still.*
354 *a.* Q3, Edd. om[illegible] 355 *he[illegible]d.* Q[illegible] Q2, hard.

Confounded the most subtle: for we live,
We live, my friends, and quickly shall our life
Prove fatal to these tyrants: let 's consider 365
That we destroy oppression, avarice,
A people nurst up equally with vices
And loathsome lusts, which nature most abhors,
And such as without shame she cannot suffer.

Jaff. [*aside*]. Oh Belvidera, take me to thy arms, 370
And shew me where 's my peace, for I 've lost it.

Ex[*it*] *Jaff*[*eir*].

Ren. Without the least remorse then let 's resolve
With fire and sword t'exterminate these tyrants,
And when we shall behold those curst tribunals,
Stain'd by the tears and sufferings of the innocent, 375
Burning with flames rather from Heav'n than ours,
The raging, furious and unpitying souldier
Pulling his reeking dagger from the bosoms
Of gasping wretches; death in every quarter;
With all that sad disorder can produce, 380
To make a spectacle of horror: then,
Then let 's call to mind, my dearest friends,
That there 's nothing pure upon the earth,
That the most valu'd things have most allays,

384 *allays.* N, G suggest in note, alloys.

And that in change of all those vile enormities, 385
Under whose weight this wretched country labours,
The means are only in our hands to crown them.
Pierr. And may those powers above that are propitious
To gallant minds record this cause, and bless it.
Ren. Thus happy, thus secure of all we wish for, 390
Should there, my friends, be found amongst us one
False to this glorious enterprize, what fate,
What vengeance were enough for such a villain?
Eliot. Death here without repentance, Hell hereafter.
Ren. Let that be my lott, if as here I stand 395
Listed by fate amongst her darling sons,
Tho I had one only brother, dear by all
The strictest ties of nature; tho one hour
Had given us birth, one fortune fed our wants,
One only love, and that but of each other, 400
Still fill'd our minds: could I have such a friend
Joyn'd in this cause, and had but ground to fear
Meant fowl play; may this right hand drop from me,
If I 'd not hazard all my future peace,

387 *crown.* N changes to cure. 396 *Listed.* S, G, Lifted.
403 *Meant.* Q3, Edd., except G read He meant.

And stabb him to the heart before you. Who 405
Would not do less? would'st not thou, Pierre, the same?

Pierr. You have singled me, sir, out for this hard question,
As if 't were started only for my sake!
Am I the thing you fear? Here, here's my bosom,
Search it with all your swords! Am I a traytor? 410

Ren. No: but I fear your late commended friend
Is little less. Come, sirs, 't is now no time
To trifle with our safety. Where's this Jaffeir?

Spin. He left the room just now in strange disorder.

Ren. Nay, there is danger in him: I observ'd him, 415
During the time I took for explanation,
He was transported from most deep attention
To a confusion which he could not smother.
His looks grew full of sadness and surprize,
All which betray'd a wavering spirit in him, 420
That labour'd with reluctancy and sorrow.
What's requisite for safety must be done
With speedy execution; he remains
Yet in our power: I for my own part wear
A dagger.

405–06 *Who Would.* Q3, Edd., except G, begin line with *Who* and omit *not.*

Pierr. Well.
Ren. And I could wish it —
Pierr. Where? 425
Ren. Bury'd in his heart.
Pierr. Away! w' are yet all friends!
No more of this, 't will breed ill blood amongst us.
Spin. Let us all draw our swords, and search the house,
Pull him from the dark hole where he sits brooding
O're his cold fears, and each man kill his share of him. 430
Pierr. Who talks of killing? Who 's he 'll shed the blood
That 's dear to me? Is 't you? or you? or you, sir?
What, not one speak? how you stand gaping all
On your grave oracle, your wooden god there!
Yet not a word: (*To Ren*[*ault*]) then, sir, I 'l tell you a secret, 435
Suspition 's but at best a cowards virtue!
Ren. A coward — *Handles his sword.*
Pierr. Put, put up thy sword, old man,
Thy hand shakes at it; come, let 's heal this breach,
I am too hot: we yet may live friends.

437 *Put, put.* Q3, Edd. have but one *put.* *thy.* Q2, Q3, G, the.

439 *live friends.* Q3, Edd. read, all live friends; G reads, live as friends.

Spin. 'Till we are safe, our friendship cannot be so. 440
Pierr. Again: who 's that?
Spin. 'T was I.
Theo. And I.
Rev. And I.
Eliot. And all.
Ren. Who are on my side?
Spin. Every honest sword;
Let 's die like men and not be sold like slaves.
Pierr. One such word more, by Heav'n, I 'l to the Senate
And hang ye all, like dogs in clusters! 445
Why peep your coward swords half out their shells?
Why do you not all brandish them like mine?
You fear to die, and yet dare talk of killing?
Ren. Go to the Senate and betray us, hasten,
Secure thy wretched life; we fear to die 450
Less than thou dar'st be honest.
Pierr. That 's rank falsehood!
Fear'st not thou death? fye, there 's a knavish itch
In that salt blood, an utter foe to smarting.
Had Jaffeir's wife prov'd kind, he had still been true.

449 *the.* G, thy.
454 *he had.* Q3, 1712, 1757, Edd., G read, he 'd.

Foh — how that stinks! 455
Thou dy! thou kill my friend! or thou, or thou,
Or thou, with that lean, wither'd, wretched face!
Away! disperse all to your several charges,
And meet to morrow where your honour calls you!
I 'l bring that man, whose blood you so much thirst for, 460
And you shall see him venture for you fairly —
Hence, hence, I say. *Ex[it] Renault angrily.*

Spin. I fear we have been to blame;
And done too much.

Theo. 'T was too farr urg'd against the man you lov'd.

Rev. Here, take our swords and crush 'em with your feet. 465

Spin. Forgive us, gallant friend.

Pierr. Nay, now y' have found
The way to melt and cast me as you will:
I 'll fetch this friend and give him to your mercy:
Nay, he shall dye if you will take him from me;
For your repose I 'll quit my hearts jewel; 470
But would not have him torn away by villains
And spitefull villany.

Spin. No; may you both
For ever live and fill the world with fame!

Pierr. Now you are too kind. Whence rose all this discord?

Oh what a dangerous precipice have we scap'd! 475
How near a fall was all we had long been building!
What an eternal blot had stain'd our glories,
If one, the bravest and the best of men,
Had fallen a sacrifice to rash suspicion,
Butcher'd by those whose cause he came to cherish! 480
Oh could you know him all as I have known him,
How good he is, how just, how true, how brave,
You wou'd not leave this place till you had seen him;
Humbled your selves before him, kiss'd his feet,
And gain'd remission for the worst of follies; 485

Come but to morrow all your doubts shall end,
And to your loves me better recommend,
That I've preserv'd your fame, and sav'd my friend.

Exeunt Omnes.

476 *we had.* Q3, 1712, 1757, 1768, Edd., G, read, we 'd.

The End of the Third Act.

ACT IV.

[SCENE I. — *A Public Place.*]

Enter Jaffeir and Belvidera.

Jaffeir. Where dost thou lead me? Every step
I move,
Methinks I tread upon some mangled limb
Of a rack'd friend. Oh my dear charming ruine!
Where are we wandring?
Belv. To eternal honour;
To doe a deed shall chronicle thy name, 5
Among the glorious legends of those few
That have sav'd sinking nations: thy renown
Shall be the future song of all the virgins,
Who by thy piety have been preserv'd
From horrid violation: every street 10
Shall be adorn'd with statues to thy honour,
And at thy feet this great inscription written,
Remember him that prop'd the fall of Venice.
Jaff. Rather, remember him who after all
The sacred bonds of oaths and holyer friendship 15
In fond compassion to a womans tears,
Forgot his manhood, vertue, truth, and honour,
To sacrifice the bosom that reliev'd him.
Why wilt thou damn me?

Belv. O inconstant man!
How will you promise? how will you deceive? 20
Do, return back, re-place me in my bondage,
Tell all thy friends how dangerously thou lovst me;
And let thy dagger doe its bloudy office.
Oh that kind dagger, Jaffeir, how twill look
Stuck through my heart, drench'd in my bloud to th' hilts, 25
Whilst these poor dying eyes shall with their tears
No more torment thee! Then thou wilt be free.
Or if thou think'st it nobler, let me live
Till I am a victim to the hatefull lust
Of that infernal devil, that old fiend 30
That 's damn'd himself, and wou'd undoe mankind:
Last night, my love!
Jaff. Name, name it not again.
It shews a beastly image to my fancy;
Will wake me into madness. Oh the villain!
That durst approach such purity as thine 35
On terms so vile: destruction, swift destruction
Fall on my coward-head, and make my name
The common scorn of fools if I forgive him;
If I forgive him! if I not revenge

32 *my love.* G reads, *my love* — as broken sentence.

With utmost rage, and most unstaying fury, 40
Thy sufferings, thou dear darling of my life, love!

Belv. Delay no longer then, but to the Senate;
And tell the dismalst story e'r was utter'd;
Tell them what bloudshed, rapines, desolations,
Have been prepar'd, how near's the fatal hour! 45
Save thy poor country, save the reverend bloud
Of all its nobles, which to morrows dawn
Must else see shed: save the poor tender lives
Of all those little infants which the swords
Of murtherers are whetting for this moment; 50
Think thou already hearst their dying screams,
Think that thou seest their sad, distracted mothers
Kneeling before thy feet, and begging pity
With torn, dishevel'd hair and streaming eyes,
Their naked, mangled breasts besmeard with bloud, 55
And even the milk with which their fondled babes
Softly they hush'd, dropping in anguish from 'em.
Think thou seest this, and then consult thy heart.

Jaff. Oh!

41 *sufferings.* Q2, Q3, Edd., suffering. *thou.* N omits. *love.* Q3, Edd. omit.
43 *was.* Q2, Q3, Edd. omit.

Belv. Think too, if thou lose this present minute,
What miseries the next day bring upon thee.
Imagine all the horrours of that night,
Murther and rapine, waste and desolation,
Confusedly ranging. Think what then may prove
My lot! The ravisher may then come safe,
And midst the terrour of the publick ruine
Doe a damn'd deed; perhaps to lay a train
May catch thy life; then where will be revenge,
The dear revenge that 's due to such a wrong?
Jaff. By all Heavens powers prophetick truth dwells in thee,
For every word thou speak'st strikes through my heart
Like a new light, and shows it how 't has wander'd;
Just what th' hast made me, take me, Belvidera,
And lead me to the place where I 'm to say
This bitter lesson, where I must betray
My truth, my vertue, constancy and friends.
Must I betray my friends? Ah take me quickly,
Secure me well before that thought 's renew'd;
If I relapse once more, all 's lost for ever.

60 *if.* G reads, if [that] *thou.* Q3, you.
67 *to lay* 1712, 1757, 1768, 1812, Edd., may lay; T, N, too lay.
76 *friends.* Q2, Q3, Edd., except G, friend.

Belv. Hast thou a friend more dear than Belvidera? 80

Jaff. No, th' art my soul it self, wealth, friendship, honour,
All present joys, and earnest of all future,
Are summ'd in thee: methinks when in thy armes
Thus leaning on thy breast, one minute 's more
Than a long thousand years of vulgar hours. 85
Why was such happiness not given me pure?
Why dash'd with cruel wrongs, and bitter wantings?
Come, lead me forward now like a tame lamb
To sacrifice, thus in his fatal garlands,
Deck'd fine and pleas'd, the wanton skips and plays, 90

Trots by the enticing, flattering priestess side,
And much transported with his little pride,
Forgets his dear companions of the plain
Till by her, bound, hee 's on the altar layn,
Yet then too hardly bleats, such pleasure's in the pain. 95

Enter Officer and 6 guards.

Officer. Stand; who goes there?

Belv. Friends.

Jaff. Friends, Belvidera! hide me from my friends;
By Heaven, I'd rather see the face of Hell,

Than meet the man I love.

Offic. But what friends are you?

Belv. Friends to the Senate and the state of Venice. 100

Offic. My orders are to seize on all I find
At this late hour, and bring 'em to the Council,
Who now are sitting.

Jaff. Sir, you shall be obey'd.
Hold, brutes, stand off, none of your paws upon me.
Now the lot 's cast, and Fate, doe what thou wilt. 105

Exeunt guarded.

Scene [II]. — *The Senate-house.*

Where appear sitting, The Duke of Venice, Priuli, Antonio, and eight other Senators.

Duke. Antony, Priuli, senators of Venice,
Speak; why are we assembled here this night?
What have you to inform us of concerns
The state of Venice, honour, or its safety?

Priuli. Could words express the story I have to tell you, 5
Fathers, these tears were useless, these sad tears
That fall from my old eyes; but there is cause
We all should weep, tear off these purple robes,

4 *Venice, honour.* So Qq, 1712 Ed., but 1757, N, G, Edd. read, *Venice' honour*, etc.

And wrap our selves in sack-cloth, sitting down
On the sad earth, and cry aloud to Heaven. 10
Heaven knows if yet there be an hour to come
E'r Venice be no more!

All Senators. How!

Priu. Nay, we stand
Upon the very brink of gaping ruine.
Within this city 's form'd a dark conspiracy,
To massacre us all, our wives and children, 15
Kindred and friends, our palaces and temples
To lay in ashes: nay, the hour, too, fixt;
The swords, for ought I know, drawn even this moment,
And the wild waste begun: from unknown hands
I had this warning: but if we are men 20
Let 's not be tamely butcher'd, but doe something
That may inform the world in after ages
Our virtue was not ruin'd, though we were.—

A noise without. Room, room, make room for some prisoners —

2 Senat. Let 's raise the city!

Enter Officer and Guard.

Priu. Speak there, what disturbance? 25

Offic. Two prisoners have the guard seiz'd in the streets,

24 *A noise without.* Q1 places it end of line.

Who say they come to inform this reverend Senate
About the present danger.

Enter Jaffeir and Belvidera, guarded.

All. Give 'em entrance —
Well, who are you?
Jaffeir. A villain.
Antonio. Short and pithy.
The man speaks well.
Jaff. Would every man that hears me
Would deal so honestly, and own his title.
Duke. 'T is rumour'd that a plot has been contriv'd
Against this state; that you have a share in 't, too.
If you are a villain, to redeem your honour,
Unfold the truth and be restor'd with mercy.
Jaff. Think not that I to save my life come hither,
I know its value better; but in pity
To all those wretches whose unhappy dooms
Are fix'd and seal'd. You see me here before you,
The sworn and covenanted foe of Venice.
But use me as my dealings may deserve
And I may prove a friend.
Duke. The slave capitulates,
Give him the tortures.

Jaff. That you dare not doe,
Your fears won't let you, nor the longing itch
To hear a story which you dread the truth of, 45
Truth which the fear of smart shall ne'r get from me.
Cowards are scar'd with threatenings. Boys are whipt
Into confessions: but a steady mind
Acts of its self, ne'r asks the body counsell.
"Give him the tortures!" Name but such a thing 50
Again, by Heaven, I 'll shut these lips for ever,
Not all your racks, your engines or your wheels
Shall force a groan away — that you may guess at.

Anto. A bloudy minded fellow, I 'll warrant;
A damn'd bloudy minded fellow. 55

Duke. Name your conditions.

Jaff. For my self full pardon,
Besides the lives of two and twenty friends
(*Delivers a list*) Whose names are here inroll'd: nay, let their crimes
Be ne'r so monstrous, I must have the oaths
And sacred promise of this reverend council, 60
That in a full assembly of the Senate
The thing I ask be ratifi'd. Swear this,
And I 'll unfold the secrets of your danger.

6 which [illegible] mischeiv[illegible] probably.

All. Wee 'l swear.
Duke. Propose the oath.
Jaff. By all the hopes
Ye have of peace and happiness hereafter, 65
Swear.
All. We all swear.
Jaff. To grant me what I 've ask'd,
Ye swear.
All. We swear.
Jaff. And as ye keep the oath,
May you and your posterity be blest
Or curst for ever.
All. Else be curst for ever.
Jaff. (*delivers another paper*). Then here 's 70
the list, and with 't the full disclose of all that threatens you. Now, Fate, thou hast caught me.
Anto. Why, what a dreadfull catalogue of cut-throats is here! I 'll warrant you not one of these fellows but has a face like a lion. I dare 75
not so much as reade their names over.
Duke. Give orders that all diligent search be made
To seize these men, their characters are publick,
The paper intimates their rendevouz
To be at the house of a fam'd Grecian courtezan 80
Call'd Aquilina; see that place secur'd.

69 See *Notes*, p. 302. 73 *dreadfull.* G, disgraceful.
77 *orders.* Q3, Edd., order.

Anto. What! My Nicky Nacky, Hurry Durry,
Nicky Nacky in the plot — I 'll make a speech.
Most noble senators,
What headlong apprehension drives you on, 85
Right noble, wise and truly solid senators,
To violate the laws and right of nations?
The lady is a lady of renown.
'T is true, she holds a house of fair reception,
And though I say 't my self, as many more 90
Can say as well as I.

2 Senat. My lord, long speeches
Are frivolous here, when dangers are so near us;
We all well know your interest in that lady,
The world talks loud on 't.

Anto. Verily, I have done,
I say no more.

Duke. But, since he has declar'd 95
Himself concern'd, pray, captain, take great caution
To treat the fair one as becomes her character,
And let her bed-chamber be search'd with decency.
You, Jaffeir, must with patience bear till morning
To be our prisoner.

Jaff. Would the chains of death 100
Had bound me fast e'r I had known this minute;

87 *right.* G, rights. 100 T[illegible] No place at end of line.

I've done a deed will make my story hereafter
Quoted in competition with all ill ones:
The history of my wickedness shall run
Down through the low traditions of the vulgar, 105
And boys be thought to tell the tale of Jaffeir.

Duke. Captain, withdraw your prisoner.

Jaff. Sir, if possible,
Lead me where my own thoughts themselves may lose me,
Where I may doze out what I've left of life,
Forget my self and this days guilt and falsehood. 110
Cruel remembrance how shall I appease thee!

Ex[it] guarded.

Noise without. More traitors; room, room, make room there.

Duke. How's this, Guards?
Where are our guards? Shut up the gates, the treason's
Already at our dores.

Enter Officer.

Officer. My lords, more traitors: 115
Seiz'd in the very act of consultation;
Furnish'd with arms and instruments of mischief.
Bring in the prisoners.

Enter Pierre, Renault, Theodore, Elliot, Revillido and other conspirators, in fetters, guarded.

Pierre. You, my lords and fathers,

106 *thought.* Q3, Edd., taught.
115 *Already*, etc. Qq place at end of line.

(As you are pleas'd to call your selves) of Venice,
If you sit here to guide the course of justice, 120
Why these disgracefull chains upon the limbs
That have so often labour'd in your service?
Are these the wreaths of triumphs ye bestow
On those that bring you conquests home and honours?

Duke. Go on, you shall be heard, sir. 125

Anto. And be hang'd too, I hope.

Pierr. Are these the trophies I 've deserv'd for fighting
Your battels with confederated powers,
When winds and seas conspir'd to overthrow you,
And brought the fleets of Spain to your own harbours? 130
When you, great Duke, shrunk trembling in your palace,
And saw your wife, th' Adriatick, plough'd
Like a lew'd whore by bolder prows than yours,
Stept not I forth, and taught your loose Venetians
The task of honour and the way to greatness; 135
Rais'd you from your capitulating fears,
To stipulate the terms of su'd for peace?
And this my recompense? If I am a traitor,
Produce my charge; or shew the wretch that 's base enough

And brave enough to tell me I am a traitor. 140

Duke. Know you one Jaffeir?

All the Conspirators murmur.

Pierr. Yes, and know his vertue.
His justice, truth, his general worth and sufferings
From a hard father taught me first to love him.

Enter Jaffeir, guarded.

Duke. See him brought forth.

Pierr. My friend, too, bound? nay then
Our fate has conquer'd us, and we must fall. 145
Why droops the man whose welfare 's so much mine
They 're but one thing? These reverend tyrants, Jaffeir,
Call us all traitors; art thou one, my brother?

Jaff. To thee I am the falsest, veryest slave
That e'r betray'd a generous, trusting friend, 150
And gave up honour to be sure of ruine.
All our fair hopes which morning was to have crown'd,
Has this curst tongue o'rthrown.

Pierr. So, then all 's over:
Venice has lost her freedom; I my life;
No more; farewell.

Duke. Say, will you make confession 155
Of your vile deeds and trust the Senates mercy?

140 *I am.* G, I'm.

Pierr. Curst be your Senate: curst your constitution:
The curse of growing factions and division
Still vex your councils, shake your publick safety,
And make the robes of government you wear 160
Hatefull to you, as these base chains to me.
Duke. Pardon, or death?
Pierr. Death, honourable death.
Renault. Death 's the best thing we ask or you can give.
All Conspirators. No shameful bonds, but honourable death.
Duke. Break up the council: Captain, guard your prisoners. 165
Jaffeir, y' are free, but these must wait for judgment. *Ex[eunt] all the Senators.*
Pierr. Come, where 's my dungeon? lead me to my straw:
It will not be the first time I 've lodg'd hard
To doe your Senate service.
Jaff. Hold one moment.
Pierr. Who 's he disputes the judgment of the Senate? 170
Presumptuous rebel — on — *Strikes Jaff[eir].*
Jaff. By Heaven, you stir not:
I must be heard, I must have leave to speak.
Thou hast disgrac'd me, Pierre, by a vile blow:
Had not a dagger done thee nobler justice?

But use me as thou wilt, thou canst not wrong me,
For I am fallen beneath the basest injuries;
Yet look upon me with an eye of mercy,
With pity and with charity behold me;
Shut not thy heart against a friend's repentance,
But as there dwells a god-like nature in thee
Listen with mildness to my supplications.

Pierr. What whining monk art thou? what holy cheat
That wou'dst encroach upon my credulous ears
And cant'st thus vilely? Hence. I know thee not;
Dissemble and be nasty: leave me, hippocrite.

Jaff. Not know me, Pierre?

Pierr. No, know thee not: what art thou?

Jaff. Jaffeir, thy friend, thy once lov'd, valu'd friend,
Though now deservedly scorn'd, and us'd most hardly.

Pierr. Thou Jaffeir! thou my once lov'd, valu'd friend!
By Heavens, thou ly'st; the man so call'd, my friend,
Was generous, honest, faithfull, just and valiant,
Noble in mind, and in his person lovely,
Dear to my eyes and tender to my heart:
But thou a wretched, base, false, worthless coward,

Poor even in soul, and loathsome in thy aspect, 195
All eyes must shun thee, and all hearts detest thee.
Prithee avoid, nor longer cling thus round me,
Like something banefull, that my nature's chill'd at.

Jaff. I have not wrong'd thee, by these tears I have not.
But still am honest, true, and hope, too, valiant; 200
My mind still full of thee: therefore still noble;
Let not thy eyes then shun me, nor thy heart
Detest me utterly: oh look upon me,
Look back and see my sad, sincere submission!
How my heart swells, as even 't would burst my bosom; 205
Fond of its goal, and labouring to be at thee!
What shall I doe? what say to make thee hear me?

Pierr. Hast thou not wrong'd me? dar'st thou call thy self
Jaffeir, that once lov'd, valued friend of mine,
And swear thou hast not wrong'd me? Whence these chains? 210
Whence the vile death, which I may meet this moment?
Whence this dishonour but from thee, thou false one?

Jaff.—All 's true, yet grant one thing, and I've done asking.

Pierr. What 's that?
Jaff. To take thy life on such conditions
The Council have propos'd: thou and thy friends 215
May yet live long, and to be better treated.
Pierr. Life! ask my life! confess! record my self
A villain for the privilege to breath,
And carry up and down this cursed city
A discontented and repining spirit, 220
Burthensome to it self a few years longer,
To lose, it may be, at last in a lewd quarrel
For some new friend, treacherous and false as thou art!
No, this vile world and I have long been jangling,
And cannot part on better terms than now, 225
When onely men like thee are fit to live in 't.
Jaff. By all that 's just —
Pierr. Swear by some other powers,
For thou hast broke that sacred oath too lately.
Jaff. Then by that hell I merit, I 'll not leave thee,
Till to thy self, at least, thou 'rt reconcil'd, 230
However thy resentments deal with me.
Pierr. Not leave me!
Jaff. No, thou shalt not force me from thee,

231 *resentments.* G, resentment.

Use me reproachfully, and like a slave,
Tread on me, buffet me, heap wrongs on wrongs
On my poor head; I 'll bear it all with patience 235
Shall weary out thy most unfriendly cruelty,
Ly at thy feet and kiss 'em though they spurn me,
Till, wounded by my sufferings, thou relent,
And raise me to thy armes with dear forgiveness.

Pierr. Art thou not —

Jaff. What?

Pierr. A traitor?

Jaff. Yes.

Pierr. A villain? 240

Jaff. Granted.

Pierr. A coward, a most scandalous coward,
Spiritless, void of honour, one who has sold
Thy everlasting fame, for shameless life?

Jaff. All, all, and more, much more: my faults are numberless.

Pierr. And wouldst thou have me live on terms like thine? 245
Base as thou art false —

Jaff. No, 't is to me that 's granted;
The safety of thy life was all I aim'd at,
In recompence for faith and trust so broken.

Pierr. I scorn it more because preserv'd by thee,
And as, when first my foolish heart took pity 250

On thy misfortunes, sought thee in thy miseries,
Reliev'd thy wants, and rais'd thee from thy state
Of wretchedness in which thy fate had plung'd thee,
To rank thee in my list of noble friends;
All I receiv'd in surety for thy truth, 255
Were unregarded oaths; and this, this dagger,
Given with a worthless pledge, thou since hast stoln,
So I restore it back to thee again,
Swearing by all those powers which thou hast violated,
Never from this curs'd hour to hold communion, 260
Friendship or interest with thee, though our years
Were to exceed those limited the world.
Take it — farewell — for now I owe thee nothing.

Jaff. Say thou wilt live then.

Pierr. For my life, dispose it
Just as thou wilt, because 't is what I 'm tir'd with. 265

Jaff. Oh, Pierre!

Pierr. No more.

Jaff. My eyes won't lose the sight of thee,
But languish after thine, and ake with gazing.

Pierr. Leave me — Nay, then thus, thus, I throw thee from me,
And curses, great as is thy falsehood, catch thee.
Jaff. Amen. — He 's gone, my father, friend, preserver,
And here 's the portion he has left me.
Holds the dagger up.
This dagger, well remembred, with this dagger
I gave a solemn vow of dire importance,
Parted with this and Belvidera together;
Have a care, mem'ry, drive that thought no farther;
No, I 'll esteem it as a friend's last legacy,
Treasure it up in this wretched bosom,
Where it may grow acquainted with my heart,
That when they meet, they start not from each other.
So; now for thinking: a blow, call'd traitor, villain,
Coward, dishonourable coward, fogh!
Oh for a long, sound sleep, and so forget it!
Down, busie devil —

Enter Belvidera.

Belvidera. Whither shall I fly?
Where hide me and my miseries together?
Where 's now the Roman constancy I boasted?
Sunk into trembling fears and desperation!

92 Edd. within

Not daring to look up to that dear face
Which us'd to smile even on my faults, but down
Bending these miserable eyes to earth,
Must move in penance, and implore much mercy. 290

Jaff. "Mercy," kind Heaven has surely endless stores
Hoarded for thee of blessings yet untasted;
Let wretches loaded hard with guilt as I am,
Bow [with] the weight and groan beneath the burthen,
Creep with a remnant of that strength th' have left 295
Before the footstool of that Heaven th' have injur'd.
Oh Belvidera! I 'm the wretchedst creature
E'r crawl'd on earth; now if thou hast vertue help me,
Take me into thy armes, and speak the words of peace
To my divided soul, that wars within me, 300
And raises every sense to my confusion;
By Heav'n, I am tottering on the very brink
Of peace; and thou art all the hold I 've left.

Belv. Alas! I know thy sorrows are most mighty;

294 *Bow with.* Q1, Q2, Bow the weight; Q3, With.

I know th' hast cause to mourn; to mourn, my Jaffeir,
With endless cries, and never ceasing wailings;
Th' hast lost —

Jaff. Oh I have lost what can't be counted!
My friend too, Belvidera, that dear friend,
Who, next to thee, was all my health rejoyc'd in,
Has us'd me like a slave; shamefully us'd me;
'T would break thy pitying heart to hear the story.
What shall I doe? resentment, indignation,
Love, pity, fear and mem'ry, how I 've wrong'd him,
Distract my quiet with the very thought on 't,
And tear my heart to pieces in my bosome.

Belv. What has he done?

Jaff. Thou 'dst hate me, should I tell thee.

Belv. Why?

Jaff. Oh he has us'd me, yet, by Heaven, I bear it!
He has us'd me, Belvidera, — but first swear
That when I 've told thee, thou 'lt not loath me utterly,
Though vilest blots and stains appear upon me;
But still at least with charitable goodness,
Be near me in the pangs of my affliction,
Not scorn me, Belvidera, as he has done.

Belv. Have I then e'r been false that now I am doubted?

Speak, whats the cause I am grown into distrust,
Why thought unfit to hear my love's complain-
ings?
Jaff. Oh!
Belv. Tell me.
Jaff. Bear my failings, for they are many.
Oh my dear angel! in that friend I 've lost
All my soul's peace; for every thought of him 330
Strikes my sense hard, and deads it in my brains;
Wouldst thou believe it?
Belv. Speak.
Jaff. Before we parted,
E'r yet his guards had led him to his prison,
Full of severest sorrows for his suff'rings,
With eyes o'rflowing and a bleeding heart, 335
Humbling my self almost beneath my nature,
As at his feet I kneel'd, and su'd for mercy,
Forgetting all our friendship, all the dearness,
In which w' have liv'd so many years together,
With a reproachfull hand, he dash'd a blow, 340
He struck me, Belvidera, by Heaven, he struck
me,
Buffeted, call'd me traitor, villain, coward.
Am I a coward? am I a villain? tell me:
Th' art the best judge, and mad'st me, if I am so.
Damnation; coward!
Belv. Oh! forgive him, Jaffeir; 345
And if his sufferings wound thy heart already,
What will they doe to morrow?

Jaff. Hah!
Belv. To morrow,
When thou shalt see him stretch'd in all the agonies
Of a tormenting and a shamefull death,
His bleeding bowels, and his broken limbs, 350
Insulted o'r by a vile, butchering villain;
What will thy heart doe then? Oh, sure, 't will stream
Like my eyes now.
Jaff. What means thy dreadfull story?
Death, and to morrow? broken limbs and bowels?
Insulted o'r by a vile, butchering villain? 355
By all my fears, I shall start out to madness,
With barely guessing, if the truth 's hid longer.
Belv. The faithless senators, 't is they 've decree'd it:
They say according to our friends request,
They shall have death, and not ignoble bondage: 360
Declare their promis'd mercy all as forfeited,
False to their oaths, and deaf to intercession;
Warrants are pass'd for publick death to morrow.
Jaff. Death! doom'd to die! condemn'd unheard! unpleaded!
Belv. Nay, cruel'st racks and torments are preparing, 365
To force confessions from their dying pangs.
Oh do not look so terribly upon me;

How your lips shake, and all your face disorderd!
What means my love?

Jaff. Leave me, I charge thee, leave me — strong temptations 370
Wake in my heart.

Belv. For what?

Jaff. No more, but leave me.

Belv. Why?

Jaff. Oh! by Heaven, I love thee with that fondness
I would not have thee stay a moment longer
Near these curst hands: are they not cold upon thee? 375

Belv. No, everlasting comfort 's in thy armes,
To lean thus on thy breast is softer ease
Than downy pillows deck'd with leaves of roses.

Pulls the dagger half out of his bosom and puts it back agen.

Jaff. Alas, thou thinkest not of the thorns 't is fill'd with.
Fly e'r they call thee: there 's a lurking serpent 380
Ready to leap and sting thee to thy heart:
Art thou not terrifi'd?

Belv. No.

Jaff. Call to mind
What thou hast done, and whither thou hast brought me.

373 *thee.* G reads, you. 380 *call.* Edd., gall.

Belv. Hah!

Jaff. Where's my friend? my friend, thou smiling mischief?
Nay, shrink not, now 't is too late, thou shouldst have fled 385
When thy guilt first had cause, for dire revenge
Is up and raging for my friend. He groans,
Hark how he groans, his screams are in my ears
Already; see, th' have fixt him on the wheel,
And now they tear him — Murther! perjur'd Senate! 390
Murther — Oh! — hark thee, traitress, thou hast done this;
Thanks to thy tears and false perswading love.
Fumbling for his dagger.
How her eyes speak! O thou bewitching creature!
Madness cannot hurt thee: come, thou little trembler,
Creep, even into my heart, and there lie safe; 395
'T is thy own cittadel — hah — yet stand off,
Heaven must have justice, and my broken vows
Will sink me else beneath its reaching mercy;
I 'll wink and then 't is done —

Belv. What means the lord
Of me, my life and love, what's in thy bosom, 400
Thou graspst at so? Nay, why am I thus treated?
Draws the dagger, offers to stab her.

394 [illegible] Q2. Ed[illegible] [illegible]ccept G. can't.

What wilt thou do? Ah, do not kill me, Jaffeir;
Pity these panting breasts, and trembling limbs,
That us'd to clasp thee when thy looks were milder,
That yet hang heavy on my unpurg'd soul, 405
And plunge it not into eternal darkness.

Jaff. No, Belvidera, when we parted last,
I gave this dagger with thee as in trust
To be thy portion, if I e'r prov'd false.
On such condition was my truth believ'd: 410
But now 't is forfeited and must be paid for.

Offers to stab her again.

Belv. (*kneeling*). Oh, mercy!

Jaff. Nay, no strugling.

Belv. Now then kill me!

Leaps upon his neck and kisses him.

While thus I cling about thy cruel neck,
Kiss thy revengefull lips and die in joys
Greater than any I can guess hereafter. 415

Jaff. I am, I am a coward; witness 't, Heaven,
Witness it, earth, and every being witness!
'T is but one blow yet: by immortal love,
I cannot longer bear a thought to harm thee,

He throws away the dagger and embraces her.

The seal of Providence is sure upon thee. 420
And thou wert born for yet unheard of wonders:
Oh thou wert either born to save or damn me!

By all the power that 's given thee o'r my soul,
By thy resistless tears and conquering smiles,
By the victorious love that still waits on thee, 425
Fly to thy cruel father: save my friend,
Or all our future quiet 's lost for ever:
Fall at his feet, cling round his reverend knees;
Speak to him with thy eyes, and with thy tears
Melt his hard heart, and wake dead nature in him; 430
Crush him in th' arms, and torture him with thy softness:
Nor, till thy prayers are granted, set him free,
But conquer him, as thou hast vanquish'd me.

Ex[eunt] Ambo.

ACT V.

[SCENE I. — *Before Priuli's house.*]

Enter Priuli, solus.

Priuli. Why, cruel Heaven, have my unhappy days
Been lengthen'd to this sad one? Oh! dishonour
And deathless infamy is fall'n upon me.
Was it my fault? Am I a traitour? No.
But then, my onely child, my daughter, wedded; 5
There my best bloud runs foul, and a disease
Incurable has seiz'd upon my memory,
To make it rot and stink to after ages.
Curst be the fatal minute when I got her;
Or woud that I 'd been anything but man, 10
And rais'd an issue which wou'd ne'r have wrong'd me.
The miserablest creatures (man excepted)
Are not the less esteem'd, though their posterity
Degenerate from the vertues of their fathers;
The vilest beasts are happy in their off-springs, 15
While onely man gets traitours, whores and villains.
Curst be the names, and some swift blow from fate

Lay his head deep, where mine may be forgotten.

Enter Belvidera in a long mourning veil.

Belvidera. He 's there, my father, my inhumane father,
That, for three years, has left an onely child
Expos'd to all the outrages of fate,
And cruel ruine — Oh! —

Priu. What child of sorrow
Art thou, that com'st thus wrapt in weeds of sadness,
And mov'st as if thy steps were towards a grave?

Belv. A wretch, who from the very top of happiness
Am fallen into the lowest depths of misery,
And want your pitying hand to raise me up again.

Priu. Indeed, thou talk'st as thou hadst tasted sorrows;
Would I could help thee.

Belv. 'T is greatly in your power,
The world too, speaks you charitable, and I,
Who ne'r ask'd alms before, in that dear hope
Am come a begging to you, sir.

Priu. For what?

Belv. Oh, well regard me; is this voice a strange one?
Consider, too, wher beggars once pretend
A case lik[illegible] [illegible] will content 'em.

Priu. What wouldst thou beg for?
Belv. Pity and forgiveness.
Throws up her veil.
By the kind tender names of child and father,
Hear my complaints, and take me to your love.
Priu. My daughter?
Belv. Yes, your daughter, by a mother
Vertuous and noble, faithfull to your honour,
Obedient to your will, kind to your wishes,
Dear to your armes: by all the joys she gave you,
When in her blooming years she was your treasure,
Look kindly on me; in my face behold
The lineaments of hers y' have kiss'd so often,
Pleading the cause of your poor cast-off child.
Priu. Thou art my daughter.
Belv. Yes — And y' have oft told me
With smiles of love and chaste, paternal kisses,
I 'd much resemblance of my mother.
Priu. Oh!
Hadst thou inherited her matchless vertues,
I 'd been too bless'd.
Belv. Nay, do not call to memory
My disobedience, but let pity enter
Into your heart, and quite deface the impression;
For could you think how mine 's perplext, what sadness,

Fears and despairs distract the peace within me, 55
Oh, you would take me in your dear, dear armes,
Hover with strong compassion o'r your young one,
To shelter me with a protecting wing,
From the black gather'd storm, that 's just, just breaking.

Priu. Don't talk thus.

Belv. Yes, I must, and you must hear too. 60
I have a husband.

Priu. Damn him!

Belv. Oh, do not curse him!
He would not speak so hard a word towards you
On any terms, howe'er he deal with me.

Priu. Hah! what means my child?

Belv. Oh there 's but this short moment 65
'Twixt me and fate, yet send me not with curses
Down to my grave, afford me one kind blessing
Before we part: just take me in your armes
And recommend me with a prayer to Heaven,
That I may dye in peace, and when I 'm dead — 70

Priu. How my soul 's catcht!

Belv. Lay me, I beg you, lay me
By the dear ashes of my tender mother.
She would have pitied me, had fate yet spared her.

Priu. By Heaven, my aking heart forebodes much mischief,
Tell me thy story, for I 'm still thy father. 75

63 *howe'er.* Q1 reads, oh! e'r; Q2, oh! e'er; Q3, how'er.

Belv. No, I 'm contented.
Priu. Speak.
Belv. No matter.
Priu. Tell me.
By yon blest Heaven, my heart runs o'r with fondness.
Belv. Oh!
Priu. Utter 't.
Belv. Oh my husband, my dear husband
Carries a dagger in his once kind bosome,
To peirce the heart of your poor Belvidera.
Priu. Kill thee?
Belv. Yes, kill me. When he pass'd his faith
And covenant, against your state and Senate,
He gave me up as hostage for his truth,
With me a dagger and a dire commission,
Whene'r he fail'd, to plunge it through this bosome.
I learnt the danger, chose the hour of love
T' attempt his heart, and bring it back to honour.
Great love prevail'd and bless'd me with success.
He came, confest, betray'd his dearest friends
For promis'd mercy; now they 're doom'd to suffer,
Gall'd with remembrance of what then was sworn,

77 *yon.* Q1, Q2, you; Q3, Edd., yon.
84 *commission.* Q1, period. 85 *fail'd.* Q1, no punctuation.

If they are lost, he vows t' appease the gods
With this poor life, and make my bloud th' attonement.

Priu. Heavens!

Belv. Think you saw what pass'd at our last parting;
Think you beheld him like a raging lion, 95
Pacing the earth, and tearing up his steps,
Fate in his eyes, and roaring with the pain
Of burning fury; think you saw his one hand
Fix't on my throat, while the extended other
Grasp'd a keen, threatning dagger, oh 't was thus 100
We last embrac'd, when, trembling with revenge,
He dragg'd me to the ground, and at my bosome
Presented horrid death, cried out, My friends,
Where are my friends? swore, wept, rag'd, threat-en'd, lov'd,
For he yet lov'd, and that dear love preserv'd me, 105
To this last tryal of a father's pity.
I fear not death, but cannot bear a thought
That that dear hand should do th' unfriendly office;
If I was ever then your care, now hear me;
Fly to the Senate, save the promis'd lives 110
Of his dear friends, e'r mine be made the sacri-fice.

Priu. Oh, my hearts comfort!

99 *while.* Q3, Edd., except G, whilst.

Belv. Will you not, my father?
Weep not, but answer me.
Priu. By Heaven, I will.
Not one of 'em but what shall be immortal.
Canst thou forgive me all my follies past, 115
I 'll henceforth be indeed a father; never,
Never more thus expose, but cherish thee,
Dear as the vital warmth that feeds my life,
Dear as these eyes that weep in fondness o'r thee,
Peace to thy heart. Farewel.
Belv. Go, and remember, 120
'T is Belvidera's life her father pleads for.
Ex[eunt] severally.

Enter Antonio.

Antonio. Hum, hum, hah, Seignior Priuli, my lord Priuli, my lord, my lord, my lord: Now, we lords love to call one another by our titles. My lord, my lord, my lord — Pox on him, I am 125 a lord as well as he, and so let him fiddle — I'll warrant him he 's gone to the Senate-house, and I 'll be there too, soon enough for somebody. Odd — here 's a tickling speech about the plot, I 'll prove there 's a plot with a vengeance — 130 would I had it without book; let me see — "Most reverend senatours, That there is a plot, surely by this time, no man that hath eyes or understanding in his head will presume to doubt; 'tis

123–24 *New, we.* Q3, Edd., except 1712, G, How we.

as plain as the light in the cowcumber" — no 135
— hold there — cowcumber does not come in yet — "'t is as plain as the light in the sun, or as the man in the moon, even at noonday; it is indeed a pumpkin-plot, which, just as it was mellow, we have gathered, and now we have gath- 140
ered it, prepar'd and dress'd it, shall we throw it like a pickled cowcumber out at the window? no: that it is not onely a bloudy, horrid, execrable, damnable and audacious plot, but it is, as I may so say, a sawcy plot: and we all know, 145
most reverend fathers, that what is sawce for a goose is sawce for a gander: therefore, I say, as those bloud-thirsty ganders of the conspiracy would have destroyed us geese of the Senate, let us make haste to destroy them, so I humbly 150
move for hanging". . . hah, hurry durry . . . I think this will doe; tho I was something out, at first, about the sun and the cowcumber.

Enter Aquilina.

Aquilina. Good morrow, senatour.

Anto. Nacky, my dear Nacky, morrow, 155
Nacky, odd, I am very brisk, very merry, very pert, very jovial — ha-a-a-a-a — kiss me, Nacky; how dost thou doe, my little Tory, rory strumpet, kiss me, I say, hussy, kiss me.

Aquil. Kiss me, Nacky. hang you, sir, cox- 160
comb, hang you, si-

Anto. Hayty tayty, is it so indeed, with all my heart, faith. . . . *Hey then, up go we*, faith — *hey then, up go we*, dum dum derum dump. *Sings.*

Aquil. Seignior.

Anto. Madona.

Aquil. Do you intend to die in your bed — ?

Anto. About threescore years hence. Much may be done, my dear.

Aquil. You 'll be hang'd, seignior.

Anto. Hang'd, sweet heart, prithee be quiet, hang'd quoth-a, that 's a merry conceit, with all my heart, why thou jok'st, Nacky, thou art given to joking, I 'll swear; well, I protest, Nacky, nay, I must protest, and will protest that I love joking dearly, man. And I love thee for joking, and I 'll kiss thee for joking, and towse thee for joking, and odd, I have a devilish mind to take thee aside about that business for joking too, odd, I have, and (*sings*) *Hey then, up go we*, dum dum derum dump.

Aquil. (*draws a dagger*). See you this, sir?

Anto. O laud, a dagger! Oh laud! it is naturally my aversion, I cannot endure the sight on 't, hide it, for Heavens sake, I cannot look that way till it be gone — hide it, hide it, oh, oh, hide it!

Aquil. Yes, in your heart I 'll hide it.

168 *hence.* Qq, Edd. have comma after *hence.*
176 *man.* T, N, mun.

Anto. My heart; what, hide a dagger in my heart's bloud!
Aquil. Yes, in thy heart, thy throat, thou pamper'd devil; 190
Thou hast help'd to spoil my peace, and I 'll have vengeance
On thy curst life, for all the bloody Senate,
The perjur'd, faithless Senate: where 's my lord,
My happiness, my love, my god, my hero,
Doom'd by thy accursed tongue, amongst the rest, 195
T' a shamefull wrack? By all the rage that 's in me
I 'll be whole years in murthering thee.
Anto. Why, Nacky,
Wherefore so passionate? what have I done?
what 's the matter, my dear Nacky? am not I 200
thy love, thy happiness, thy lord, thy hero, thy senatour, and every thing in the world, Nacky?
Aquil. Thou! thinkst thou, thou art fit to meet my joys;
To bear the eager clasps of my embraces?
Give me my Pierre, or — 205
Anto. Why, he 's to be hang'd, little Nacky,
Trust up for treason, and so forth, child.
Aquil. Thou ly'st; stop down thy throat that hellish sentence,
Or 't is thy last: swear that my love shall live,
Or thou art dead.

Anto. Ah-h-h-h.

Aquil. Swear to recall his doom, 210
Swear at my feet, and tremble at my fury.

Anto. I do. Now, if she would but kick a little bit, one kick now, ah-h-h-h.

Aquil. Swear, or —

Anto. I doe, by these dear fragrant foots
And little toes, sweet as, e-e-e-e, my Nacky,
Nacky, Nacky. 215

Aquil. How!

Anto. Nothing; but untie thy shoe-string a little, faith and troth,
That 's all, that 's all, as I hope to live, Nacky, that 's all.

Aquil. Nay, then —

Anto. Hold, hold, thy love, thy lord, thy hero
Shall be preserv'd and safe.

Aquil. Or may this poniard 220
Rust in thy heart.

Anto. With all my soul.

Aquil. Farewell —

Ex[*it*] *Aquil*[*ina*].

Anto. Adieu. Why, what a bloudy-minded, inveterate, termagant, strumpet have I been plagu'd with! Oh-h-h, yet more! nay, then, I die, I die — I am dead already. 225

Stretches himself out.

[Scene II. — *A Street near Priuli's House.*]

Enter Jaffeir.

Jaffeir. Final destruction seize on all the world:
Bend down, ye Heavens, and shutting round this earth,
Crush the vile globe into its first confusion;
Scorch it, with elemental flames, to one curst cindar,
And all us little creepers in 't, call'd men, 5
Burn, burn to nothing: but let Venice burn
Hotter than all the rest: here kindle Hell
Ne'r to extinguish, and let souls heareafter
Groan here, in all those pains which mine feels now.

Enter Belvidera.

Belvidera (*meeting him*). My life —
Jaff. (*turning from her*). My plague —
Belv. Nay, then I see my ruine, 10
If I must die!
Jaff. No, Death 's this day too busie,
Thy father's ill tim'd mercy came too late;
I thank thee for thy labours, thô, and him, too,
But all my poor, betray'd, unhappy, friends
Have summons to prepare for fate's black hour; 15
And yet I live.

Belv. Then be the next my doom.
I see thou hast pass'd my sentence in thy heart,
And I 'll no longer weep or plead against it,
But with the humblest, most obedient patience
Meet thy dear hands, and kiss 'em when they wound me; 20
Indeed I am willing, but I beg thee doe it
With some remorse, and where thou giv'st the blow,
View me with eyes of a relenting love,
And shew me pity, for 't will sweeten justice.
Jaff. Shew pity to thee?
Belv. Yes, and when thy hands, 25
Charg'd with my fate, come trembling to the deed,
As thou hast done a thousand, thousand dear times
To this poor breast, when kinder rage has brought thee,
When our sting'd hearts have leap'd to meet each other,
And melting kisses seal'd our lips together, 30
When joyes have left me gasping in thy armes,
So let my death come now, and I 'll not shrink from 't.
Jaff. Nay, Belvidera, do not fear my cruelty,
Nor let the thoughts of death perplex thy fancy,

22 *where.* Q3, Edd., except G, when.

But answer me to what I shall demand 35
With a firm temper and unshaken spirit.
Belv. I will when I 've done weeping —
Jaff. Fie, no more on 't —
How long is 't since the miserable day
We wedded first —
Belv. Oh-h-h.
Jaff. Nay, keep in thy tears,
Lest they un-man me, too.
Belv. Heaven knows I cannot; 40
The words you utter sound so very sadly
These streams will follow —
Jaff. Come, I 'll kiss 'em dry, then.
Belv. But, was 't a miserable day?
Jaff. A curs'd one.
Belv. I thought it otherwise, and you 've oft sworn
In the transporting hours of warmest love, 45
When sure you spoke the truth, you 've sworn you bless'd it.
Jaff. Twas a rash oath.
Belv. Then why am I not curs'd too?
Jaff. No, Belvidera; by th' eternal truth,
I doat with too much fondness.
Belv. Still so kind?
Still then do you love me?
Jaff. Nature, in her workings, 50

[illegible]

Inclines not with more ardour to creation
Than I doe now towards thee; man ne'r was bless'd,
Since the first pair first met, as I have been.
Belv. Then sure you will not curse me.
Jaff. No, I 'll bless thee.
I came on purpose, Belvidera, to bless thee. 55
'T is now, I think, three years w' have liv'd together.
Belv. And may no fatal minute ever part us,
Till, reverend grown, for age and love, we go
Down to one grave, as our last bed, together;
There sleep in peace till an eternal morning. 60
Jaff. (*sighing*). When will that be?
Belv. I hope long ages hence.
Jaff. Have I not hitherto (I beg thee tell me
Thy very fears) us'd thee with tender'st love?
Did e'r my soul rise up in wrath against thee?
Did I e'r frown when Belvidera smil'd, 65
Or, by the least unfriendly word, betray
A bating passion? have I ever wrong'd thee?
Belv. No.
Jaff. Has my heart, or have my eyes e'r wandred
To any other woman?
Belv. Never, never—

67 *A bating.* Q3, Edd., except G, Abating.
69–70 *Never . . . thee.* One line in Qq, 1712 Ed.

I were the worst of false ones, should I accuse thee. 70
I own I 've been too happy, bless'd above
My sexes charter.
Jaff. Did I not say I came to bless thee?
Belv. Yes.
Jaff. Then hear me, bounteous Heaven,
Pour down your blessings on this beauteous head, 75
Where everlasting sweets are always springing.
With a continual giving hand, let peace,
Honour and safety always hover round her;
Feed her with plenty, let her eyes ne'r see
A sight of sorrow, nor her heart know mourning; 80
Crown all her days with joy, her nights with rest,
Harmless as her own thoughts, and prop her vertue,
To bear the loss of one that too much lov'd,
And comfort her with patience in our parting.
Belv. How, parting, parting!
Jaff. Yes, for ever parting. 85
I have sworn, Belvidera, by yon Heaven,
That best can tell how much I lose to leave thee,
We part this hour for ever.
Belv. Oh, call back
Your cruel blessings; stay with me and curse me!
Jaff. No, 't is resolv'd.
Belv. Then hear me, too, just Heaven! 90

85–86 *parting. I . . . Belvidera, by.* Q1, *parting, I . . . Belvidera; by.* 89 *blessings* Q3, Fdd, except G, blessing.

Pour down your curses on this wretched head
With never-ceasing vengeance; let despair,
Danger or infamy, nay all, surround me;
Starve me with wantings, let my eyes ne'r see
A sight of comfort, nor my heart know peace, 95
But dash my days with sorrow, nights with horrours
Wild as my own thoughts now, and let loose fury
To make me mad enough for what I lose,
If I must lose him. If I must! I will not.
Oh turn and hear me!

Jaff. Now hold, heart, or never! 100

Belv. By all the tender days we have liv'd together,
By all our charming nights, and joyes that crown'd 'em,
Pity my sad condition, speak, but speak.

Jaff. Oh-h-h.

Belv. By these armes that now cling round thy neck,
By this dear kiss and by ten thousand more, 105
By these poor streaming eyes—

Jaff. Murther! unhold me:
By th' immortal destiny that doom'd me
Draws his dagger.
To this curs'd minute, I 'll not live one longer.
Resolve to let me go or see me fall—

96 *nights.* G, night.

Belv. Hold, sir, be patient. *Passing-bell towles.*
Jaff. Hark, the dismal bell
Towles out for death, I must attend its call, too,
For my poor friend, my dying Pierre expects me.
He sent a message to require I 'd see him
Before he dy'd, and take his last forgiveness.
Farewell for ever.
Belv. Leave thy dagger with me.
Bequeath me something— Not one kiss at parting? *Going out looks back at her.*
Oh my poor heart, when wilt thou break?
Jaff. Yet stay,
We have a child, as yet a tender infant.
Be a kind mother to him when I am gone,
Breed him in vertue and the paths of honour,
But let him never know his father's story;
I charge thee guard him from the wrongs my fate
May doe his future fortune or his name.
Now—nearer yet—(*Approaching each other.*) Oh that my armes were rivetted
Thus round thee ever! But my friends, my oath!
(*Kisses her.*) This and no more.
Belv. Another, sure another,
For that poor little one you 've ta'n care of:
I 'll giv 't him truly.
Jaff. So, now farewell.

110 *Passing-bell towles.* In Q. 2. and Ed. this follows *bell.*

Belv. For ever?

Jaff. Heaven knows for ever; all good angels guard thee.

Belv. All ill ones sure had charge of me this moment. 130

Curst be my days, and doubly curst my nights,
Which I must now mourn out in widdow'd tears;
Blasted be every herb and fruit and tree,
Curst be the rain that falls upon the earth,
And may the general curse reach man and beast; 135
Oh give me daggers, fire or water!
How I could bleed, how burn, how drown the waves
Huzzing and booming round my sinking head,
Till I descended to the peacefull bottome!
Oh, there 's all quiet, here all rage and fury! 140
The air 's too thin, and pierces my weak brain,
I long for thick, substantial sleep: Hell, Hell,
Burst from the centre, rage and roar aloud,
If thou art half so hot, so mad as I am.

Enter Priuli and Servants.

Who 's there?

Priu. Run, seize and bring her safely home, 145

They seize her.

Guard her as you would life: Alas, poor creature!

Belv. What? To my husband then conduct me quickly.

145 *They seize her.* In Q1, 2, placed after *Who 's there?*

Are all things ready? Shall we dye most glori-
ously?
Say not a word of this to my old father.
Murmuring streams, soft shades, and springing
flowers,
Lutes, laurells, seas of milk, and ships of amber.
Ex[eunt].

SCENE [III] *opening, discovers a scaffold and a wheel prepar'd for the executing of Pierre, then enter Officers, Pierre and Guards, a Friar, Executioner, and a great Rabble.*

Officer. Room, room there — stand all by, make room for the prisoner.

Pierre. My friend not come yet?

Father. Why are you so obstinate?

Pierr. Why you so troublesome, that a poor
wretch
Cannot dye in peace?
But you, like ravens, will be croaking round
him —

Fath. Yet, Heaven —

Pierr. I tell thee Heaven and I are friends,
I ne'r broke peace with 't yet, by cruel murthers,
Rapine, or perjury, or vile deceiving,
But liv'd in moral justice towards all men,
Nor am a foe to the most strong believers;

5 *Cannot.* Edd., Can't.
11 *believers.* Qq colon after this

How e'r my own short-sighted faith confine me.
Fath. But an all-seeing Judge —
Pierr. You say my conscience
Must be mine accuser: I have search'd that conscience,
And find no records there of crimes that scare me.
Fath. 'T is strange you should want faith.
Pierr. You want to lead
My reason blindfold, like a hamper'd lion,
Check'd of its nobler vigour then, when baited,
Down to obedient tameness, make it couch,
And shew strange tricks which you call signs of faith.
So silly souls are gull'd and you get money.
Away, no more: Captain, I would hereafter
This fellow write no lyes of my conversion,
Because he has crept upon my troubled hours.

Enter Jaffeir.

Jaffeir. Hold: eyes, be dry: heart, strengthen me to bear
This hideous sight, and humble me, take
The last forgiveness of a dying friend,
Betray'd by my vile falsehood to his ruine.
Oh Pierre!
Pierr. Yet nearer.

14 *mine.* Q3, Edd., my.
22 *I would.* Q3, Edd., except G, I 'd have.
26 *take.* 1768, 1812, T, N, Edd., to take.

Jaff. Crawling on my knees,
And prostrate on the earth, let me approach thee.
How shall I look up to thy injur'd face,
That always us'd to smile, with friendship, on me?
It darts an air of so much manly virtue,
That I, methinks, look little in thy sight,
And stripes are fitter for me than embraces.
Pierr. Dear to my armes, though thou hast undone my fame,
I cannot forget to love thee: prithee, Jaffeir,
Forgive that filthy blow my passion dealt thee;
I am now preparing for the land of peace,
And fain would have the charitable wishes
Of all good men, like thee, to bless my journy.
Jaff. Good! I am the vilest creature, worse than e'r
Suffer'd the shamefull fate thou art going to taste of.
Why was I sent for to be us'd thus kindly?
Call, call me villain, as I am; describe
The foul complexion of my hatefull deeds;
Lead me to the rack, and stretch me in thy stead,
I've crimes enough to give it its full load,
And doe it credit: thou wilt but spoil the use on 't,

And honest men hereafter bear its figure 50
About 'em, as a charm from treacherous friendship.

Offic. The time grows short, your friends are dead already.

Jaff. Dead!

Pierr. Yes, dead, Jaffeir; they 've all dy'd like men, too,
Worthy their character.

Jaff. And what must I doe? 55

Pierr. Oh, Jaffeir!

Jaff. Speak aloud thy burthen'd soul,
And tell thy troubles to thy tortur'd friend.

Pierr. Friend! Could'st thou yet be a friend, a generous friend,
I might hope comfort from thy noble sorrows.
Heav'n knows I want a friend.

Jaff. And I a kind one, 60
That would not thus scorn my repenting vertue,
Or think, when he is to dye, my thoughts are idle.

Pierr. No! live, I charge thee, Jaffeir.

Jaff. Yes, I will live,
But it shall be to see thy fall reveng'd
At such a rate as Venice long shall groan for. 65

Pierr. Wilt thou?

58 *Friend.* 1757, 1768, 1812, Edd. put this on line by itself; G omits.

Jaff. I will, by Heav'n.
Pierr. Then still thou 'rt noble,
And I forgive thee, oh — yet — shall I trust thee?
Jaff. No: I've been false already.
Pierr. Dost thou love me?
Jaff. Rip up my heart, and satisfie thy doubtings.
Pierr. (*He weeps.*) Curse on this weakness!
Jaff. Tears! Amazement! Tears! 70
I never saw thee melted thus before;
And know there's something lab'ring in thy bosom
That must have vent: though I'm a villain, tell me.
Pierr. (*pointing to the wheel*). Seest thou that engine?
Jaff. Why? 75
Pierr. Is't fit a souldier, who has liv'd with honour,
Fought nations quarrels, and bin crown'd with conquest,
Be expos'd a common carcass on a wheel?
Jaff. Hah!
Pierr. Speak! is't fitting?
Jaff. Fitting?
Pierr. Yes, is't fitting?
Jaff. What's to be done?

Pierr. I'd have thee undertake 80
Something that's noble, to preserve my memory
From the disgrace that's ready to attaint it.
Offic. The day grows late, sir.
Pierr. I'll make haste. Oh, Jaffeir,
Though thou'st betray'd me, doe me some way justice.
Jaff. No more of that: thy wishes shall be satisfi'd, 85
I have a wife, and she shall bleed; my child too
Yield up his little throat, and all t'appease thee—
Pierr. No—this—no more! *He whispers Jaffeir.*
Jaff. Hah! is't then so?
Pierr. Most certainly. *Going away Pier[re] holds him.*
Jaff. I'll do't.
Pierr. Remember.
Offic. Sir.
Pierr. Come, now I'm ready.
Captain,—you should be a gentleman of honour,— *He and Jaffeir ascend the scaffold.* 90
Keep off the rabble, that I may hav room
To entertain my fate, and dye with decency.
Come!

Takes off his gown. Executioner prepares to bind him.

Fath. Son!
Pierr. Hence, tempter!
Offic. Stand off, priest!

Pierr. I thank you, sir. (*To Jaffeir.*) You'll
think on't.
Jaff. 'T won't grow stale before to morrow. 95
Pierr. Now, Jaffeir! now I am going. Now—
Jaff. Have at thee,
Executioner having bound him.
Thou honest heart, then—here— *Stabs him.*
And this is well, too. *Then stabs himself.*
Fath. Damnable deed!
Pierr. Now thou hast indeed been faithful. 100
This was done nobly—We have deceiv'd the
Senate.
Jaff. Bravely.
Pierr. Ha, ha, ha—Oh, oh— *Dies.*
Jaff. Now, ye curs'd rulers,
Thus of the blood y' have shed I make libation,
And sprinkl't mingling: may it rest upon you, 105
And all your race: be henceforth peace a stranger
Within your walls; let plagues and famine waste
Your generations—Oh poor Belvidera!
Sir, I have a wife, bear this in safety to her,—
A token that with my dying breath I blest her, 110
And the dear little infant left behind me.
I am sick—I 'm quiet— *Jaff[eir] dyes.*
Offic. Bear this news to the Senate,
And guard their bodies till there's farther order:
Heav'n grant I dye so well— *Scene shuts upon them.*

109 *her.* Q1, 2, period after *her* [illegible] *her.* Q1 indents.

[SCENE IV.— *A Room in Priuli's House.*]

Soft Musick. Enter Belvidera distracted, led by two of her Women, Priuli, and Servants.

Priuli. Strengthen her heart with patience, pitying Heav'n.
Belvidera. Come, come, come, come, come. Nay, come to bed!
Prithee, my love. The winds! hark, how they whistle!
And the rain beats: oh, how the weather shrinks me!
You are angry now, who cares? pish, no indeed.
Choose then; I say you shall not go, you shall not;
Whip your ill nature; get you gone then! — oh,
Jaffeir's Ghost rises.
Are you return'd? See, father, here he 's come agen;
Am I to blame to love him! Oh, thou dear one,
Ghost sinks.
Why do you fly me? Are you angry still then?
Jaffeir! where art thou? Father, why do you doe thus?

2 *Come . . . come.* 1768, 1812, Edd. add another *come*; T, N omit one.

Stand off, don't hide him from me. He 's here somewhere.
Stand off, I say! What, gone? Remember 't, tyrant!
I may revenge my self for this trick one day.
I 'll do 't — I 'll do 't. Renault 's a nasty fellow.
Hang him, hang him, hang him.
Priu. News, what news?
Officer. Most sad, sir.
Jaffeir, upon the scaffold, to prevent
A shamefull death, stab'd Pierre, and next himself;
Both fell together.
Priu. Daughter.
Belv. Hah, look there!
My husband bloody, and his friend, too! Murther!
Who has done this? Speak to me, thou sad vision, *Ghosts sink.*
On these poor trembling knees I beg it. Vanisht —
Here they went down. Oh I 'll dig, dig the den up.
You shan't delude me thus. Hoa, Jaffeir, Jaffeir!
Peep up and give me but a look. I have him!
I 've got him, father: oh now how I 'll smuggle him!

Enter Officer and others. Offic[er] whispers Priuli.

The Ghosts of Jaff[eir] and Pier[re] rise together, both bloody.

27 *smuggle.* G reads, s[n]uggle.

My love! my dear! my blessing! help me, help me!
They have hold on me, and drag me to the bottom!
Nay — now they pull so hard — farewell —
She dyes.

Maid. She 's dead, 30
Breathless and dead.

Priu. Then guard me from the sight on 't:
Lead me into some place that 's fit for mourning;
Where the free air, light and the chearfull sun
May never enter: hang it round with black;
Set up one taper that may last a day — 35
As long as I've to live: and there all leave me,
Sparing no tears when you this tale relate,
But bid all cruel fathers dread my fate.

Curtain falls, Ex[eunt] Omnes.

36 *all.* Q2, Q3, G omit.

FINIS.

EPILOGUE

The text is done, and now for application,
And when that 's ended pass your approbation.
Though the conspiracy 's prevented here,
Methinks I see another hatching there;
And there 's a certain faction fain would sway, 5
If they had strength enough, and damn this play.
But this the author bad me boldly say:
If any take his plainness in ill part,
He 's glad on 't from the bottome of his heart;
Poets in honour of the truth shou'd write 10
With the same spirit brave men for it fight;
And though against him causeless hatreds rise,
And dayly where he goes of late he spies
The scowles of sullen and revengefull eyes,
'T is what he knows with much contempt to bear, 15
And serves a cause too good to let him fear.
He fears no poison from an incens'd drabb,
No ruffian's five-foot-sword, nor rascal's stab,
Nor any other snares of mischief laid,
Not a Rose-alley cudgel-ambuscade, 20

Epilogue in Oc this follows the *Prologue.*

From any private cause where malice reigns,
Or general pique all block-heads have to brains:
Nothing shall daunt his pen when truth does call,
No, not the * picture-mangler at Guild-hall.
The rebel-tribe, of which that vermin's one, 25
Have now set forward and their course begun;
And while that prince's figure they deface,
As they before had massacred his name,
Durst their base fears but look him in the face,
They'd use his person as they've us'd his fame; 30
A face, in which such lineaments they reade
Of that great martyr's, whose rich bloud they shed,
That their rebellious hate they still retain,
And in his son would murther him again:
With indignation then, let each brave heart, 35
Rouse and unite to take his injur'd part;
Till Royal love and goodness call him home,
And songs of triumph meet him as he come;
Till Heaven his honour and our peace restore,
And villains never wrong his vertue more. 40

* *The Rascal that cut the Duke of York's Picture.*

Notes to Venice Preserved

For single words see Glossary.

159. Epistle. The "Epistle Dedicatory To Her Grace The Dutchess of Portsmouth," "Prologue," "Epilogue," and "Personae Dramatis," precede the text of the play, in the quartos.

159. The Dutchess of Portsmouth. Louise de Keroualle, Charles II's well-known mistress, who was sent over by Louis XIV, and who supplanted all Charles's other mistresses, except Nell Gwyn. Wealth and honors were heaped upon her, and her apartments at Whitehall were far more splendid, Evelyn tells us, than the Queen's. She had, of course, many enemies, one of whom, in the same year in which Otway wrote this dedication, placed the following lines beneath her portrait:

> "Lowly born and meanly bred,
> Yet of this nation is the head;
> For half Whitehall make her their court,
> Though the other half make her their sport.
> Monmouth's tower, Jeffery's advance,
> Foe to England, spy to France,
> False and foolish, proud and bold,
> Ugly, as you see, and old;
> In a word, her mighty Grace
> Is whore in all things but her face."

She was, however, at this time not more than thirty-seven, and survived the King for fifty years. N.

160, 41. The young prince. Charles Lennox, created Duke of Richmond in 1675, ancestor of the present Duke.

162. Prologue. The Prologue (bearing the date 1681) was published as a broadside, probably simultaneously with the first performance; similarly, broadsides of the original Prologue and Epilogue are extant dated 1682. The Prologue specially written to welcome the Duke of York on April 21, 1682, will be found in Appendix C.

162, 1. distracted. Broadsides read "unsettled."

161, 4. **witnesses.** Titus Oates and others.

162, 20. **And . . . chair.** The broadsides add the following lines:

> "Here are no Turks of such a monstrous statur
> And some believe there are none such in Natur
> But here 's," etc.

163, 33. **Mother Creswolds.** The well-known Mother Creswell, a notorious procuress, who kept up an extensive correspondence with spies and emissaries, by whom she was informed of "the rising beauties in different parts of the kingdom." N.

163, 34. **Poland, Poland.** The Prologue openly ridicules Shaftesbury's scheme to have himself elected King of Poland. Shaftesbury had previously been attacked by Otway in his *Caius Marius*. He was also ridiculed by Dryden. His nickname was "Count Tapski," alluding, it is said, to his having an abscess tapped by a silver pipe.

165. **Enter Priuli and Jaffeir.** Proper names are variously spelled in the quartos. Q1 has "Prinli" in the Personae Dramatis and throughout Acts IV and V (see note IV, 2, 1). "Jaffeir" is often spelled "Jaffier," this form being used in the N edition, while the older editions prefer "Jaffeir." "Pierre" is usually so spelled, while Q1 has also such forms as "Pierre" and "Peirre." Other spellings occur as follows: Eliot, Elliot; Revillido, Revellido; Bedamar, Bedamore; Brainveil (usual form in Q1), Bramveil, Branveil, and Brainville.

167, 32. **The Adriatick wedded.** This ceremony (first instituted by Pope Alexander III) took place every Ascension-Day. The Doge of Venice, attended by his nobles and the senate, went in a vessel called the Bucentaur to the Adriatic Sea, which he *married* by casting a gold ring into it, using at the same time these words, "We wed thee, O Sea, in token of a true and lasting dominion," etc. This circumstance is frequently alluded to in the course of the play. — Thornton.

174, 189. **That filthy cuckoo.** The cuckoo pollutes and destroys nests of other birds.

179, 302. **On the Ryalto.** The names of a few places occur and aid in lending a faint tinge of local color to this play. But the absence of such effects is one of the characteristics of Otway's workmanship, not only in this play, but also in the others.

181, 341. **Wee 'l.** Forms such as "wee 'l," "hee 'l," "shee 'll," are frequent in Q1. Generally these are corrected in Q3 to read "we 'll," "he 'll," "she 'll."

181, 343. **Vows.** Errors such as "vow's" for "vows," "heaven's" for "heavens," are frequent in Q1.

184. **Act II.** This is described in N as "Before the House of Aquilina." The part of Aquilina, the Greek courtesan, was really a creation of Otway; it is merely suggested in the original story. Aquilina was first played by Mrs. Currer, and she is said to have won great applause in playing it.

186, 43. **The Ephesian matron.** A reference to the story in Petronius on which Chapman founded his *Widow's Tears*.

190, 45. **Aches.** A word of two syllables, as in Shakspere.

207. **Act III, Scene I.** G reads, "Act III. Scene II," which is undoubtedly a misprint.

207. **Act III.** N places this scene in a room in Aquilina's house. These lewd scenes between Antonio and Aquilina were omitted in the acting edition prepared by J. P. Kemble (1795, 1811, 1814), and probably also from the performance of the play at Otway's school, Winchester, in 1755, when Robert Lowth (afterwards Bishop of London, the head-master of the school) wrote a special Prologue. (G, Pref. viii.). It is said that the comic scenes were performed for the last time at the special command of George II, but that they were not pleasing to the audience.

207. **Enter Antonio.** In the character of Antonio, Otway ridiculed Sir Anthony Ashley-Cooper, the Earl of Shaftesbury, the greatest Liberal statesman of the seventeenth century. "He was first a Royalist, then a Parliamentarian, later contributed to the Restoration; after this a Tory, and finally a Whig. He was a member of the 'Cabal' administration, and was created by Charles II first Baron Ashley, and then Earl of Shaftesbury. He was Lord Chancellor in 1672, and to him we owe the Habeas Corpus Act; he also contributed materially to make our judges independent of the Crown. He persecuted the Catholics under pretext of the Popish Plot; promoted the Exclusion Bill against the Duke of York, afterwards James II, as a Catholic; and advocated Monmouth's (son of Charles II by Lucy Walters) claim to legitimacy. In 1681 he was impeached and sent to the Tower on a charge of high treason, but

acquitted. He was, however, forced to retire to Holland, where he died in 1683." N.

208, 46. Sixty one years. Antonio's age and name correspond to those of the Earl of Shaftesbury.

213. Scene II. The stage-direction in Q1 is simply "Enter Belvidera"; but N places the scene in another room in Aquilina's house.

213, 7. Like Tarquin. The tragic story of the rape of Lucrece often retold by the Elizabethan dramatists. See Shakspere's *The Rape of Lucrece*.

213, 8. O thou Roman Lucrece! etc. In Q1 this and the line following are arranged so as to form one line. In G it reads thus:

> "O thou Roman Lucrece, thou couldst find friends
> To vindicate thy wrong";

however, "Thornton's arrangement is to be preferred," it adds, and this arrangement reads:

> "O thou Roman Lucrece!
> Thou couldst find friends to vindicate thy wrong."

216, 60. Porcia! Porcia! This was also a favorite tale of the Elizabethans. See Shakspere's *Julius Cæsar*.

223, 219. A wife on the dull foil. All Edd. except N, read, "soil," either mistaking *f* for long *s*, or mistaking the more technical meaning of "foil." The S Reprint made this same error, and it was repeated in G, though the latter gives the correct reading in the Notes and defines the term "foil."

225, 252. My self no monster. This refers to the cuckold, a horned beast.

228, 314–17. St. Marks, Ducal Palace, Secque, Procuralle, all suggest local color. "This scene, particularly the charge of Renault, is closely imitated from Saint-Réal." N.

236, 456–7. Thou dy! . . . or thou. According to Davies (*Dramatic Miscellany*), when Pierre said this, an actor of unfortunate figure and meagre face appeared. Thus this fine passage was purposely turned into burlesque.

243. Act IV, Scene 2. This is the point at which the compositor (see *Note on Text*, p. 156) who finished the play and

set the *Dedication* and *Dramatis Personae* began his work. His mistake, *Prinli* for *Priuli*, is corrected in the succeeding quartos.

249, 112. More traitors . . . room there. G prints this in italics, as if shouted by people outside — the "Noise without" given in the stage-directions. N adds: "Voices without," omitting "Noise without," and printing "More traitors" in regular type.

252, 166. Exeunt all the Senators. At this point in the acting copy of the play, all the conspirators except Pierre and Jaffier are led out.

265, 404. That . . . milder. N remarks: "Perhaps a line is lost here."

265, 420. The seal of Providence. In Q1, though nearly all nouns begin with capitals, the unexpected often happens, as in this case: Q1 reads: "The Seal of providence."

275, 180. Hey then, up go we. "This was the burden of many songs of that period, as in the following:

> 'We 'll drive the doctors out of doors,
> And parts whate'er they be,
> We 'll cry all parts and learning down,
> And heigh then, up go we.'"
>
> Collec. of Songs, 1731. — Thornton.

284, 110. Hark, the dismal bell. This is cited by Mr. Beers, in his *Nineteenth Century Romanticism*, p. 20, note, as an incident of strong romantic force. Noel says, on the other hand, "an old French critic finds fault with the tolling of the bell in Act v, 'This shocking extravagance, which in Paris would excite only contempt and derision, strikes the English with awe.' How fashions change! Think of Victor Hugo and *Lucrecia Borgia!*"

296. Epilogue. The special Epilogue written by Otway and "spoken upon his Royal Highness the Duke of York's coming to the Theatre, Friday, April 21, 1682," is given in Appendix C.

296, 20. Rose-alley cudgel-ambuscade. "This refers to the attack upon Dryden in Rose Street, Covent Garden, in December, 1679, made by order of Rochester in consequence, it is supposed, of Dryden being reputed the author of the *Essay on Satire*. The preceding verse probably contains an allusion to the stabbing of Mr. Scroop by Sir Thomas Armstrong in the pit of

the Duke's Theatre, which is mentioned by Langbaine (*Dram. Poets*, p. 460)." N.

297, 24. **Picture-mangler at Guild-hall.** The Duke of York's picture had been cut from the legs downwards. The marginal note is in Q1–Q3.

297, 38. **Goodness call him home.** The Duke was then in exile, so to speak, in Scotland.

Appendix B

HISTORICAL SOURCE OF VENICE PRESERVED

CONSPIRACY OF THE SPANIARDS, AGAINST THE REPUBLIC OF VENICE, IN 1618. BOSTON, 1838. TRANSLATED FROM ABBÉ SAINT-RÉAL'S CONJURATION DES ESPAGNOLS CONTRE LA VENISE, EN 1618.

NOTE: The general outline of the narrative is given by the Editor in the connecting sentences.

[1] (9.) "The controversy between Paul 5th and the Republic of Venice having been adjusted by France with the honor and glory which were merited by the holy See and the Venetians, the Spaniards alone felt there was any cause for dissatisfaction. As they had declared for the Pope, and had offered to subjugate the Venetians by their arms, they were irritated that they had no participation in the treaty; but having penetrated the secret of the arrangement, they knew they had no cause of complaint against the holy Father, and that the contempt which had been shown them originated in the Republic. It was the Senate who had wished to exclude them entirely from the mediation, under the pretext that they could not be arbiters after having evinced so much partiality."

The Spaniards remained quiet during the life of Henry IV, but after his death they sought the first pretext for action.

(10.) "A troop of privates called the Uscoques resided in the Austrian possessions on the Adriatic sea, and adjoining territory. These robbers, who had committed an

1 Only the [illegible] are [illegible]

infinite number of outrages on the subjects of the Republic, were protected by the Archduke Ferdinand de Grez, sovereign of this country, and afterward Emperor. He was a very religious prince, but his ministers divided the plunder with the Uscoques, and as they were devoted to the court of Spain, they took this opportunity of being revenged on the Venetians."

This difference was settled in Vienna, 1612, and the Venetians were finally successful, much to the disgust of the Spanish.

(11.) "The Spanish council were indignant at finding the Venetians every where successful. The mild and peaceable genius of Philip 3d, and of the Duke of Lerma, his favorite, suggested to them no way of extricating themselves from this dilemma; but, one of their ministers in Italy, who was not so moderate as themselves, came forward to their assistance."

"Don Alphonso de la Gueva, Marquis of Bedemar, and Ambassador to Venice, was one of the most powerful geniuses and dangerous minds (12.) that Spain had ever produced." . . . (13.) "The Spanish Ambassadors generally possessed full control over the courts to which they were sent, and the Marquis of Bedemar had been chosen for that of Venice in 1607, as the most difficult of all foreign employments, and in which no assistance could be received from women, monks or favorites. The Spanish council were so well satisfied with his management, that however his assistance was needed elsewhere, they could not resolve to recall him, even after six years residence in Venice. Such a length of time enabled him to study the principles of that government, to discover its most secret resources, to distinguish wherein consisted its strength and weakness, and to see all its advantages and faults. As he saw that the Archduke would be compelled to conclude

a peace which could not fail of being disgraceful (14.) to the house of Austria, because the wrong had proceeded[1] from it, he resolved to undertake something which might prevent the success of any treaty with the Republic."

"He considered that, in the actual situation of Venice, there was nothing to render it impossible for him to become master of it, especially with the knowledge he possessed, and the force which he might command. The armies of the Republic had exhausted not only its arms, but the men capable of bearing them. As the fleet had never been so fine, the Senate had never believed itself so formidable, or to have had less cause for fear. However, this invincible fleet could not remove from the coast of Istria, which was the seat of war. The army was no nearer, and there was nothing which could oppose a descent of the Spanish navy. To render this invasion more sure, the Marquis of Bedemar intended to seize the principal ports, such as the place of St. Mark, and the Arsenal; and as it would be difficult to effect this whilst the city remained in perfect tranquillity, he proposed putting fire to it in the most susceptible places, and where it would, with the most difficulty, be extinguished."

While not openly exposing his plans to the Spanish court, he succeeded in winning their approval to his schemes, and at the same time he began to attach many of the leaders of the Republic, men who were ambitious, disaffected with the present leaders, or partisans of the court of Rome, to his own personal designs. "He persuaded them under the pretence of kindness, that their consciences ought no longer to permit them to wish for the prosperity of Venice."

The Marquis of Bedemar used the dispute between Milan and Venice, as well as the greater disturbance occasioned by the rivalry between the Spanish and German

1 "Preceeded" in original.

branches of the house of Austria, to further his end. He secretly attempted to destroy the veneration with which Europe so many years had regarded the great Republic, the most ancient of existing states where Liberty had so long been enjoyed. He secretly wrote against the Venetians, declaiming against their outrages in a libellous work entitled, *Squittinio della liberta veneta*, which excited a great sensation. But good fortune seemed to favor the Venetians on all sides, especially after the cessation of hostilities in the north of Europe when the French and German adventurers, under the leadership of the Counts of Nassau and Lievestein, brought eight thousand Dutch and Walloons to the service of the Republic. This incident maddened the Spanish and they began to complain to the Pope of the dangers to Italy should there be any intercourse with these heretical military champions from the north. (25.) "But the Marquis of Bedemar would have been greatly embarrassed had the Pope obliged the Venetians to disband these heretics. As these mercenaries thought only of profit in serving a foreign prince, he hoped to gain the assistance of their chiefs in consideration of a certain sum, and the expectation of the plunder of Venice. To negotiate this affair, he cast his eyes upon an old French gentleman named Nicholas de Renault, a man of talents and knowledge who for reasons not known had sought refuge in Venice. The Marquis of Bedemar had frequently seen him at the house of the French Ambassador, where he lived. In some conversation which (26.) chance occasioned, Renault discovered that the capacity of this minister had not been overrated, and the Marquis, well pleased to possess a friend of this character at the French Ambassador's, soon became extremely intimate with him."

"Although this man was exceedingly poor, he esti-

mated virtue more than riches, but he loved glory beyond virtue, and if it could not be obtained by innocent means, there were none too criminal for him to undertake."

"The Marquis of Bedemar, who had deeply studied him, and who had need of a man to whom he could entirely confide the management of the enterprise, revealed to him his plans, at the same time saying, he had placed dependance on him from the first moment he had conceived the idea of such an undertaking. Renault felt more complimented by this assurance than he would have done with all the praises that could have been offered him; his advanced age did not prevent his entering into this engagement (27.), for as in the course of nature his life must be short, he believed he could not better employ the few sad years that yet remained for him, than by risking them in an adventure which might render his name immortal. The Marquis of Bedemar gave him the bills of exchange and letters of credit necessary to negotiate with the commander of the Hollanders; he charged him not yet to explain the nature of the enterprise, but merely to make him understand that the difficulties had increased to such a degree between the Republic and the house of Austria, that the Spanish Ambassador, then at Venice, foreseeing something might occur which would expose his person to the fury of the people of that city, to guard himself from such peril, he wished to feel assured of the protection of a number of faithful and resolute friends. . . . By this means he hoped to seduce the chosen band of the Venetian army, and that the rest would remain so feeble it would be easy for Don Pedro to defeat them on the road, if they were ordered to Venice to oppose the conspirators."

In like manner the Marquis plotted to secure the co-operation of the navy of Spain which was under the com-

mand of the Viceroy of Naples, the Duke of Ossuno. This Viceroy of Naples was really the protector of some of the most famous pirates in the Mediterranean, and he shared in their plunder. One of those captains who had come under his command and protection was Captain Jacques Pierre, a Norman of good family. (30.) "Amongst those who sought the friendship of the Captain was a Vincent Robert of Marseilles, who, having landed in Sicily, where the Duke of Ossuno was then Viceroy, was so kindly received as to induce him to enter into the service of that prince. The Duke having learned that Robert was intimate with Pierre, familiarly complained to him that his friend should have chosen the estates of the Duke of Savoy for a residence in preference to his own. He accompanied this complaint with extraordinary testimonials of the esteem which he entertained for the courage and experience of the Captain in all maretime affairs, and concluded by assurances of sparing nothing which depended upon him to attract to his court a man of such singular merit. Robert undertook this negotiation with joy, and it was supported by such advances on the part of the Viceroy, that Pierre felt under the obligation of repairing to Sicily with his wife and children."

Captain Pierre returned to his acts of piracy on the seas, captured rich Turkish booty, ravaged the isles and shores of the Levant and sunk a large squadron of Turkish galleys.

(31.) "It was at this time that the Marquis of Bedemar communicated his design to the Duke of Ossuno, confident he would have but little trouble in engaging his co-operation. This duke, who (32.) affected an empire over the sea, wished for nothing more ardently than to ruin those who could alone dispute his power and whom it

was not so easy to combat as the Turks. He disclosed the project to Pierre in making known to him all the difficulties they would encounter. The Captain did not believe them insurmountable, and after many days of secret conference he privately left Naples in a manner which evinced extreme fear. The Viceroy immediately dispatched persons in every direction, excepting the one he had taken, with orders to seize him dead or alive, his wife and children were imprisoned and apparently treated in a most cruel manner. All his property was confiscated and the anger of the Duke was so violent that all Naples was astonished at it, although his character was so well known. As the Captain did not appear more calm, their disagreement was easily believed, and it was supposed that Pierre had acted contrary to the interests of Spain, or the Duke in his particular designs, and had returned to his first asylum."

Pierre in his supposed flight took refuge with the Duke of Savoy, who was at war with the Spanish.

(33.) "The Duke of Savoy, touched with pity at this sad recital,[1] received him with open arms. He told the corsair that his interests being intimately connected with those of the Republic, he would acknowledge the service he had rendered their common cause, if the Venetians did not show themselves grateful. He added that it was important the Senate should be instructed by his own mouth of the designs of the Duke of Ossuno After having exhorted him to support his disgrace like a man of courage, furnishing him with everything necessary, and making him a magnificent present, he directed him to take the road to Venice, with letters of credit and recommendation."

1 Pierre fabricated an account of his losses, and of his flight from the Spanish

"The Venetians were not less compassionate than the Duke of Savoy. The flight, the tears, the poverty, the despair, the reputation of the (34.) Captain, the hope that he would attract to their service as many brave persons as he had to the Duke of Ossuno, and above all, the projects which he related of this Duke, and which he had invented with plausibility, spoke so powerfully in his favor, that they immediately gave him command of a vessel."

The plot laid by the Duke of Ossuno and carried out by Captain Pierre was most successful. The Venetians were deceived on all sides. When Pierre won for them victory on the sea, they placed more power and confidence in him. Both the Duke of Ossuno and the Marquis of Bedemar were now eager to bring their plot to a head. They sought to throw armed forces into the fortified towns surrounding Venice and to secure a harbor in the neighborhood as a place of retreat for the Spanish fleet.

(40.) "It was of extreme importance for the honor of the Spanish crown that its Ambassador could not be convicted of having taken a part in the enterprise in case of its failure. With this view he resolved to remain concealed to all the conspirators excepting Renault and Pierre; even these two were unacquainted. They never visited the Ambassador excepting when sent for, and he was careful to appoint different times that they might not meet. If a discovery should take place, it would be more advantageous for him that they should have no connection. In this fear, he wished still to continue to direct them without their becoming known to each other, but after mature deliberation he judged it impossible, and despairing of success if he did not establish a perfect union between them, he resolved to take this step, however unpleasant it might be to him.

"Although both possessed courage and prudence, Renault principally piqued himself on making such a disposition of things that the execution would be easy and the success certain. Pierre, on the contrary, who was much younger, prided himself upon being a man of great promptitude and extraordinary resolution. The Marquis made known to him the various negotiations of Renault, his wisdom, which provided expedi-(41.)ents for all exigencies, his eloquence and address in gaining new partisans, and his talent for writing, so useful on an occasion when continual news of the fleet, the provinces, and the army was requisite. He added, that he thought a man of this description would be extremely useful to the Captain; that he was an old man of great experience, who wanted neither heart nor firmness, but whose age and literary, rather than warlike profession, rendered him incapable of partaking with Pierre the glory of the execution. To Renault he merely said that Pierre was a man attached to the Duke of Ossuno, and that the Duke, before engaging in the enterprise, had concealed nothing from this confidant. He prayed him to condescend to the manners of the corsair, as it was necessary to their design to pay him all the defference which could gain the mind of a man proud and presumptuous to the last degree.

"The Marquis of Bedemar having labored in this manner to dispose these two men to good fellowship, was extremely astonished, the first time they met at his house, to see them embrace with much tenderness, as soon as they cast their eyes upon each other. There is no mind so strong that does not sometimes reason falsely upon that which surprises it. The first thought (42.) of the Ambassador was that he was betrayed. As he had understood they were not acquainted he could not comprehend why their connexion had been concealed from him. This mystery

was soon elucidated. They had met at the house of a celebrated Greek, a woman of extraordinary merit for a courtesan, of which there needed no other proof than this adventure, in which she had religiously concealed, as she had been requested, the secret of their names. This fidelity is more to be admired as she was not ignorant of the great esteem in which they held each other.

"The Ambassador, fully recovered from his surprise, was delighted to find an union already effected, for which he had so much wished. They acknowledged, in the course of conversation, that they had each the design of engaging the other in the enterprise. As they were full of their project, in their conversation at the Greek's they had sometimes fallen upon subjects of this nature, in speaking of the affairs of the times, and the state of the war, without any intention of revealing their secret; they however candidly confessed, in the presence of the Ambassador, that in the heat of argument they had sometimes proceeded a little too far, and had discovered more of their sentiments than was wise."

Renault gave the Ambassador a report of the state of affairs among the Venetians and also of the negotiations he had entered upon with the foreign commanders.

(44.) "Renault said, he had negotiated with three French gentlemen, whose names were Durand, sergeant-major to the regiment of Lievestein, De Brainville, and De Bribe, also a Savoyard called De Ternon, who had been at the scalade of Geneva, a Hollander named Theodore, Robert Revellido, an Italian engineer, two other Italians who had been employed in the Arsenal, named Louis de Villa Mezzana, captain of light horse, and William Retrosi, lieutenant of captain Honorat in Parma. He had considered it necessary to confide his plan entirely to these nine persons, but from the manner in which he

and chosen them, he would answer with his head for their fidelity. During his residence in the camp they had already gained more than two hundred officers; but these officers had only understood, as the Ambassador had ordered, that they were to go to Venice to deliver his excellency from the hands of the populace of that city, whenever their assistance was needed."

The Ambassador having arranged three sources of supply, namely, the Duke of Ossuno, Don Pedro, and Renault's promise of the Hollanders, he negotiated with each independently as if he needed them for three different enterprises.

(47.) "It was now time to know precisely when the Duke of Ossuno could send to Venice the men expected from him. But [as] he did not possess a mind sufficiently steady for one to repose blindly upon his word in so important and difficult an affair, it was thought best to send some one capable of judging on the spot if he was in a situation to fulfil his word. Pierre could not absent himself from Venice without its being remarked. Renault was indispensably necessary there, and they cast their eyes for this journey upon De Bribe, one of the French gentlemen with whom Renault had negotiated in Friuli. But this gentleman whilst preparing to depart having received a commission from the Republic to raise soldiers, it was thought best for him to remain, and a Franc Comptois named Laurent Nolot, a friend of the Captain's, proceeded in his place the first day of the year 1618."

After all these matters had been arranged the Ambassador sent a full report of his project to the court of Spain, requesting an immediate answer from them whether he should execute the plans made for the conspiracy. The reply came at once, but the court urged delay until the

state of the Republic could be fully reported to them. The Ambassador prepared such a report, which was a masterpiece of its kind.

(51.) "After this account the council of Spain allowed the Marquis of Bedemar the liberty of acting without orders. All operations were, however, arrested by Nolot not returning, and the Ambassador could not console himself for the fault he had committed in exposing an affair of this kind to the caprice of the Duke of Ossuno, whose disposition he had long known. The delay was extremely dangerous in the present state of things. After the Spaniards had taken Verceil, Gradiska found itself pressed by the Venetians, and the council of Spain could find no other means of saving it than by renewing propositions of peace."

Peace was concluded and a treaty between Spain and the Venetians was signed by the Marquis of Bedemar. By means of this the Marquis gained more time for the perfection of his conspiracy. The Spanish disclaimed all responsibility for the conduct of the Duke of Ossuno and his piracies on the seas.

(54.) "It could be easily judged by these events that it was important to hasten the execution of the plot, since it was so difficult to maintain affairs in a right position, for any length of time, to insure success. Still Nolot did not return from (55.) the Duke of Ossuno, and the Ambassador, in despair, commanded him to discover the reason at whatever price, and at last it was made known to him.

"Some time after Pierre was received into the service of the Republic, the Viceroy, who wished to be instructed by different means of the state of Venice, sent after him an Italian named Alexander Spinosa, as a spy into the affairs there. This man, who was not known, soon ob-

tained employment like all adventurers who asked for it. He believed that the Duke was planning some important enterprise, but he did not suspect that the corsair was the conductor of the plot; he doubted, however, whether he was really upon as bad terms with the Duke as was believed by the world. When Spinosa came to Venice he offered the Viceroy to assassinate the Captain, who refused this proposal under pretence of the danger he must run in executing it. Spinosa, who was not wanting in intelligence, thought there must be some stronger reason for this refusal, as the mere sacrifice of a man would never have made him hesitate in his revenge. The Duke, however, charged him to observe the actions of the corsair, either to prevent Spinosa from suspecting the truth, or because he could never place entire confidence in any one; and he also (56.) wished to see if what Spinosa wrote of the Captain accorded with what Pierre wrote of himself.

"To acquit himself better of his commission, Spinosa kept company with some Frenchmen who frequented the house of Pierre at Venice. These persons, who were amongst the conspirators, rendered an exact account to the Captain of the enquiries made by Spinosa concerning his conduct, and they also discovered that this spy endeavoured to intrigue on his side to entice people into the service of the Duke of Ossuno.

"Pierre was very indignant that the Viceroy should not place entire trust in him, but it did not surprise him; he only considered that if Spinosa continued to cabal without their acting together, that it would enfeeble their party by dividing it, and it did not appear proper that he should open his mind to a man who had been ordered to act as a spy upon him.

"The Marquis of Bedemar and Renaul' were of the

same opinion, and that there was no time to lose in remedying this inconvenience. After having maturely investigated the means of doing it they found there was no security for them but in getting Spinosa out of the way. He was a man who would sell his life dearly if they undertook to assassinate him. The employment (57.) which he followed obliged him to be always upon his guard, and the Captain was at last obliged to accuse him, before the council of Ten, as a spy of the Duke of Ossuno, after having uselessly tried every other means to accomplish his destruction. The French with whom he was connected gave in their evidence so judiciously and circumstantially that he was taken and strangled the same day. All that he could advance against the corsair made no impression on the minds of his judges because it was against his accuser, and he had no proofs to offer of the truth of his assertions.

"This affair augmented the confidence of the Venetians in the Captain; but it extremely afflicted the Marquis of Bedemar, as it served as a caution to the Venetians to watch the conduct of the foreigners in their service.

"The Duke of Ossuno, who had just learned the death of Spinosa when Nolot arrived at Naples, did not hesitate to guess the author. The displeasure which he felt made him think it wrong of the Marquis of Bedemar that he had not consulted with him about it, and the various suspicions to which this event gave birth in his mind, made him hesitate on what he should resolve."

Because of the anger of the Viceroy there was great delay on his part in starting his ships and forces from Naples. At the same time the foreign troops were on the point of mutiny and it seemed as if the Venetians would remove them from the vicinity of the city. These two incidents caused a delay in the execution of the plot. To

relieve Renault and Pierre a greater number of conspirators was added to the band, among them Antoine Jaffier, a Provençal, and a Frenchman named L'Anglade. These men took up their residence in the city so as to be at the centre of action.

(61.) "L'Anglade and these two officers lodged in the Arsenal. Renault had taken with him to the house of the French Ambassador, three of his friends, Bribe, Brainville, and Laurent Brulard. The three petardeers lived with the Marquis of Bedemar, . . . Pierre remained in the house he generally occupied, but alone, that he might not be suspected in case of his being watched; the others he had lodged at the house of the courtisan where he had first met Renault."

At this time occurred the death of the doge Donato, and in his place was appointed Antonio Priuli. This occasion, a time when many strangers flocked to the city, was seized upon by the Marquis for the assembling of the officers of the bribed troops in Venice in order that they might obtain thorough knowledge of the different stations they were to occupy on the night of the execution of the plot. The order of arrangements was as follows: the Walloons were to land at the Place of St. Mark; Pierre was to seize the ducal palace; Bribe to occupy La Sacque; Brainville to take the Procuratie; others to seize the Arsenal, the galleys of the Council of Ten and other posts. Upon a given signal Renault was to blow up the Arsenal, Pierre to force the prison of St. Mark and to arm the prisoners, to murder the principal Senators, and to fire the city at four distant points. Meanwhile the Spaniards under the Duke of Ossuno were to land at the Place of St. Mark, to scatter themselves through the chief quarters of the city, and to occupy St. George, the quarter [illegible] The foreigners were

to be allowed to pillage all parts of the city. The ships were started from Naples with six thousand troops, under the command of an Englishman named Haillot. On the second day out they were attacked by Barbary corsairs, but a furious tempest separated them in the heat of combat. This caused delay. After consultation it seemed best to the Marquis of Bedemar that the execution of the plot should be deferred until the festival of the Ascension. He found it almost impossible to hold the troops and at the same time to prevent the conclusion of a treaty of peace between Spain and the Republic. Meanwhile internal troubles among the plotters threatened to expose the conspiracy. Jaffier and an Italian captain had quarrelled, and the captain being mortally wounded had made a confession to the Venetian commander. And in another case a sergeant-major, whose house had been robbed, had lost letters which exposed the plot. Fortunately for the Spaniards they were not involved in these exposures.

The time for action had now arrived. The Duke of Ossuno with his fleet was within six miles of Venice. Haillot with his brigantines laden with troops was to arrive at nightfall, and Renault and Pierre were prepared to lead the land forces. The night before the assault Renault addressed the band of conspirators. He fully described the situation of affairs and the preparation, giving an exact outline of the procedure and sketching the success that would result from the undertaking.

(86.) "This discourse was listened to by the assembly with that complacency with which men generally receive sentiments conformable to their own. Nevertheless Renault, who had observed their countenances, remarked that Jaffier, one of the best friends of the Captain, suddenly changed from extreme attention to an anxiety which he endeavored in vain to conceal, and that there remained

in his eyes an expression of astonishment and sadness which proved him overcome by horror. He spoke of it to Pierre, who at first ridiculed it; but after having observed Jaffier for some time was of the same opinion. Renault . . . thought it his duty to declare to Pierre that he did not believe that he was to be trusted.

"Pierre, who knew Jaffier to be one of the bravest men in the world, accused him of judging too precipitately, but Renault having determined to justify his suspicion, explained so clearly his (87.) reasons and their consequences, that although Pierre could not feel them so sensibly, he at least agreed that Jaffier was a man to be watched. He, however, represented to Renault that even if Jaffier was shaken in his purpose, which he could hardly believe, there was not sufficient time before the next evening for him to resolve to betray them, and that in the situation of their affairs they could not possibly take any new measures, and it was a risk they would be obliged to run. Renault replied that there was one sure way of not being exposed to it, and that was to assassinate Jaffier that evening. Pierre remained some time mute at this proposal, but he at last answered that he could not resolve to murder his best friend upon a mere suspicion." . . .

Meanwhile word was brought that all the Venetian commanders should embark on the fleet, according to the order of the Senate. And Pierre, being in the employ of the Venetians, was forced to follow this order.

(91.) "Before embarking Pierre had spoken to Jaffier alone; he prayed him to keep his place near to Renault the night of the execution. He exag-(92.)gerated the confidence that was placed in his courage and prudence, and that unless he had been assured of it he would never have had the resolution to leave him, he believed he left

another self to his associates in Jaffier. During this conversation Pierre observed him with attention, but he was so much overcome with these proofs of the esteem in which he was held that he answered with such marks of zeal and gratitude as would have satisfied the most suspicious man. It was the last effort of his dying resolution, it disappeared with the face of his friend, and no longer having before his eyes the only man who could restrain him, he abandoned himself entirely to his doubts.

"The description which Renault had given, at the end of his speech, of the night of the completion of the conspiracy, had struck him so forcibly that he could not moderate his emotions of pity. His imagination dwelt upon this picture. It represented in the most lively colors all the cruelty and injustice that would be inevitable on such an occasion. From that moment he heard on all sides the cries of children, trodden under feet, the groans of old men murdered, and the shrieks of women dishonored. He saw palaces falling, temples on fire, and holy places covered with blood. Venice, sad, unhappy Venice, was (93.) no longer present to his eyes, as triumphant over the Ottoman and the proud Spaniard, but in ashes or in chains swimming in the ensanguined tide of its inhabitants rather than in the waters that surrounded it.

"This sad image pursued him night and day. It disturbed, excited and overcame him. In vain he endeavored to fly from it. More obstinate than the fabled furies, it occupied him at his repast, it troubled his repose, it entered even into his dreams. But to betray his friends! and such friends, so intrepid, so intelligent, and each remarkable for some great talent. It would be the work of ages to again unite so large a number of extraordinary men. At the moment when they would forever render themselves memorable to posterity, should he snatch from

them the fruit ready to be gathered of the most wonderful resolution that had ever entered into the mind of man. And how would they perish? By torments more dreadful than any invented by tyrants in past ages. Who does not know that there are prisons in Venice more capable of overcoming the firmness of the bravest man, than the most frightful deaths of other countries? These last reflextions, which attacked Jaffier in his weakest part, confirmed him in his first intentions. The pity which he felt for his companions balanced (94.) that which the desolation of Venice excited, and he continued in this uncertainty until the day of Ascension to which the performance of the plot had been deferred.

"In the morning they received news from Pierre." All was in readiness for the night's work. The troops of the Lazaretto, the Spanish forces on the fleet of Haillot and the thousand Hollanders were already in Venice waiting for their orders to begin the work of destruction. (95.) "Jaffier had the curiosity to witness the ceremony of the Doge espousing the sea, as he believed it was the last time it would ever take place. His compassion was redoubled at the sight of the public rejoicings; the tranquillity of the unhappy Venetians made him feel more sensibly their approaching desolation, and he returned more irresolute than ever. But heaven at last would not abandon the work of twelve ages, and of so much wisdom, to the fury of a courtesan and a troop of desperate men.

"The good genius of the Republic suggested an expedient to Jaffier, by which he believed he could at once save Venice and his associates. He sought Barthelemi Comino, secretary of the council of Ten, and told him he had some pressing news to communicate which nearly concerned the safety of the state, but beforehand he wished the Doge and the council to promise him one favor (96.)

and that they must engage, by the most sacred oaths, that the senate should ratify their promise; that this favor consisted of the lives and safety of twenty-two persons whom he would name, whatever crime they might have committed. But they need not suppose they could force his secret from him by tortures without granting his request, as there were none so horrible that could draw one single word from his mouth. The Ten were assembled in a moment, and they sent immediately to the Doge to receive from him the promise that Jaffier demanded. He did not hesitate more than themselves in giving it, and Jaffier, perfectly contented, discovered the conspiracy.

"It appeared to them so horrible and so wonderful that they could not believe it. But as it was easy for them to discover the truth, they sent Comino to the steeple of the Procuratie for that purpose. He brought back word that he had found all the guards intoxicated or asleep. He was then dispatched to the Arsenal. It was some time before he could find the officers, who were bribed, but at last, a servant intimidated by his menaces, showed a small door which he broke open, after having knocked at it several times without effect. The officers who were conspirators were discovered with three petardeers putting the finishing stroke to some fire works destined for the plot. He demanded of them why they worked on a festival day, and why they had not opened the door when he knocked. They answered, with great ingenuity, that the petardeers were to join the fleet the next day, and the commander had written them to bring a large quantity of fire-works ready for use; that they had not found as many made as had been ordered, and they had requested the officers to assist them in their work, and as it might be of consequence they had dispensed with keeping the festival. That they might do it without scandal they had

shut themselves up as he had found them, in the most retired part of the Arsenal. Although Comino had nothing to say to this answer, he caused them all to be arrested.

"The Ten, more and more alarmed, sent to the house of the Greek, but found no one. The men who had drugged the wine of the guards had appeared to be asleep when they saw Comino enter, but he had hardly left them before they ran to the house of the courtesan, where they so well succeeded in giving the alarm, that, without losing a moment, Nolot, Robert, Revellido, Retrosi, Villa-Mezzana, Durand, Ternon and Robert Brulard, who were there by chance, threw themselves into a boat which they had kept at the (98.) Rialto to send for troops at the Lazaretto, and happily escaped from Venice.

"The sorrow which was felt by the council of Ten for their escape, made them resolve to visit the houses of the French and Spanish Ambassadors without delay. They politely requested admittance on affairs that nearly concerned the safety of the Republic. The French Ambassador immediately accorded it, and Renault was taken with Laurent Brulard and Bribe. The Spanish Ambassador refused, with anger, to receive them. He alleged the privileges of his situation, and protested with fury against the violence they were committing in forcing an entrance. There was found sufficient arms to equip five hundred men, sixty petards, and an enormous quantity of powder, fireworks, and other things of the kind. An exact inventory was taken, and they were assisted by the Marquis of Bedemar, who at the same time ridiculed them.

"At the time they were taking this inventory to the council of Ten, a nobleman of the house of Valiera arrived with Brainville and Theodore, two of the principal conspirators. They had heard that all was discovered, and

despairing of saving themselves, as all the ports were closed since the escape from the Greek's, they adopted the plan of appearing to discover the conspiracy, (99.) and for this purpose they had sought this nobleman whom they had known in Flanders, for him to conduct them to the council of Ten, where they were arrested. All the taverns, hotels, chambers that were let, and every place where strangers could conceal themselves were searched; and they arrested all the Dutch, French, Spanish, Wallon, Neapolitan and Milanese officers they could find, and who amounted to nearly four hundred." . . .

"But at last day-light appeared, the Senate assembled, and the Marquis of Bedemar demanded (100.) an audience. They granted it from curiosity alone. The noise of the conspiracy had spread through the city and produced a frightful disturbance. The people who indistinctly knew that the Spaniards were the authors of it, assembled around the palace of the Ambassador, to force an entrance, and they were ready to put fire to it when those who were to conduct him to the audience arrived. Their commission was made known, and the people flattering themselves the Senate would inflict on him an exemplary punishment, allowed him to depart, accompanying him and loading him with all the abuse and imprecations imaginable."

The Ambassador complained of their acts of violence, threatened them for their abuse of his position, declared himself innocent of any schemes against the Republic, and denounced the Duke of Ossuno for whose actions he claimed he was not responsible. The Marquis was full of excuses for all charges laid against him. He was allowed to depart, and ultimately by secret passages he embarked from the city and made good his escape. Orders were issued to drown L'Anglade and Captain Pierre.

Both of them together with forty officers were finally stabbed and thrown into the sea. Renault, Bribe, Laurent Brulard and the two officers of the Arsenal were first tortured to death and thrown into the sea. Brainville, Theodore and three hundred officers were strangled or drowned secretly.

(105.) "However, Jaffier, in despair at the bad success of his compassion, complained loudly that the Doge and the council of Ten did not keep the word they had given him in favor of his companions. It had not been violated until after mature deliberation. Many even wished it to be religiously observed." . . .

"They endeavored by every means, to appease Jaffier. They offered him money and employment. He refused all, and was obstinate in uselessly demanding the lives of his associates, and at last, left Venice inconsolable for their death. The senate, hearing of it, sent him an order to quit the states of the republic within three days, under the penalty of his life, and 4000 sequins which they forced him to take."

He fled to Bresse and placed himself at the head of the Spaniards who were fighting there. He was finally taken and conducted back to Venice where he was drowned the day after his arrival.

It only remains to say that quiet was again restored in Venice. Spain sent another Ambassador to take the place of the Marquis.

The Marquis became minister to Flanders and was presented a Cardinal's hat by the Court of Rome.

Appendix C[1]

PROLOGUE

To His Royal Highness
Upon his first appearance at the *DUKE'S THEATRE*
since his Return from Scotland.

Written by Mr. Dryden. *Spoken by Mr. Smith.*

In those cold regions which no summers chear,
When brooding darkness covers half the year,
To hollow caves the shivering natives go;
Bears range abroad, and hunt in tracks of snow:
But when the tedious twilight wears away, 5
And stars grow paler at th' approach of day,
The longing crowds to frozen mountains run,
Happy who first can see the glimmering sun!
The surly salvage off-spring disappear;
And curse the bright successour of the year. 10
Yet, though rough bears in covert seek defence,
White foxes stay, with seeming innocence:
That crafty kind with day-light can dispense.
Still we are throng'd so full with reynard's race,
That loyal subjects scarce can find a place: 15
Thus modest truth is cast behind the crowd:
Truth speaks too low; hypocrisie too loud.
Let 'em be first, to flatter in success;
Duty can stay; but Guilt has need to press.
Once, when true Zeal the sons of God did call, 20
To make their solemn show at Heaven's White-hall,

1 This Prologue and this Epilogue were published by themselves in 1681 and 1682. See *Bibliography*.

The fawning Devil appear'd among the rest,
And made as good a courtier as the best.
The friends of Job, who rail'd at him before,
Came cap in hand when he had three times more.[1] 25
Yet late repentance may, perhaps, be true;
Kings can forgive if rebels can but sue:
A tyrant's pow'r in rigour is exprest:
The father yearns in the true prince's breast.
We grant an ore'grown Whig no grace can mend; 30
But most are babes, that know not they offend.
The crowd, to restless motion still enclin'd,
Are clouds, that rack according to the wind.
Driv'n by their chiefs, they storms of hail-stones pour:
Then mourn, and soften to a silent showre. 35
O welcome to this much offending land
The Prince that brings forgiveness in his hand!
Thus angels on glad messages appear:
Their first salute commands us not to fear:
Thus Heav'n, that cou'd constrain us to obey, 40
(With rev'rence if we might presume to say,)
Seems to relax the rights of sov'reign sway;
Permits to man the choice of good and ill;
And makes us happy by our own free-will.

THE EPILOGUE

Written by Mr. Otway to his Play call'd *Venice Preserv'd, or, A Plot Discover'd;* spoken upon his Royal Highness the Duke of York's coming to the Theatre, Friday, April 21, 1682.

When too much plenty, luxury, and ease,
Had surfeited this isle to a disease;

1 James, Duke of York, was converted to Catholicism in 1672. The Protestant party began to plot to exclude James from accession to the

When noisome blaines[1] did its best parts orespread,
And on the rest their dire infection shed;
Our Great Physician, who the nature knew
Of the distemper, and from whence it grew, 5
Fix't for three kingdoms quiet (sir) on you:
He cast his searching eyes o're all the frame,
And finding whence before one sickness came,
How once before our mischiefs foster'd were, 10
Knew well your vertue, and apply'd you there:
Where so your goodness, so your justice sway'd,
You but appear'd, and the wild plague was stay'd.
When from the filthy dunghil-faction bred,
New form'd Rebellion durst rear up its head, 15
Answer me all: who struck the monster dead?
See, see, the injur'd PRINCE, and bless his name,
Think on the martyr from whose loynes he came:
Think on the blood was shed for you before,
And curse the paricides that thirst for more. 20
His foes are yours, then of their wiles beware:
Lay, lay him in your hearts, and guard him there;
Where let his wrongs your zeal for him improve;
He wears a sword will justifie your love.
With blood still ready for your good t' expend, 25
And has a heart that ne're forgot his friend.
His duteous loyalty before you lay,
And learn of him, unmurm'ring to obey.
Think what he has born, your quiet to restore;
Repent your madness and rebell no more. 30

throne. It was upon his return to England, in 1682, that the enemies to the Duke began to seek his favor. Dryden himself was one of the "friends of Job" who sought to conciliate the Duke by flattering addresses.

1 This refers to the plan of Shaftesbury and others to exclude James, Duke of York, from the succession to his brother Charles. Upon the failure of Shaftesbury's project to advance the claims of the bastard Duke of Monmouth, Charles recalled James to the Court. The rumors of a Catholic plot was one of the "distempers" of the time.

No more let bout'feu's hope to lead petitions,
Scriv'ners to be treas'rures; pedlars politicians;
Nor ev'ry fool, whose wife has tript at Court,
Pluck up a spirit, and turn rebell for 't.
  In lands where cuckolds multiply like ours, 35
What prince can be too jealous of their powers,
Or can too often think himself alarm'd?
They 're malecontents that ev'ry where go arm'd:
And when the horned herd 's together got,
Nothing portends a commonwealth like that. 40
  Cast, cast your idols off, your gods of wood,
Er'e yet Philistins fatten with your blood:
Renounce your Priests of Baal with amen-faces,
Your Wapping feasts and your Mile-End high-places.
Nail all your medals on the gallows post, 45
In recompense th' original was lost:
At these, illustrious repentance pay,
In his kind hands your humble offrings lay:
Let royal pardon be by him implor'd,
Th' attoning brother of your anger'd lord: 50
He only brings a medicine fit to aswage
A people's folly, and rowz'd monarch's rage;
An infant prince yet lab'ring in the womb,
Fated with wond'rous happiness to come,
He goes to fetch the mighty blessing home: 55
Send all your wishes with him, let the ayre
With gentle breezes waft it safely here,
The seas, like what they 'l carry, calm and fair:
Let the illustrious mother touch our land
Mildly, as hereafter may her son command; 60
While our glad monarch welcomes her to shoar,
With kind assurance; she shall part no more.

44 *Wapping*. This was the usual place of execution for hanging pirates and sea-robbers. *Mile-End*. The place where the city trained-bands were exercised. Middleton speaks of a "Company of Mile-end Milksops."

Be the majestick babe then smiling born,
And all good signs of fate his birth adorn,
So live and grow, a constant pledg to stand 65
Of CÆSAR's Love to an obedient Land.

Appendix D

LOVE LETTERS OF OTWAY[1]

LETTER I

My Tyrant!

I endure too much torment to be silent, and have endur'd it too long not to make the severest complaint. I love you, I dote on you; desire makes me mad when I am near you, and despair when I am from you. Sure, of all miseries, love is to me the most intolerable: it haunts me in my sleep, perplexes me when waking; every melancholly thought makes my fears more powerful, and every delightful one makes my wishes more unruly. In all other uneasie chances of a man's life, there is an immediate recourse to some kind of succour or another: in wants we apply ourselves to our friends, in sickness to physicians; but love, the sum, the total of all misfortunes,

1 These letters, first published in *Familiar Letters: Written by the Right Honourable John late Earl of Rochester, and several other Persons of Honour and Quality, with Letters written by the most Ingenious Mr. Thomas Otway, and Mrs. K. Philips. Publish'd from their Original Copies. With other Modern Letters, by Tho. Cheek, Esq; Mr. Dennis, and Mr. Brown.* 8vo, 1697, were reprinted in the 1727 edition of Otway's Works, with the title "Love Letters." Though they have no superscription, they are generally supposed to have been written to Mrs. Barry. The punctuation, the excessive use of italics, and the capitalization have not been reproduced, but the spelling has been made to conform with the 1697 edition and some misreadings of later editions have been corrected from it. In the 1697 edition there are no paragraphs.

must be endur'd with silence; no friend so dear to trust with such a secret, nor remedy in art so powerful to remove its anguish. Since the first day I saw you, I have hardly enjoy'd one hour of perfect quiet. I lov'd you early; and no sooner had I beheld that soft bewitching face of yours, but I felt in my heart the very foundation of all my peace give way: but when you became another's, I must confess that I did then rebel, had foolish pride enough to promise my self I would in time recover my liberty: in spight of my enslav'd nature, I swore, against my self, I would not love you; I affected a resentment, stifled my spirit, and would not let it bend so much as once to upbraid you, each day it was my chance to see or to be near you: with stubborn sufferance I resolv'd to bear, and brave your power: nay, did it often too, successfully.

Generally with wine or conversation I diverted or appeas'd the dæmon that possess'd me; but when at night, returning to my unhappy self, to give my heart an account why I had done it so unnatural a violence, it was then I always paid a treble interest for the short moments of ease which I had borrow'd; then every treacherous thought rose up, and took your part, nor left me till they had thrown me on my bed, and open'd those sluces of tears that were to run till morning. This has been for some years my best condition: nay, time itself, that decays all things else, has but encreas'd and added to my longings. I tell it you, and charge you to believe it, as you are generous (which sure you must be, for every thing, except your neglect of me, perswades me that you are so), even at this time, tho' other arms have held you, and so long trespass'd on those dear joys that only were my due; I love you with that tenderness of spirit, that purity of truth, and that sincerity of heart that I could sacrifice the nearest friends or interests I have on earth, barely

but to please you: if I had all the world, it should be yours; for with it I could be but miserable, if you were not mine.

I appeal to yourself for justice, if through the whole actions of my life I have done any one thing that might not let you see how absolute your authority was over me. Your commands have been always sacred to me; your smiles have always transported me, and your frowns aw'd me. In short, you will quickly become to me the greatest blessing, or the greatest curse, that ever man was doom'd to. I cannot so much as look on you without confusion; wishes and fears rise up in war within me, and work a curs'd distraction through my soul, that must, I am sure, in time, have wretched consequences: you only can, with that healing cordial, love, asswage and calm my torments. Pity the man then that would be proud to dye for you, and cannot live without you; and allow him thus far to boast too, that (take out fortune from the ballance) you never were belov'd or courted by a creature that had a nobler or juster pretence to your heart than the unfortunate and (even at this time) weeping

OTWAY.

LETTER II

In value of your quiet, tho' it would be the utter ruine of my own, I have endeavoured this day to perswade my self never more to trouble you with a passion that has tormented me sufficiently already; and is so much the more a torment to me, in that I perceive it is become one to you, who are much dearer to me than my self. I have laid all the reasons my distracted condition would let me have recourse to before me; I have consulted my pride, whether, after a rival's possession, I ought to ruine all my peace for a woman that another has been more blest in,

tho' no man ever loved as I did; — but love, victorious love! o'erthrows all that, and tells me it is his nature never to remember; he still looks forward from the present hour, expecting still new dawns, new rising happiness; never looks back, never regards what is past and left behind him, but buries and forgets it quite in the hot fierce pursuit of joy before him. I have consulted too my very self, and find how careless nature was in framing me; seasoned me hastily with all the most violent inclinations and desires, but omitted the ornaments that should make those qualities become me. I have consulted too my lot of fortune, and find how foolishly I wish possession of what is so pretious all the world's too cheap for it; yet still I love, still I dote on, and cheat my self, very content, because the folly pleases me. It is pleasure to think how fair you are, tho', at the same time, worse then damnation to think how cruel. Why should you tell me you have shut your heart up for ever? It is an argument unworthy of your self, sounds like reserve, and not so much sincerity as sure I may claim even from a little of your friendship.

Can your age, your face, your eyes, and your spirit bid defiance to that sweet power? No, you know better to what end Heaven made you; know better how to manage youth and pleasure, then to let them die and pall upon your hands. 'T is me, 't is only me you have barr'd your heart against. My sufferings, my diligence, my sighs, complaints, and tears, are of no power with your haughty nature: yet sure you might at least vouchsafe to pity them, not shift me off with gross, thick, home-spun friendship, the common coin that passes betwixt worldly interests — must that be my lot? Take it, ill natur'd, take it; give it to him who would waste his fortune for you; give it the man would fill your lap with gold, court you with offers of vast rich possessions; give it the

fool that has nothing but his money to plead for him: love will have a much nearer relation, or none. I ask for glorious happiness; you bid me welcome to your friendship: it is like seating me at your side-table, when I have the best pretence to your right hand at the feast. I love, I doat, I am mad, and know no measure; nothing but extreams can give me ease, the kindest love, or most provoking scorn.

Yet even your scorn would not perform the cure: it might indeed take off the edge of hope, but damn'd despair will gnaw my heart for ever. If then I am not odious to your eyes, if you have charity enough to value the well-being of a man that holds you dearer then you can the child your bowels are most fond of, by that sweet pledge of your first softest love, I charm and here conjure you to pity the distracting pangs of mine; pity my unquiet days and restless nights; pity the frenzy that has half possest my brain already, and makes me write to you thus ravingly: the wretch in Bedlam is more at peace then I am; and if I must never possess the heaven I wish for, my next desire is (and the sooner the better) a clean swept cell, a merciful keeper, and your compassion when you find me there.

Think and be generous.[1]

Letter III

Since you are going to quit the world[2] I think my self obliged, as a member of that world, to use the best of my endeavours to divert you from so ill natur'd an inclination: therefore, by reason your visits will take up so much of this day, I have debarr'd my self the opportunity of waiting on you this afternoon, that I may take a time you are

1 In original in italics of double size.

2 To leave the stage.

more mistress of, and when you shall have more leisure to hear, if it be possible for any arguments of mine to take place in a heart I am afraid too much harden'd against me. I must confess it may look a little extraordinary for one under my circumstances to endeavour the confirming your good opinion of the world, when it had been much better for me, one of us had never seen it; for nature disposed me from my creation to love, and my ill fortune has condemn'd me to doat on one who certainly could never have been deaf so long to so faithful a passion had nature disposed her from her creation to hate any thing but me. I beg you to forgive this trifling, for I have so many thoughts of this nature that 't is impossible for me to take pen and ink in my hand and keep 'em quiet, especially when I have the least pretence to let you know you are the cause of the severest disquiets that ever touch'd the heart of

OTWAY.

LETTER IV

Could I see you without passion, or be absent from you without pain, I need not beg your pardon for this renewing my vows, that I love you more then health, or any happiness here or hereafter. Every thing you do is a new charm to me; and, though I have languish'd for seven long tedious years of desire, jealously and despairing, yet every minute I see you I still discover something new and more bewitching. Consider how I love you; what would not [I] renounce or enterprise for you! I must have you mine, or I am miserable, and nothing but knowing which shall be the happy hour can make the rest of my life that are [is] to come tolerable. Give me a word or two of comfort, or resolve never to look with common goodness on me more. for I cannot bear a kind look, and after it

a cruel denial. This minute my heart akes for you; and, if I cannot have a right in yours, I wish it would ake till I could complain to you no longer.

Remember poor [1]

OTWAY.

LETTER V

You cannot but be sensible that I am blind, or you would not so openly discover what a ridiculous tool you make of me. I should be glad to discover whose satisfaction I was sacrific'd to this morning; for I am sure your own ill nature could not be guilty of inventing such an injury to me, meerly to try how much I could bear, were it not for the sake of some ass that has the fortune to please you. In short, I have made it the bus'ness of my life to do you service and please you, if possible by any way to convince you of the unhappy love I have for seven years toil'd under; and your whole bus'ness is to pick ill natur'd conjectures out of my harmless freedom of conversation, to vex and gall me with, as often as you are pleased to divert [2] your self at the expence of my quiet. Oh, thou tormenter! Could I think it were jealousie, how should I humble my self to be justify'd! But I cannot bear the thought of being made a property either of another man's good fortune or the vanity of a woman that designs nothing but to plague me.

There may be means found, sometime or other, to let you know your mistaking.[3]

LETTER VI

You were pleased to send me word you would meet

1 Again in italics of double size. 2 Word printed extra large.
3 This sentence is in large italics, the last word evidently being underscored more than once in the MS.

me in the Mall this evening, and give me further satisfaction in the matter you were so unkind to charge me with: I was there, but found you not; and therefore beg of you, as you ever would wish your self to be eased of the highest torment it were possible for your nature to be sensible of, to let me see you some time to morrow, and send me word, by this bearer, where, and at what hour, you will be so just as either to acquit or condemn me; that I may, hereafter, for your sake, either bless all your bewitching sex, or, as often as I henceforth think of you, curse womankind for ever.

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Glossary

argument, topic, subject. *T. O.* I, i, 255.

bait, annoy, worry, allure, captivate *V. P.* v, iii, 18.
battle, a body of forces, a combat. *V. P.* III, ii, 323.
bone, boon, as a boon companion. *V. P.* III, ii, 119.

canon, cannon. *V. P.* III, ii, 330.
capitulate, propose conditions. *V. P.* IV, ii, 135: *T. O.* III, i, 347.
caudles, a warm and sweet drink. *V. P.* III, ii, 222
censure, judge. *T. O.* II, i, 219.
content, contentment. *V. P.* I, i, 100. *T. O.* IV, i, 86.
contumely, insolence, contempt. *V. P.* I, i, 82.
council, counsel. *V. P.* II, iii, 123.

dull, slow in action, cheerless. *V. P.* II, iii, 14: III, ii, 220, 221. *T. O.* II, i, 387.

fisk, run about bustle. *V. P.* II, i, 50

fond, overfond, foolish. *V. P.* II, ii, 88.
foil, foil, the track or trail of a hunted animal. *V. P.* III, ii, 220.
frame, plot, plan. *V. P.* I, i, 169: II, i, 39.

Good, Common Good, state. *V. P.* I, i, 211.
green-sickness, jealous with love. *V. P.* II, ii, 77.

hearse, temporary frame-work or canopy under which the coffin was placed during the funeral ceremony. *V. P.* II, i, 41.
Hirco, Lat. *hircus*, a goat. *V. P.* I, i, 193.

imp, offspring, a young demon. *T. O.* IV, i, 450.

keep up, shut up. *V. P.* II, i, 49.

massy, massive. *V. P.* I, i, 240.
monster, a cuckold. *V. P.* III, ii, 252.
mumping, chattering, grin-